

# THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1918

## THE COMMON FOE

BY L. P. JACKS<sup>1</sup>

'Whoever cannot prevail upon himself to approve from the bottom of his heart the sinking of the Lusitania, whoever cannot conquer his sense of the gigantic cruelty to unnumbered innocent victims . . . and give himself up to honest delight at this victorious exploit of German defensive power — him we judge to be no true German.' — Pastor Baumgarten, quoted in *Conquest and Kultur*, page 32.

### I

THIS utterance deserves the closest study. If the reader has time and aptitude for such things, it will repay him to place the words under the kind of analysis which used to be practised in the pulpit, when a text of Scripture was first expounded, clause by clause or word by word, and then finally summed up into a single motive or driving thought. So expounded, the text of Baumgarten's saying would yield some remarkable results. The exposition of the separate clauses would be sufficiently instructive. But the most startling result of all would be in the final summing up, which would discover, in a sudden revelation, the very marrow of the German gospel of force.

To change the figure, the reader may be advised to study the picture first

with his eyes close to the canvas, that he may note the colors that are used and the way they are laid on. Then let him step back and view the whole from a distance. He will see before him a speaking portrait of the common foe — *painted, be it observed, by the foe himself*, as by one looking at himself in a glass. And he will mark the cruelty of the face. 'Whoever cannot' do thus and thus, says Pastor Baumgarten, '*we judge to be no true German.*'

Meditating upon what he has thus seen, both in the near view and the distant, there will gradually rise before the reader a complete explanation of the origin, nature, and issues of the present war, and an equally complete justification of the part he is called upon to play in bringing it to the only conclusion which mankind can tolerate. He will understand what he is fighting for and what he is fighting against. He will stand in need of no further propaganda to enlighten him on this matter. And all this he will owe, not to the malicious comment of an adversary, but to the original text of a German confession uttered by the mouth of a German pastor. To which he may add further the equally outspoken confession of a German statesman, Prince Hohenlohe, quoted by the Earl of Denbigh in the House of Lords on May 8: 'Your

<sup>1</sup>The reader will, of course, remember, that the author, who is the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, writes as an Englishman. — THE EDITOR.

people think we admire you with your principles of humanity and all the rest of it. We don't. We think you a lot of damned fools.'

When, four years ago, we first became acquainted with utterances of this character, — and many had begun to leak out even before the war, — there were not wanting thoughtful people, both in America and in Great Britain, who refused to take them seriously. They seemed to belong to the class of mere ravings, and we could not believe that any great and enlightened people would sanction for long a policy guided by a spirit so rankly and frankly inhuman. The notion was widespread and insistent that no modern government making war with aims such as the writers quoted in *Conquest and Kultur* had expressed could possibly sustain the effort; since the German people, when once they realized what their masters were after, would assuredly find means of putting a stop to the conflict. I can recall many conversations that I had at the time, with persons by no means pacifist in tendency, in which this view was forcibly expressed. An early end to the war was anticipated, not by a political revolt in Germany, — which competent judges have never expected, — but by the refusal of her moral forces to engage themselves in an enterprise so outrageous. For, until the outbreak of the war and perhaps for some time afterwards, the moral force of the German people was held in high respect by Englishmen in general. There were none of the humaner tendencies of civilization in which we did not credit them with whatever interest we could claim for ourselves. We were totally unprepared for the revelation that was awaiting us; and in this sense, if in no other, the Germans can claim to have taken us by surprise and to have enjoyed the advantage which surprise confers on an enterprising foe.

Our military authorities were, I think, commendably alert, and made the best of the utterly inadequate forces which were at their disposal in the summer of 1914; but the public mind was slow to gather the necessary impetus. The feeling was abroad that the whole enterprise, on Germany's side, was doomed to a speedy collapse through its inherent moral rottenness.

Needless to say, we have been completely disillusioned, and it is to be hoped that the American people will profit by our disillusionment. They have had the advantage of entering the war at a stage when the shadow of doubt can no longer exist as to what it is we have to deal with. The enemy whom it is now our high mission, as united peoples, to deal with and overthrow, is that principle or being, — I am strongly tempted to use the latter word, — whose sinister character rises unmistakably before us as we read between the lines of the atrocious sentence in which Baumgarten has unconsciously painted the portrait of Germany. Its name is Cruelty — the lowest of Nature's categories, disavowed and abhorred wherever the conscience of man is not perverted or asleep, but still returning from time to time to humiliate our human pride by reminding us of our bestial origin.

The Witches' Sabbath which, after years of assiduous preparation, Germany at last succeeded in setting afoot, is on a scale so vast, and composed of elements so confused and confusing, that at first one is at a loss to find the keynote of the performance. Germany, moreover, has endowed it with features of horror for the interpretation of which the human mind seems to lack the necessary categories. We see clearly that an enormous crime has been committed. The mere fact that in four years twelve million human beings have been slaughtered, and perhaps five

times as many maimed or crippled, is sufficient evidence of that. But the crime has so many aspects, and is so far beyond any existing measure of criminality, that it is by no means easy to give it a distinctive name.

But the simplest explanation turns out to be truest, and in human actions the simplest explanation is always that which traces their origin to some instinct, impulse, passion, or desire. With that clue in our hands the difficulty begins to vanish. We read again through the collection of extracts in *Conquest and Kultur*; we view these utterances in the light of the deeds by which Germany has continually illustrated them during the last four years; and gradually the keynote disentangles itself from the confused mass of impressions. It is the voice of cruelty that we hear, the voice of the wild beast. Tracing the sound as it winds onward through the whole performance, at length it becomes clear to us that what we have here to do with is the attempt of a cruel nation to subdue mankind to itself by methods of cruelty, thereby reinstating the lowest of nature's categories as an operative principle in international affairs.

Within the political crime, which has been described over and over again by statesmen, and by none so forcibly as by President Wilson, there lies a deeper crime which is directed against the very nature of man, the *fons et origo* of all the rest. Cruelty is the keynote of the whole collection of utterances gathered together in *Conquest and Kultur*, and might very well have formed the title of the book. Cruelty has been the keynote of all the deeds by which Germany has from the beginning of the war proved that these utterances are true to her character.

We are mistaken, and seriously mistaken, when we take the presence of this quality as an accidental circum-

stance, as a mere ugly fringe to the rest of Germany's proceedings, or as belonging only to the manner of her actions but not to their substance. From the human point of view cruelty is the essence of the matter, the one word which, better than all others, sums up the whole body of reasons why the American and British peoples are now at war. Not until the meaning of the war has been thus translated from its political to its human equivalent, can we claim to have realized the true nature of the common foe. Cruelty, appearing at first as a general contempt for the rights of nations, has been turned into the chief weapon of war, and used as such by Germany without stint or limit. In the ages to come this will be remembered before everything else, and will be the last thing to be erased from the memory of mankind. It will be the heading of the chapter in which history narrates the part which Germany has played in the war. And no one need hesitate to predict that whatever victories she may have won, or may be destined to win hereafter, will be undone, or turned into ultimate defeats, by the reputation that she has achieved as a cruel nation and as an apostle of cruelty in the life of nations.

For the evidence of all this, we are no longer dependent on the utterances of her statesmen, professors, and divines — eloquent as they remain when taken in corroboration. By a chain of *deeds* following in rapid and unbroken succession, she has unmasked herself as an essentially cruel nation, with cruel instincts and with cruel aims; so that we need no longer appeal to her writers and preachers — to Treitschke, Von Bernhardi, Pastor Baumgarten, *et id omne genus*.

'In the beginning,' said the greatest of her poets, 'was the deed.' The deed with which Germany began this business was the unspeakable outrage on

Belgium — a deed of cruelty through and through. This was the growing point of all the rest. From that moment on, the deeds of Germany have followed — as her statesmen are fond of proclaiming that they always do — a perfectly logical course. They present an orderly evolution, wherein the later crimes grow out of the earlier by a law of sequence peculiar to actions of this kind. They show an inner logic always present in cruel deeds, which compels the criminal to retrieve the consequences of the first crime by perpetrating a second, of wider scope. When the victim has been murdered, the next step is to murder his immediate friends, lest vengeance should be taken; and after that, all sympathizers, actual or possible, must be got out of the way — and so on, in ever-widening circles, till at last the criminal stands alone and unchallenged in the midst of a wilderness of destruction and death. Nothing short of this will render him 'safe.'

Thus Germany, proclaiming that she is fighting for her 'safety,' finds herself at this moment in the precise position occupied by Macbeth in the fifth act of his downfall. She must either crush the life out of the nations that oppose her, surrounding herself with a desert of broken and humiliated peoples, — a condition to which Russia is already reduced, — or she must accept the consequences of her crimes. Such is the natural evolution, the inevitable logic, of all deeds into which cruelty enters as a motive. 'Our actions,' said Bethmann-Hollweg, in one of his last speeches as Chancellor, 'have followed a perfectly logical course.' So indeed they have, and they will have logical consequences.

## II

Some years ago I was present at a meeting of friends, when the question

suddenly came up, what is the most detestable quality in human character? We were a mixed group of professional men — lawyers, doctors, clergymen, journalists, and one eminent artist. We had been talking about the Pharisee and the publican, and the excellent point had been made by one of the speakers that anybody nowadays who consciously tried to play the part of the publican would himself become a Pharisee of a deeper dye. This naturally enough introduced the question of 'hypocrisy,' and we were in the midst of an argument, of a somewhat hair-splitting kind, as to what hypocrisy is and is not, when somebody said, 'But after all there are worse things than hypocrisy' — and instantly half a dozen voices called out, 'Cruelty.'

At the word our hair-splitting was arrested. Almost without discussion, we were agreed that cruelty is the most detestable quality which human nature, in these days at all events, can display. I have seldom known an instance of unanimity more rapidly attained. And I believe that, if a plebiscite on the same question were to be taken to-morrow among the plain men and women of America and Great Britain, the same answer would be given and with the same promptitude. Whenever cruelty appears, its nature is unmistakable; it is a naked thing, which defines itself; it tempts no hair-splitting; like the Substance of Spinoza, it tells its own tale in its own language, and men have only to see it to know it for what it is. Practised by man, it is the worst thing that earth can display or heaven look down upon.

Unquestionably, then, the most appalling fact which the present war has revealed is that the German people — I use the word 'people' advisedly — possess an instinct for cruelty. The evidence for this is cumulative and overwhelming, and much of it is too



horrible for the pen to transcribe. War at its best is a cruel business, but Germany has exerted herself to make it as cruel as possible. She has placed her intellect, — her scientific intellect, her political intellect, her military intellect, — at the service of her instinct for cruelty. She has not only given rein to this instinct, — as in a sense everyone who fires a gun at his enemy may be said to do, — but she has held up the cruelty of her deeds as an aspect of them that is to be admired and encouraged. Even if we admit that the destruction of the *Lusitania* and her passengers was a military necessity, or a great stroke of military success, — and assuredly it was neither, — none but a cruel nation would have struck a medal, or allowed a medal to be struck, to commemorate the event.

Her treatment of Belgium was, as I have said, the beginning, and every one of her subsequent proceedings, which the world now knows by heart, is in strict keeping with the first. Nor is the story yet complete. We know but little of her treatment of prisoners of war — little, that is, compared with what we shall know hereafter, but enough, alas, to be assured that, when the full story comes to be written, the world will read one of the blackest pages of its history. It will be a story of cruelty carried to lengths of which, heretofore, we had deemed human nature incapable.

It is this part of the story, more perhaps than any other, which confirms me in the belief that we have here to do with a people in whom cruelty is an instinct. I will mention three instances, and they are typical of hundreds that are well authenticated, of thousands that will be made public hereafter, and of many more of which the record has perished with the victims who might otherwise have preserved it.

A British officer wounded at Le

Cateau, after nameless sufferings both in transit and in hospital, and after seeing the deaths of many of his companions through neglect and torture, was at length sufficiently recovered to stand on his feet, and was under orders for removal to another locality. He and a number of others in a similar condition were drawn up in the station, waiting for their train. Presently a passenger express drew up at the platform, which was crowded to the edge by the wounded men. When the train stopped, a woman put her head out of the window of a first-class carriage, spat in the officer's face, and without saying a word, drew back into the carriage and closed the window.

On another occasion, the same officer was one of a number of others, lying on stretchers, who had been gathered together in a small shed. Presently it began to rain heavily outside. Whereupon the attendants took the trouble to carry them all out, left them in the rain for three hours, and then brought them back again. Subsequently one of the officers, who was suffering torments of thirst, called out for water. A nurse came up and said, 'Ah, you want water. Well, you shall have some.' She went out, returned in a moment with the water, took it up to the officer, poured it out on the ground under his face, and handed him the empty glass.

A boy officer of nineteen had been taken, wounded, about the same time as the witness mentioned above. Either then or during his transit to Germany, he had been deprived of all his clothes, except his socks, and had been given a Red Cross blanket to cover him. With his wounded arm suspended by a piece of string round his neck, a sling being refused him, and with the blanket wrapped round his body, he arrived, filthy, exhausted, and famished, at his destination. Before detraining, the Red Cross nurse in charge ordered him

to give up the blanket as this was the property of the Red Cross and not of the military hospital to which he was going. He represented that he had nothing else to cover him. But the nurse insisted, made him take off the blanket, and left him naked. In that condition he walked with the others through a jeering crowd from the station to the hospital.

These are small things in comparison with the general background of horrors, but they are unique, and profoundly characteristic. Moreover, small though they are, they form one piece with the monstrous crimes which the German government has committed, one after another, against international decency and human right. The story of the wounded officer left to walk naked through the town, the story of the victims of the *Lusitania*, the story of the fifteen thousand sailors of the British mercantile marine who have been murdered at sea, are only shorter and longer versions of the same revolting truth, and perhaps it is the shorter version that tells the story best. Large and small, they betray the same psychology — the psychology of a people with whom cruelty is an instinct. And again I venture to predict that these small things will be the longest and the most vividly remembered in the ages that are to come: the murder of Nurse Cavell, for example, will never be forgotten so long as humanity reads the record of the past.

In these large-scale cruelties Germany has this indeed in her favor — that the scale of them is so large that our faculties are unable to comprehend it, to realize what it means. This perhaps is a merciful provision, for a full realization of these things would make life too dark to be endurable; and it will extend to posterity, who will be equally unable to remember what we cannot conceive. But the small things, which

are as comprehensible as they are significant, will hang in the picture-gallery of the future; they will be speaking symbols of all the rest; they will summarize the meaning of the war and will remind coming generations of Americans and British that the foe against which they fought shoulder to shoulder and mingled their blood to overthrow, was Cruelty. Of the woman who poured out the water under the face of the wounded officer one may indeed repeat what was said long ago, and in a contrary sense, of another woman: 'Where-soever this Gospel shall be preached, there shall that which this woman hath done be spoken of as a memorial of her.' The woman for whom this memorial is being prepared is militarist Germany, *tout simple*. Her feet are the feet of Cruelty. Who can doubt that they are feet of clay?

A principle that should never be lost sight of when human affairs are in question is that every quality of character, whether national or individual, depends for its value on the other qualities with which it is mixed. There are qualities which are not themselves virtues, but which enormously increase the value of those that are: humor is a well-known instance in point. Contrariwise, there are certain vices which pervert and poison any virtue with which they happen to be conjoined. This may not be true of all the vices, but it is unquestionably true of some. And of these cruelty is the outstanding example. Among all the moral poisons this it is whose action is the most sudden, the most deadly, the most complete. Mixed with the virtues, however numerous and however stately, it has the instant effect of infecting them all with something abominable. You may have valor, efficiency, discipline, far-sightedness, as the German nation unquestionably has, but if you have cruelty as well, the aforesaid virtues

not only go for nothing as such, but begin to acquire the character of enormous vice. Thus it is that, until she has ceased to be cruel, no decent nation will acknowledge Germany as a friend,

In a League formed for the purpose of combining the highest qualities of the nations for a common purpose, what contributions would be more valuable than the valor, efficiency, discipline, and far-sightedness of this great people? But she must divest herself of cruelty before crossing the threshold. Endowed with nine tenths of the qualities which would secure her a leading place in any form of world-federation, she has the one vice which for the present puts her outside the pale, which unfits her for the comity of nations. There is no place in the world of the future for a people whose policy is tainted by the instinct for cruelty.

That virtues so high should be spoiled by admixture with a vice so detestable is not the least painful among the many tragic aspects of the hour. Reluctant as one must needs be to lay the worst of human qualities, as they are now appraised in a world no longer barbaric, to the charge of any people, a fair reading of German history, especially in the culminating period of the last four years, leaves no alternative. Whether one reads of the abominable doings of Frederick the Great, or of the cynical policies of Bismarck, or of the crew of the last fishing-smack left to perish in the North Sea, one is always aware of the presence in the atmosphere of this poisonous element. What affronts us most is not the note of 'blood and iron,' not rapacity, not selfishness, not megalomania or the exaltation of might over right, — characteristics in which German history is not unique; not even the indifference to human suffering, but something worse — a tendency to go out of the way to inflict suffering, as when the wounded

officers were removed from the shed that they might be exposed to the rain, and were taken back again. There is no resisting the conclusion that we have here to do with an instinct, unequally distributed of course and by many Germans detested and denounced, but sufficiently active to allow of the more cruel elements getting the upper hand of the less and stamping themselves on German methods, both in the policies of peace and in the conduct of war. Nor is there anything which confirms this so strongly as those reasoned defences of 'frightfulness' — which is cruelty disguised under another name — lately worked out with such painstaking thoroughness, not by German military writers only, but by philosophers and divines.

As one ponders the meaning of these things, — reluctantly enough, — a new light seems to dawn on that sinister phrase which strikes the keynote of German militarism — 'World-dominion or Downfall.' This was the motto of Lucifer in his assault upon heaven — the expression of a mind when it feels within itself the stirring of an impulse which the entire moral order is in league to extirpate. It is the motto of evil everywhere and always. In a moral sense, and in our day, there is no middle course for a cruel nation between downfall and world-dominion. So long as it clings to its cruelty, it must be in one position or the other. Nothing short of the total suppression of all its enemies will leave it in possession of 'peaceful days.' In a deeper sense than any German writer I have encountered seems to be aware of, the author of this phrase unconsciously but accurately hit off an essential truth regarding the issue of the war.

### III

There is a cruelty in Nature, and it has been reserved for our age to realize

how immense is its range, and how appalling its effects. All this comes to a head in the suffering which man inflicts upon his brother; for man is a part of nature. Man has been called 'the representative product of the universe'; and we do well to remember that in this position his actions represent the worst of which nature is capable as well as the best. He summarizes her goods and he summarizes her evils. Thus it comes to pass that, when cruelty is practised by man, it is at once recognized as the worst thing under the sun. And because cruelty survives in man's nature, the task has been justly assigned him of expiating it and of eradicating the last vestiges of its reign in human life. It is the enemy which he is sent forth to overthrow, an enemy which retains a citadel in his own nature. The whole mission of civilization might be summed up as a crusade against its power. Whatever other objects civilization may set before itself — and there are many — would be either unattainable, or worthless if attained, were cruelty to be left in possession.

The conclusion which the Germans have drawn from the facts is the opposite of that set forth above. A glance into *Conquest and Kultur* will show this on every page. The writers quoted have this in common — they interpret the cruelty of Nature as a warrant for going further in the same line. They accept the position for man as Nature's chief agent in the bloody work of the struggle for existence; and what she does blindly and unconsciously, they would have Germany do, for her own aggrandizement, with open eyes, deliberately, systematically, scientifically. If Nature tortures and kills, why should not Germany torture and kill? If she is indifferent to the sufferings of her victims, why should Germany be sympathetic? If she has her own methods of torture, why should

not Germany invent others more apropos? If she can destroy cities with molten lava, or overthrow them by earthquakes, why should not Germany batter Rheims Cathedral with her cannon? If Nature is a murderess, why should Germany hesitate to shoot Nurse Cavell?

This is the famous 'biological argument' in support of *Schrecklichkeit*. 'One single highly cultivated German warrior,' says Haeckel, 'represents a higher intellectual and moral life than hundreds of the raw children of nature whom England, France, Russia, and Italy oppose to them.'

'Must Kultur rear its domes over mountains of corpses, oceans of tears, and the death-rattle of the conquered?' asks Karl A. Kuhn. 'Yes, it must. The might of the Conqueror is the highest law before which the conquered must bow.'

'The purpose of the conqueror,' says K. F. Wolf, 'must be to crush the conquered people and its political and lingual existence. . . . The principal thing for the conqueror is the outspoken will to rule and the will to destroy the political and national life of the conquered.'

'As the German Eagle soars high above all the beasts of the earth' says Professor Sombart, 'so must the German feel exalted above all surrounding peoples, and must look down upon them in their bottomless depths.'

In all which, and a hundred other passages of similar import, the ethos is unmistakable. It is the hot foul breath of Nature's cruelty that is blown in our faces. It is the instinct for cruelty that inspires these ravings, which otherwise we might well dismiss as the absurdities of megalomania. They express that instinct, and they appeal to it. How large a public they appeal to, I know not, but that there should be any public at all either to listen or applaud, is

sufficiently significant. To out-Herod Nature in the infliction of suffering, to imitate and develop the darkest of her rites, to make man the agent and man the victim, and to propose that Germany should build up her greatness on this foundation — has the eye seen or the ear heard, or has it ever before entered into the heart of man to conceive, an infamy such as this?

Such is the cause in which America and Great Britain now stand united. Behind the political explanations that may be given of the war, — and they are important enough on their own ground, — we are brought at last to the naked human fact that the ultimate foe is cruelty. Mr. Wilson has said, in words which will stand written in the books of history, that the aim of America in the war is to make the world safe for democracy. But the world will never be safe for democracy so long as one cruel power either dominates or aspires to domination.

This, it seems to me, gives a high and peculiar meaning to the present alliance of our two peoples. It throws a new light on the nature of the bond that holds us together, and opens up the prospect of its endurance through the centuries to come. Some have described the bond in terms of blood-kinship, or of language or institutions having a common root; and others again have spoken of our common love of justice and international right. But to these I will venture to add one more, which is as potent as any of the others — our common hatred of cruelty.

Can hatred of anything ever be a bond of union among men? Yes, it can, when it takes the form of hating the worst, for that is only the obverse of loving the best! And here no question can arise as to what the worst really is. It is cruelty erected by an otherwise enlightened people into a scientific prin-

ciple, and now plainly revealed in its true character before the eyes of the whole world. So presented, Americans and British hate it together, with a hatred equally implacable and equally resolute. I know of no sentiment, of no thought, of no ideal, which the individual American shares so wholeheartedly with his British friend, or in which the two nations are so completely at one — at one always, even when circumstances obscure the other bonds that unite them, but now consciously and joyously at one in the sense of a common mission on the earth. We have shared a vow with one another, that whatever rule or domination may hereafter arise in this world, it shall not be the rule of that power which, by its words — and still more by its deeds — has aligned itself with the cruelty of Nature, and adopting the worst of Nature's methods has made it her mission, in her own interest, to impose new sufferings and new humiliations on the rest of mankind. Rather than see this happen it were better to perish and perish together. On that ground, if on no other, America and Great Britain now stand together with one heart, one mind, one will.

The war against cruelty, in which our two peoples thus stand united, is no new task suddenly or unexpectedly thrust upon our shoulders. It has been going on for ages, now in one form, now in another. It is the cause for which the best of our race have 'resisted unto blood,' since the birth of Christianity. Every blow struck through the Christian ages for liberty, for justice, for human rights, turns out, in the last analysis, to have been aimed at the reign of cruelty in one or other of its innumerable forms. In modern times the struggle has continued with unabated intensity and ever-growing resolution. It is the ultimate meaning of your own Civil War. Then as now, indeed, a



great political issue was at stake; but the political issue was one which would never have arisen, had not one section of the community claimed to do a thing which was adjudged to be cruel by the standards of the other. Had it not been for the cruelty involved in slave-owning, there would have been no Civil War; and then as now it was the hatred of cruelty that nerved the fighting arm of the North.

We may interpret the whole movement for social reform, as it has developed during the last three-quarters of a century, in the same manner. Social reform began when cruelty was discovered in the normal working of industrial civilization. The best exponent we have ever had of the real motives of social reform was Charles Dickens. It was his great mission, all the greater because he was not fully aware of its greatness, to expose the secret cruelties which lurk beneath the surface of modern life, and by exposing them to rouse the hatred of them in the common human heart. His task has been taken up by thousands, and so deep is the resolve of all civilized men to have done with this last strain of the beast, that we are grateful to anyone who will point out its lurking-places and show us where the next blow needs to be struck.

I believe that future historians will find in these things the great redeeming feature of the present age — a mark of honor, to be set down (with much, alas, that tells a very different tale) to the everlasting credit of our day and generation. We have sinned against one another — God knows how deeply; we have constructed a highly artificial form of life, in which it is hard for anyone to play his part without inflicting harm on others at some point, remote or near, in the social complex; but with all this we have come to a common consent that, when cruelty is once revealed,

our effort shall never slacken until the causes of it are removed. This is the virtue which stands out clear and shining amid whatever vices may be justly laid to the charge of the men and women of this age.

Thus it is that the challenge of Germany does not find us unprepared. It is an old enemy that confronts us, and we have long ago chosen the side on which we stand and the part we mean to play. Never before, indeed, has cruelty taken so formidable a shape or shown itself so expert in disguising its true character; but we recognize the ancient foe and hope at last to finish our account with him. Here too 'events are taking a strictly logical course.'

It is a good work in which the American and British peoples now find themselves at one, and that alone gives the best augury for the maintenance of the bond and for its development in other fields and other forms. Of all the tasks in which we could be engaged together, there is none more consonant to the genius of the two peoples. We are building up a common memory, firmest and most enduring of all the bonds of human life; and through the ages that are to come, the heart of the American and the heart of the Briton will warm toward each other when they remember that their fathers stood side by side and struck together in that great and terrible day when cruelty received its *coup de grâce*.

These are the things that make two peoples one. Political unions, unless they are otherwise reinforced, are doomed to a brief and unhappy existence; but here we stand on the ground of a human proposition.

And well may we ask this question — if the American and British peoples cannot understand each other and live and labor hereafter as brothers in the cause of mankind, *what two nations can?* True, we have had our grievances

one against the other, *but what two nations have had so few*, and those few of a sort that could be so easily forgotten by the exercise of a little common sense and right feeling on both sides? What hope is there for a general understanding among all nations if you and we fail to agree? Surely the whole world will look to the character of our mutual relations for the first signs that such a thing as international friendship is possible. It is for us to show the way; and if we fail who, in heaven's name, is likely to succeed? Unless I am much mistaken, the beginning has already been made; and it has been made from the very point which of all others is the most favorable for further advance.

As to the effects on national character of the further development of this beginning, I would call attention to a principle I have already mentioned — that the value of everything in this world depends on the other things with which it is mixed. When human or national characteristics are brought into close association, by work or suffering or fighting for a common purpose, the result is not a mechanical mixture, as when sand and sugar are shaken up together, but has rather the nature of a chemical combination — indeed, of a union yet more intimate than that. A *third something* is always produced, in which the original elements can be discovered only by a process of retrospective analysis. Each individual difference suffers change, by contact with the differences on the other side; just as, to take an example under our eyes, the traditional foreign policy of America is being changed at this moment by contact with that of the European Allies, while theirs also — and this perhaps is the more important aspect of the matter — is being changed by contact with hers.

Some inkling of what is to be expected may be gained by a glance at the

actual modifications which went on, through the normal intercourse of the two nations, for many years before the war. One has often heard it said, with much truth, that English society was becoming Americanized, and again that American society was becoming Anglicized. But the result of American influence on English society was to produce something wholly dissimilar from American society; while the corresponding influence on the other side was to produce something wholly dissimilar from English society. Transplant either influence to the soil of the other, and you get a new product altogether; and *two* new products, when the process is reciprocal.

The Americanized Englishman — and I should be proud to learn that I am one myself — is not in the least like an American; and would never be mistaken for one. He is a modified Englishman. *Per contra*, an Anglicized American — and again I am proud to say that I have known several — is not in the least like an Englishman. He is a modified American. Indeed, I believe it is strictly true that an Americanized Englishman and an Anglicized American are more distinct from each other than an American and an Englishman who have never been modified in this manner. By taking on each other's colors, they add fresh colors to the list of those originally in being, and we may hope the world is correspondingly enriched. Each comes into possession of a new individuality, which differs, not only from that which he formerly had, and from that which has influenced him, but still more from the corresponding product on the other side.

And this is just as it should be. By coming under each other's influence, an American and an Englishman unquestionably surrender something of their individuality; but at the same time the new individualities which they acquire

in the process are at least as distinct from one another as were the old which they have surrendered.

We may, therefore, take it for granted that new characteristics will be developed on both sides as the result of our present union in a common task. What these will be, no man can say with precision and in detail. But hav-

ing regard to the cause which has brought us together, which is the highest that earth could offer to united effort and sacrifice, I do not hesitate to believe that the sequel will be in keeping with the nobility of this beginning, and that the outcome, as it develops through the ages, will be such that neither side will find a reason for regret.

## DEAD AUTHORS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

### I

'LES MORTS n'écrivent point,' said Madame de Maintenon, who lived in a day of tranquil finalities. If men's passions and vanities were admittedly strong until the hour of dissolution, the finger of death obliterated all traces of them; and the supreme dignity of this obliteration sustained noble minds, and solaced the souls that believed. An age which produced the *Oraisons Funèbres* had an unquenchable reverence for the grave.

Echoes of Madame de Maintenon's soothing conviction ring pleasantly through the intervening centuries. Book-making, which she knew only in its smiling infancy, had grown to ominous proportions when Mr. Andrew Lang, brooding over the fatality which had dipped the world in ink, comforted himself — and us — with the vision of an authorless future. 'There were no books in Eden,' he said meditatively, 'and there will be none in Heaven; but between times it is different.'

For a Scotchman, more or less famil-

iar with ghosts, Mr. Lang showed little foreknowledge of their dawning ambitions. If we may judge by the recent and determined intrusion of spirits into authorship, Heaven bids fair to be stacked with printing-presses. One of their number, indeed, the 'Living Dead Man,'<sup>1</sup> whose publishers have unhesitatingly revealed (or, I might say, announced) his identity, gives high praise to a ghostly library, well catalogued, and containing millions of books and records. With such resources at their command, with the universe for inspiration, and with the uncounted dead for readers, why should disembodied spirits force an entrance into our congested literary world, and compete with the living scribblers who ask their little day?

The suddenness of the attack, and its unprecedented nature, daunt and bewilder us. It is true that the apparitions who lend vivacity to the ordinary spiritualistic séance have from time to

<sup>1</sup> *Letters from a Living Dead Man.* Written down by ELSA BARKER. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

time written short themes, or dropped into friendly verse. Readers of that engaging volume, *Report of the Seybert Commission for Investigating Modern Spiritualism*, published in 1887, will remember that 'Belle,' who claimed to be the original proprietor of Yorick's skull (long a 'property' of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, but at that time in the library of Dr. Horace Howard Furness), voiced her pretensions, and told her story, in ten carefully rhymed stanzas.

My form was sold to doctors three,  
So you have all that's left of me;  
I come to greet you in white mull,  
You that prizes my lonely skull.

But these effusions were desultory and amateurish. They were designed as personal communications, and were betrayed into publicity by their recipients. We cannot regard their authors — painstaking but simple-hearted ghosts — as advance guards of the army of occupation which is now storming the citadel of print.

It is passing strange that the dead who seek to communicate with the living should cling so closely to the alphabet as a connecting link. Dying is a primitive thing. Men died, and were wept and forgotten, for many, many ages before Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth. But letters are artificial and complicated. They belong to fettered humanity, which is perpetually devising ways and means. Shelley, whose impatient soul fretted against barriers, cried out despairingly that inspiration wanes when composition begins. We strive to follow Madame de Sévigné's counsel, '*Laissez trotter la plume*'; but we know well how the little instrument halts and stumbles; and if a pen is too clumsy for the transmission of thought, what must be the effort to pick out letters with a ouija board, or with a tilting table? The spirit that invented table-rapping (which combines every

possible disadvantage as a means of communication with every absurdity that can offend our taste) deserves to be penalized by its fellow spirits. Sir Oliver Lodge admits that the substitution of furniture for pen or pencil 'has difficulties of its own.'

The frolicsome moods of the Lodge table must have been disconcerting, even to such a receptive and sympathetic circle. It performed little tricks, like lying down, or holding two feet in the air, apparently for its own simple diversion. One day, in emulation of Æsop's affectionate ass, it 'seemed to wish to get into Lady Lodge's lap, and made caressing movements to and fro, as if it could not get close enough to her.' On another occasion, when the piano was being played in the Marie-mount drawing-room, the spirit of Raymond came to listen to the music. After applauding 'distinctly and decidedly,' the table 'was determined to edge itself close to the piano, though we said we must pull it back, and did so. But it would go there, and thumped Barbie, who was playing the piano, in time to the music. Alec took one of the black satin cushions, and held it against her as a buffer. The table continued to bang, and made a little hole in the cushion.'<sup>1</sup> No wonder that several tables were broken 'during the more exuberant period of these domestic sittings, before the power had got under 'control'; and the family was compelled to provide a strong and heavy article which could stand the 'skylarking' (Sir Oliver's word) of supernatural visitors.

The ouija board, though an improvement on the table, is mechanical and cumbersome. It is the chosen medium of that most prolific of spirit writers, Patience Worth; and a sympathizing disciple once ventured to ask her if there were no less laborious method by

<sup>1</sup> *Raymond, or Life and Death*. By SIR OLIVER J. LODGE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

which she could compose her stories. To which Patience, who uses a language called by her editors 'archaic,' and who likes to 'dock the smaller parts-o'-speech,' replied formidably, —

'The hand o' her do I to put be the hand o' her, and 'tis ascribe that setteth the one awither by eyes-fulls she taketh in.'

The disciple's mind being thus set at rest, he inquired how Patience discovered this avenue of approach, and was told, —

'I did to seek at crannies for to put; aye, an 't wer the her o' her who tireth past the her o' her, and slippeth to a naught o' putting; and 't wer the me o' me at seek, aye, and find. Aye, and 't wer so.'

The casual and inexpert reader is not always sure what Patience means to say; but to the initiated her cryptic and monosyllabic speech offers no difficulties. When asked if she were acquainted with the spirit of the late Dr. William James, she said darkly, —

'I telled a one o' the brothers and the neighbors o' thy day, and he doth know.'

'This,' comments Mr. Yost, 'was considered as an affirmative reply,'<sup>1</sup> and with it her questioners were content.

All fields of literature are open to Patience Worth, and she disports herself by turns in prose and verse, fiction and philosophy. Other spirits have their specialties. They write, as a rule, letters, didactic essays, *vers libre*, and an occasional story. But Patience writes six-act dramas which, we are assured, could, 'with a little alteration,' be produced upon the stage, short comedies 'rich in humor,' country tales, mystical tales, parables, aphorisms, volumes of verse, and historical novels. In three years and a half she dictated to Mrs. Curran, her patient ouija-board amanu-

ensis, 900,000 words. It is my belief that she represents a spirit syndicate, and lends her name to a large coterie of literary wraiths. The most discouraging feature of her performance is the possibility of its indefinite extension. She is what Mr. Yost calls 'a continuing phenomenon.' Being dead already, she cannot die, and the natural and kindly limit which is set to mortal endeavor does not exist for her. 'The larger literature is to come,' says Mr. Yost ominously; and we fear he speaks the truth.

## II

Now what do we gain by this lamentable intrusion of ghostly aspirants into the serried ranks of authorship? What is the value of their work, and what is its ethical significance? Perhaps because literary distinction is a rare quality, the editors and publishers of these revelations lay stress upon the spiritual insight, the finer wisdom, which may accrue to us from direct contact with liberated souls. They even hint at some great moral law which may be thus revealed for our betterment. But the law of Christ is as pure and lofty as any code our human intelligence can grasp. We do not live by it, because it makes no concession to the sickly qualities which cement our earthly natures; but we hold fast to it as an incomparable ideal. It is not law or light we need. It is the power of effort and resistance. 'Toutes les bonnes maximes sont dans le monde; on ne manque que de les appliquer.'

The didacticism of spirit authors is, so far, their most striking characteristic. As Mr. Henry James would put it, they are 'awkward writers, but yearning moralists.' Free from any shadow of diffidence, they proffer a deal of counsel, but it is mostly of the kind which our next-door neighbor has at our command.

<sup>1</sup> *Patience Worth. A Psychic Mystery.* By CASPAR S. YOST. New York: Henry Holt & Co.



In the little volume called *Letters from Harry and Helen*,<sup>1</sup> the dead children exhort their relatives continuously; and their exhortations, albeit of a somewhat intimate character, have been passed on to the public as 'an inspiration to the life of brotherhood.' Helen, for example, bids her mother and sister give away the clothes they do not need. 'You had better send the pink dress to B. You won't wear it. Lace and a few good bits of jewelry you can use, and these won't hurt your progress.' She also warns them not to take long motor rides with large parties. The car holds four comfortably; but if her sister *will* go all afternoon with five people packed into it, she is sure to be ill. This is sensible advice, but can it be needful that the dead should revisit earth to give it?

Harry, a hardy and boisterous spirit, with a fine contempt for precautions, favors a motor trip across the continent, gallantly assures his family that the project is 'perfectly feasible,' tells his sister to 'shoot some genuine food' at her sick husband, who appears to have been kept on a low diet, and observes with pleasure that his mother is overcoming her aversion to tobacco. 'Mamma is learning,' he comments patronizingly. 'Some day she will arrive at the point where a smoker will fail to arouse a spark of criticism, or even of interest. *When that day comes, she will have learned what she is living for this time.*'

Here was a chance for a ghostly son to get even with the parent who had disparaged the harmless pleasures of his youth. Harry is not the kind of a spirit to miss such an opportunity. He finds a great deal to correct in his family, a great deal to blame in the world, and some things to criticize in the uni-

verse. 'I suppose the Creator knows his own business best,' he observes grudgingly; 'but there have been moments when I felt I could suggest improvements. For instance, had I been running affairs, I should have been a little more open about this reincarnation plan of elevating the individual. Why let a soul boggle along blindly for numberless lives when just a friendly tip would have illuminated the whole situation, and enabled him to plan with far less waste?'

'O eloquent, just and mighty death!' Is it for this that we have pretended to break thy barriers, to force thy pregnant silence into speech, to make of thy majesty a vulgar farce, and of thy consolations, folly and self-righteousness?

The 'Living Dead Man' has also a little course of instructions to give, and a little list of warnings. He bids us drink plenty of water because water feeds our astral bodies, and to take plenty of rest because sleep fits us for work. He tells us not to lose our tempers, because, if we do, the malicious spirits about us fan the flame of our wrath; and not to look too long at gold coins, because avaricious spirits gloat with us over their shining. He is a gentle, garrulous ghost, full of little anecdotes about his new — and very dull — surroundings, and mild little stories of adventure. He calls himself an 'astral Scheherazade,' but no sultan would ever have listened to him for a thousand and one nights. He chants *vers libre* of a singularly uninspired order, and is particular about his quotations. 'If you print these letters,' he tells his medium, 'I wish you would insert here fragments from that wonderful poem of Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." ' Then follow nineteen lines of this fairly familiar masterpiece. There is something rather droll in having our own printed poets quoted to us lengthily

<sup>1</sup> *Letters from Harry and Helen*. Written down by MARY BLOUNT WHITE. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

by cultivated and appreciative spirits.

Raymond, though he has been thrust before the public without pity and without reserve, shows no disposition to enter the arena of authorship. Through laborious and grotesque table-rappings, and through mediums controlled by — apparently — feeble-minded spirits, he has prattled to his family about the conditions which surround him: about the brick house he lives in; about the laboratories he visits, where ‘all sorts of things’ are manufactured out of ‘essences and ether and gases,’ — rather like German war-products, — and about the lectures he attends. The subjects of the lectures are spirituality, concentration, and — alas! — ‘the projection of uplifting and helpful thoughts to those on the earth plane.’ In the lecture hall are windows of colored glass — red, blue, and orange. If any of the audience need more intellect, they stand in the orange light and absorb intellectuality; if they need to be affectionate, they stand in the ‘pinky-colored’ light and absorb loving thoughts; if they need ‘actual spiritual healing,’ they stand in the blue light and are healed. The simplicity of this labor-saving process is beyond praise, and Raymond’s ‘guide’ assures him that, in the years to come, human beings will study and understand the qualities of different colored lights. Such scraps of wisdom as are vouchsafed him he passes dutifully on to his parents. He tells his mother that on the spiritual plane ‘Rank does n’t count as a virtue. High rank comes by being virtuous.’

‘Kind hearts are more than coronets.’

Also that ‘It is n’t always the parsons that go highest first,’ and that ‘It is n’t what you’ve professed; it’s what you’ve done.’ Something of this kind we have long suspected. Something of this kind has long been hinted from the plain pulpits of the world.

### III

We are repeatedly told that the Great War stands responsible for our mental disturbance, and for the weakening of our moral judgment which has made possible these repeated assaults upon the taste and credulity of the world. Mr. Howells, observing rather sympathetically the ghostly stir and thrill which pervades literature, asks if it proceeds from the battlefields of Europe. ‘Is it because the dead are superabounding now beyond the ratio of all the past pestilences, and a most powerful people is dedicating itself, body and soul, to the destruction of human life in the most murderous war that ever was?’

But natural laws are not affected by numbers. A single dead man and a million of dead men stand in the same relation to the living. If ever there was a time when it was needful to hold on to our sanity with all our might and main, that time is now. If ever death was a holy and a glorious thing, it is holy and glorious to-day. Our men, French, British, and American, lay their lives down that the world may be a clean place for other men to live in. They go out bravely into the dark, and they do not deserve to have their names bandied about by ‘controls,’ or quoted to the world as talking bootless twaddle. Of course we think about them day and night. How could it be otherwise? There is, and there has always been, a sense of comradeship with the dead. It is a noble and a still comradeship, untarnished by illusions, unvulgarized by extravagant details. Newman has expressed it in ‘A Voice From Afar’; and recently Mr. Rowland Thirlmere has made it the theme of some very simple and touching verses called ‘Jimmy Doane.’ The elderly Englishman who has lost his friend, a young American aviator, — ‘generous,

clever, and confident,' — and who sits alone with his heart cold and sore, feels suddenly the welcome nearness of the dead. No table heaves its heavy legs to announce that silent presence, no alphabet is needed for his message. But the living man says simply to his friend, 'My house is always open to you,' and hopes they may sit quietly together when the dreams of both are realized, and the hour of deliverance comes.

The sinking of the *Lusitania* is, and will always be, a turning-point in history. Its novelty in warfare was not so much one of method as of design. It was a proclamation of Germany's refusal to recognize the status of neutrals and non-combatants. It was her 'I dare you!' flung full in the face of the world. The tale will be told and retold, with other tales of cruelty and cowardice, as long as men stay men. But the sea holds its dead until the judgment-day. To the murderer comes the brand of Cain, to the murdered the peace of Abel. It is inconceivable that an American magazine should publish the fantastic and repulsive details of a spiritualistic séance, in which *Lusitania* 'victims' recounted the horrors of their drowning, or fatuously described a submarine as the devil-fish of the sea, or, worse than all, gasped, and moaned, and cried out, 'Oh, Oh, I'm dead!' 'Oh, dear!' 'Oh, I feel so ill!' 'The boat is filling!' while the medium made swimming motions in the air to the accompaniment of groans. And this shocking travesty of death is supposed to bring comfort to the living. The grossness of the process fails to offend; the puerility of the result fails to discourage. 'There is a set of heads,' wrote Sir Thomas Browne, 'that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet question the Testimonies of St. Paul.' We seem to have changed very little in the course of three hundred years.

VOL. 122—NO. 2

Byron has recorded in a letter to Hoppner the profound impression made upon him by two concise epitaphs in the cemetery of Bologna.

MARTINI LUIGI

*Implora pace.*

LUCREZIA PICINI

*Implora eterna quiete.*

It seemed to the poet — himself in need of peace — that all the weariness of life, and all the gentle humility of the tired but trusting soul, were compressed into those lines. There is nothing calamitous in death.

The patrimony of a little mould,  
And entail of four planks,

is the common heritage of mankind, and we accept it reverently. But to escape from time, only to enter upon a futile and platitudinous eternity, upon the manufacture of sham products, and the authorship of unreadable books — which of us has courage to front such direful possibilities!

It is strange that the spirits who are driven by the stress of these terrible years to communicate with a desolate world should be untouched by the source of our desolation. Raymond gave his young life for England; but, once dead, feels no further concern for her deliverance. Patience Worth, with the ruthless self-concentration of the author, is too busy dictating novels and plays to waste a thought upon our assaulted civilization. She is a trifle impatient of earthly authorship (potter hates potter, and poet hates poet), and she bids us know that truth is not to be found in 'books of wordy filling'; but she adds without compunction 900,000 more words to our overflowing measure, and leaves untouched the problems we desperately face.

Harry and Helen express some calm regret that the lack of unselfish love

should make war possible, and report that 'Hughey' — their brother-in-law's brother — 'has gone to throw all he possesses of light into the dark struggle.' Apparently his beams failed signally to illuminate the gloom, which is not surprising when we learn that 'A selfish or ill-natured thought' (say from a Bulgarian or a Turk) 'lowers the rate of vibration throughout the entire universe.' They also join the 'White Cross' nurses, and are gratified that their knowledge of French enables them to receive and encourage the rapidly arriving French soldiers. Helen, being the better scholar of the two, is able to give first aid, while Harry brushes up his verbs. In the absence of French caretakers, who seem to have all gone elsewhere, the two young Americans are in much demand.

Apart from these crass absurdities (which have their readers and their believers), what is there of help in such a volume as *The Invisible Guide*,<sup>1</sup> which purports to be an answer to the often asked question, 'How may I enter into communion and fellowship with the departed?' There is nothing grotesque in this little volume, which has some agreeable chapters. The dead soldier who is the Guide does not use table-legs, or ouija boards, or automatic writing, when he communicates with his friend, and he is always commendably brief. But his detachment from the great issues for which he died is absolute and a bit depressing; his neutrality is of that thorough-going kind which was commended to Americans in the first year of the war, and his generalizations have neither pith nor marrow. It is not worth while for a disembodied spirit to come back to earth and say, 'The test of religion is life.' 'Art is eternal if the artist is content with the joy of the working.' 'Understand that love is

spiritual, and you understand all.' These things have been said, and better said, by wise men the world over.

What strikes us most perceptibly about the Guide is that, in common with living pacifists, he seems less grieved by the great crimes and tragedies of the war than by the hostility they arouse. He has not a sigh to waste over desolated Belgium and Serbia. Air-raids and mangled women and children fail to disturb his serenity. But he cannot endure a picture called *Mitrailleuse*, which represents four French soldiers firing a machine-gun. When his friend the author so far forgets himself as to be angry at the insolence of some Germans whom he sees in a restaurant, — where they have no right to be, — the Guide, pained by such intolerance, refuses any communication; and when, in more cheerful mood, the author ventures to be a bit enthusiastic over the gallant feats of a young aviator, he murmurs faintly and reproachfully, 'It is the mothers that suffer.'

A more disheartening spirit to have about in war-time could not be conceived, or one less fitted for the austere rôle he has assigned himself to play.

#### IV

The recent and most unjustifiable attempt to add Mark Twain to the list of ghostly authors and counselors was based on his alleged desire to help a ruined world. It was said that the spirit of the great humorist was 'tortured' because he could not give mankind a work which would 'shed enlightenment where now there is only darkness and dismay.' If this means that he has a formula for an invincible and uneludible submarine chaser, I hardly think that Mrs. Gabrilowitsch would deny it to her country. But if the projected volume is to be only another manual of vague philosophy, vapid

<sup>1</sup> *The Invisible Guide*. By C. LEWIS HIND. New York: John Lane Co

admonitions, and fantastic statements, we can submit to its loss, and solace ourselves with a re-reading of *Huckleberry Finn*. Mr. Clemens did a full measure of work in his lifetime, and received his full measure of reward. The 'merry star' that danced above his cradle shone on him, fitfully but fairly, until he died. It were a sin and a shame to plunge him now into the murky fogs of spiritualistic revelations.

Granted that he was what his friends called him — 'a mystic at heart'; that he believed, or fancied he believed, in thought-transference, and that he was capable of seeing something strange and mysterious in very ordinary occurrences: the finding of a lost article which had been searched for vainly while it lay close at hand, or the premonition of news contained in an unopened letter — this last a melancholy sort of guesswork which we have all of us practised at times. But a mystic at heart may be also an author by profession, with a sense of values, and a nice perception of the skill that goes into book-making. If anything could disturb Mark Twain's spirit, and bring it stormily back to earth, it would be the linking of his name to the volume called *Jap Herron*.

So great a treason to the dead must seem incredible to healthy minds; but from every side come mad rumors of similar deceptions. O. Henry, it is whispered, is dictating tracts and allegories; Dickens may yet complete *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*; Washington Irving has loomed wistfully on the horizon of an aspiring medium: —

Milton composing baby rhymes, and Locke  
Reasoning in gibberish. Homer writing Greek  
In naughts and crosses.

To be reintroduced to earth as the author of books as silly as they are dull is hard luck for the scholar and the wit.

Patience Worth is fortunate in so far that she has no earlier reputation at

stake. In fact, we are assured that three of her stories are told in 'a dialect which, taken as a whole, was probably never spoken, and certainly never written. Each seems to be a composite of dialect words and idioms of different periods and different localities.' It is Mr. Yost's opinion, however, that her long historical novel, *The Sorry Tale*, is composed 'in a literary tongue somewhat resembling the language of the King James version of the Bible in form and style, but with the unmistakable verbal peculiarities of Patience Worth.' 'What bringeth thee asearch?' and 'Who hath the trod of the antelope?' are doubtless verbal peculiarities; but for any resemblance to the noble and vigorous lucidity of the English Bible we may search in vain through the six hundred and forty closely printed pages of this confused, wandering, sensuous, and wholly unreadable narrative, which purports to tell the life-history of the penitent thief. I quote a single paragraph, snatched at random from the text, which may serve as a sample of the whole.

'And within, upon the skins'-pack, sat Samuel, who listed him, and lo, the jaws of him hung ope. And Jacob wailed, and the Jew's tongue of him sounded as the chatter of fowls, and he spake of the fool that plucked of his ass that he save of down. Yea, and walked him at the sea's edge, and yet sought o' pools. And he held aloft, unto the men who hung them o'er the bin's place, handfuls of brass and shammed precious stuffs, and cried him out.'

Six hundred and forty pages of this kind of writing defy a patient world. And we are threatened with 'the larger literature to come'!

For some reason which has never been explained, Patience Worth drops her archaism (if it be archaism) when she writes verse, and becomes fairly intelligible. Mr. Yost, who is a partial



critic, warns us that we 'may search in vain' through literature for anything resembling these poems. 'They are alike in the essential features of all poetry, and yet they are unlike. There is something in them that is not in other poetry. In the profusion of their metaphor there is an etherealness that more closely resembles Shelley, perhaps, than any other poet; but the beauty of Shelley's poems is almost wholly in their diction; there is in him no profundity of thought. In these poems there is both beauty and depth, — and something else.'

Whatever this 'something else' may be, it is certainly not rhyme or rhythm. The verses brook no bondage, but run loosely on with the perilous ease of enfranchisement. For the most part they are of the kind which used to be classified by compilers as 'Poems of Nature,' and 'Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.' Spring, summer, autumn, and winter are as inspirational for the dead as for the living.

'T is season's parting.  
Yea, and earth doth weep. The Winter  
cometh,  
And he bears her jewels for the decking  
Of his bride. A glittered crown  
Shall fall 'pon earth, and sparkled drop  
Shall stand like gem that flasheth  
'Pon a nobled brow. Yea, the tears  
Of earth shall freeze and drop  
As pearls, the necklace o' the earth.  
'T is season's parting. Yea,  
The earth doth weep.  
'T is Fall.

These simple statements might justifiably be printed without the capital letters which distinguish prose from verse; but we can understand them, and we are familiar with the phenomena they describe.

Patience Worth as a 'psychic mystery' has no significance for the reading public. With her ouija-board intimacies, and her 'feminine tastes'; with the baby of 'patrician mould' whom she persuaded Mrs. Curran to adopt; and with the cat she asked for, but which dejectedly died when it learned its fate, we have no concern. It is only her incursions into the field of authorship which make her liable to criticism. It is only the literary ambitions — and disqualifications — of the spirit-world which disturb our serenity.

Ghosts there have always been since men began to die. They have played their part in disquieting the world since the world awoke to trouble. Vengeful, prophetic, fantastic, and invariably *de trop*, they have come down to us through the centuries, discredited, but feared. Now our old apprehensions, our old creeps and shivers, are exchanged for new and reasonable misgivings. Spirits soothing as syrup, didactic as dominies, prolific and platitudinous, are dictating books for the world's betterment; and never a word which can add to our store of knowledge, or stand the 'dry north light of intellect.'

We are told that once, when Patience Worth was spelling out the endless pages of *The Sorry Tale*, she came to a sudden stop, then wrote, 'This be nuff,' and knocked off for the night.

A blessed phrase, and, of a certainty, her finest inspiration. Would that all dead authors would adopt it as their motto; and with ouija boards, and table-legs, and automatic pencils, write as their farewell message to the world those three short, comely words, 'This be nuff.'

# DAFFODILS

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

## I

THOUGH he knew that he was going to die, Marmaduke Follett, as he lay in the hospital on the French coast, had never in his life been so happy. Until these last days he had not been able to feel it in its completeness. Of the great engagement where he had fallen he remembered only the overwhelming uproar, the blood and mud; and after that, torments, apathies, dim awakenings to the smell of ether and relapses to quieter sleep. Now the last operation had failed, — or, rather, he had failed to recover from it, — and there was no more hope for him; but he hardly suffered and his thoughts were emerging into a world of cleanliness, kindness, and repose.

The hospital, before the war, had been a big hotel, and his was one of the bedrooms on the second floor, its windows crossed by two broad blue bands of sea and sky. As an officer, he had a room to himself. The men were in the wards downstairs.

One of his nurses — both were pleasant girls, but this was the one who, with a wing of black hair curving under her cap, reminded him of his cousin Victoria — had put a glass of daffodils beside his bed — not garden daffodils, but the wild ones that grow in woods; and if she made him think of Victoria, how much more they made him think of the woods in spring at Channerley!

He was dying after a gallant deed. It was a fitting death for a Follett, and so little in his life had been at all fitted

to that initial privilege: it was only in the manner of his death that his life matched at all those thoughts of Victoria and Channerley.

He did not remember much of the manner; it still remained cloaked in that overwhelming uproar; but, as he lay there, he seemed to read, in the columns of the London papers, what all the Folletts were so soon to read — because of him: —

‘His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to award the Victoria Cross to the under-mentioned officers, non-commissioned officers and men: —

‘Sec. Lt. Marmaduke Everard Follett. For most conspicuous bravery.

‘He was directed with 50 men to drive the enemy from their trench, and under intense shell and machine-gun fire he personally led three separate parties of bombers against a captured 325 yards of trench; attacking the machine-gun, shooting the firer with his revolver, and destroying gun and *personnel* with bombs. This very brave act saved many lives and ensured the success of the attack. In carrying one of his men back to safety, Sec. Lt. Follett was mortally wounded.’

He felt himself smile, as he soberly spaced it out, to remember that the youths at the office used to call him Marmalade. It was curious that he most felt his present, and his present transfigured self, when he thought of Cauldwell’s office, where so many years of his past had been spent. When he thought of that, of the jocund youths, of the weary hours and wasted years,

it was to feel himself transfigured; when he thought of the Folletts and of Channerley, to feel that he matched them; it was, at last, to feel as if he had come home. What to the grimy, everyday world counted as transfiguration, counted as the normal, the expected, to the world of Channerley.

He wondered, lying there and looking out past the daffodils, where Victoria was; he had heard that she was nursing, too, somewhere in France; and again, as he had smiled over the contrast of 'Sec. Lt. Marmaduke Everard Follett' and the 'Marmalade' of Cauldwell's office, he smiled in thinking of the difference between Victoria and the nice young nurse who, for all her resembling curve of hair, was also second-rate. It would have been very wonderful to have been nursed by Victoria, and yet his thought turned from that. There had never been any sweetness, never even any kindness for him, in Victoria's clear young gaze: when it came to nursing, he could imagine her being kind to a Tommy, but not to him, the dull, submerged cousin; and the nice though second-rate nurse was very kind. He would rather die under her eyes than under Victoria's.

And he would rather think of Victoria as he had last seen her at the big London dance to which, most unexpectedly, he had found himself asked last spring — the spring before the war. He had decided, as with nervous fingers he tied his white cravat, — how rarely disturbed was that neat sheaf lying in his upper drawer! — that he must have been confused with some other Follett, for he was so seldom asked anywhere, where he would be likely to meet Victoria. However, it was a delight to see her in her snowy dress, her beautiful hair bound with silver, and to feel, as he watched her dancing, that she belonged, in a sense, to him; for he, too, was a Follett.

How much more did she belong to him now! And not only Victoria, but all of them, these Folletts of his and the Folletts of past generations; and Channerley, centre of all his aching, wistful memories. It had been for him, always, part of the very structure of his nature, that beautiful old house where he had spent his boyhood. Perhaps it was because he had been turned out of the nest so early that he never ceased to miss it. His thought, like a maimed fledgling, had fluttered round and round it, longing, exiled, helpless.

If, now, he could have survived, his eldest brother, he felt sure, must have asked him oftener to stay at Channerley. It still gave him a pang, or, rather, the memory of many pangs, to recall that Robert had not asked him for two years, and had seemed to forget all about him after that. They had all seemed to forget about him, — that was the trouble of it, — and almost from the very beginning: Robert, who had Channerley; Austin, who had gone into the army and was now in Mesopotamia; Griselda, married so splendidly up in her northern estate; and Amy, the artistic bachelor-girl of the family, whom he associated with irony and cigarette-smoke and prolonged absences in Paris. Even cheerful Sylvia, of South Kensington, with her many babies and K.C. husband, whom he always thought of, for all her well-being, as very nearly as submerged as himself, — even Sylvia saw little of him and asked him only to family dinners, — Mr. Shillington's family, not hers, — at depressingly punctual intervals.

But Sylvia, the one nearest him in years, was the one who had forgotten least, and she had, after her fashion, done her best for him. Confused at study, clumsy at games, shy and tongue-tied, he had not in any way distinguished himself at a rather second-rate public school; and to distinguish

himself had been the only hope for him. The Folletts had never had any money to spare, and Eton and Oxford for Robert and Sandhurst for Austin fulfilled a tradition that became detached and terse where younger sons who could not distinguish themselves were concerned. Still, he had always felt that, had his father lived, something better would have been found for him than to be bundled, through the instrumentality of Mr. Shillington, into a solicitor's office. There he had been bundled, and there he had stuck for all these years, as clumsy, as confused as ever; a pallid, insignificant little fellow (oh, he had no illusions about himself!), with the yellow hair and small yellow moustache which, together with his name, had earned for him his sobriquet.

They had not disliked him, those direfully facetious companions of his. *No-blesse oblige* was an integral part of his conception of himself, however little they might be aware of his unvarying courtesy toward them as its exercise. He suspected that they thought of him as merely inoffensive and rather piteous; but shyness might give that impression; they could not guess at the quiet aversion that it covered. He was aware sometimes, suddenly, that in the aloofness and contemplative disdain of his pale sidelong glance at them, he most felt himself a Follett. If his mind, for most practical purposes, was slow and clumsy, it was sharp and swift in its perceptions. He judged the young men in Cauldwell's office as a Follett must judge them. In the accurate applying of that standard he was as instinctively gifted as any of his race; and if he knew, from his first look at her, that the nice young nurse was second-rate, how coldly and calmly, for all these years, he had known that the young men who called him Marmalade were third-rate. And yet they none of them disliked him, and he wondered

whether it was because, when he most felt disdain, he most looked merely timid, or because they recognized in him, all dimly as it might be, the first-rateness that was his inherently and inalienably.

Just as the third-rate young men might recognize the first-rate but dimly, he was aware that to the world the Folletts, too, were not important. It was not one of the names, in spite of centuries of local lustre, to conjure with; and he liked it all the better because of that. They had never, it was true, distinguished themselves; but they were people of distinction, and that was, to his quiet, reflective savoring, an even higher state. He sometimes wondered if, in any of them, the centring of family consciousness was as intense as in himself. If they were aloof about third-rate people, it was not because they were really very conscious about themselves. They took themselves for granted, as they took Chanerley and the family history; and only Amy was aware that some of the family portraits were good.

The history — it was not of course accurate to call it that, yet it seemed more spacious and significant than mere annals — pored over in long evenings, in faded parchments, deeds, and letters, was known in every least detail to him. How the Folletts had begun, very soberly but very decorously, in the fifteenth century, and how they had gone on: rooting more deeply into their pleasant woodlands and meadows; flowering, down the centuries, now in a type of grace — that charming Antonia who had married so well at James the First's court; and of gallantry — a Follett had fallen at Naseby, and a Follett had fought at Waterloo; or of good-humored efficiency, as in the eighteenth-century judge and the nineteenth-century bishop. And he, who was neither graceful nor gallant nor

good-humored (sour and sad he felt himself), never could resist the warming, revivifying influence of these recognitions, stretching himself, sighing, smiling happily before his Bloomsbury fire on a winter's evening, as he laid down the thick pile of yellowed manuscripts to think it all over and feel himself, in spite of everything, a link with it all.

Robert had always been very decent about letting him have and keep the documents for as long as he liked.

It was strange to think that he was never to see his Bloomsbury lodgings again, and stranger, really, that a certain tinge of regret was in the thought; for how, for years, he had hated them, place of exile, of relegation, as he had always felt them! Yet he had come to be fond of his little sitting-room, just because, to his eye, with its mingled comfort and austerity, it was so significant of exile. If a Follett could n't have what he wanted, that was all he would have — his rack of pipes, his shelves of books, his little collection of mostly marginless mezzotints ranged along the dark, green walls. The room was a refuge and did not pretend to be an achievement, and in that very fact might, to an eye as sharp as his for such significance, suggest the tastes that it relinquished. He had, indeed, all the tastes and none of the satisfactions of Channerley.

There it was; he had come back to it again, as, indeed, he had, in spirit, never left it — never for a moment. He felt himself, lying there in the hospital on the French coast, with the soft spring sea lapping upon the beach under his window — he felt himself drop, drop, softly, sweetly, deeply, back to his childhood. From his high nursery-window he saw the dewy tree-tops, — the old hawthorn that grew so near the house, and the old mulberry, — and the rooks wheeling on a spring sky so many years ago. The dogs, at

that early hour, just released, might be racing over the lawns: idle, jovial Peter, the spaniel, and Jack, the plucky, hot-tempered little Dandy-Dinmont.

Below the lawns were the high gray garden walls, and above, rising a little from the flagged rose-garden, were the woods where the daffodils grew, daffodils like those beside him now, tall and small, their pale, bright poetry set in warrior spears of green. Little bands of them ran out upon the lawn from under the great trees, and one saw their gold glimmering far, far among the woodlands. Oh, the beauty of it! and the stillness, the age and youth, the smile and the security! How he had always loved it, shambling about the woods and gardens; creeping rather — he always saw himself as creeping somehow — about the dear, gay, faded house! Always such an awkward, insignificant little boy; even his dear old Nanna had felt dissatisfied with his appearance; and he had always known it, when she sent him down with the others to the drawing-room; and his mother, she had made it very apparent, had found him only that.

He shrank from the thought of his mother; perhaps it was because of her, of her vexed and averted eyes, her silken rustle of indifference as she passed him by, that he saw himself as creeping anywhere where she might come. He only remembered her in glimpses: languidly and ironically smiling at her tea-table (Amy had her smile), the artificial tone of her voice had even then struck his boyish ear; reading on a summer afternoon, with bored brows and dissatisfied lips, as she lay on a garden chair in the shade of the mulberry tree; querulously arguing with his father, who, good-humored and very indifferent, strolled about the hall in his pink coat on a winter morning, waiting for the horses to be brought round; his mother's



yellow braids shining under her neatly tilted riding-hat, her booted foot held to the blaze of the great log-fire. A hard, selfish, sentimental woman; and — was n't it really the only word for what he felt in her? — just a little shoddy. He distinguished it from the second-rate nicely: it was a more personal matter; for his mother, though certainly not a Follett, was of good stock; he knew, of course, all about her stock. It always grieved him to think that it was from her he had his yellow hair and the pale gray of his eyes; his stature, too, for she had been a small woman; all the other Folletts were tall; but she had given him nothing more: not a trace of her beauty was his, and he was glad of it.

It was curious, since he had really had so little to do with him, as little, almost, as with his mother, how blissfully his sense of his father's presence pervaded his childish memories. He was so kind. The kindest thing he remembered at Channerley, except his dear old Nanna and Peter the spaniel. It used to give him a thrill of purest joy when, meeting him, his father, his hands clasped behind his back after his strolling wont, would stop and bend amused and affectionate eyes upon him; rather the eyes, to be sure, that he bent upon his dogs; but Marmaduke always felt of him that he looked upon his children, and upon himself, too, as parts of the pack; and it was delightful to be one of the pack, with him.

'Well, old fellow, and how goes the world with you to-day?' his father would say.

And after that question the world would go in sunshine.

He had always believed that, had his father lived, he would never have been so forgotten; just as he had always believed that his father would never have allowed one of his pack to be bundled into a solicitor's office. For that he

had to thank, he felt sure, not only Sylvia's negative solicitude, but his mother's active indifference. Between them both they had done it to him.

And he never felt so to the full his dispossession as in thinking of Robert. He had always intensely feared and admired Robert. He did not know what he feared, for Robert was never unkind. But Robert was everything that he was not: tall and gay and competent, and possessing everything needful, from the very beginning, for the perfect fulfilment of his type. The difference between them had been so far more than the ten years that had made of Robert a man when he was still only a little boy. There had been, after all, a time when they had been a very big and a very little boy together, with Austin in between; yet the link had seemed always to break down after Austin. Robert, in this retrospect, had always the air of strolling away from him — for Robert, too, was a stroller. Not that he himself had had the air of pursuit; he had never, he felt sure, from the earliest age, lacked tact; tact and reticence and self-effacement had been bred into him. But his relationship with Robert had seemed always to consist in standing there, hiding ruefulness, and gazing at Robert's strolling back.

The difference with Austin had perhaps been as great, but it had never hurt so much, for Austin, though with his share of the Follett charm, had never had the charm of Robert. A clear-voiced and clear-eyed, masterful boy, Austin's main contact with others was in doing things with them, and that sort of contact did not mean congeniality. Austin had made use of him; had let him hold his ferrets and field for him at cricket; and a person whom one found useful did not, for the time being, bore one.

But he had bored Robert always

— that was apparent; and beautiful Griselda, who was older than either of them, and Amy, who was younger. Griselda had gazed rather sadly over his head; and Amy had smiled and teased him so that he had seldom ventured on a remark in her presence. Even fat little Sylvia, the baby, had always preferred any of the others to him as she grew up; had only not been bored because, while she was good-humored, she was also rather dull. And at the bottom of his heart, rueful always, sore, and still patiently surprised, he knew that, while he found them all a little brutal, he could not admire them the less because of it. It was part of the Follett inheritance to be able to be brutal, unconsciously, and therefore with no loss of bloom.

And now, at last, he was not to bore them any longer; at last, he was not to be forgotten. How could he not be happy, — it brought back every blissful thrill of boyhood, his father's smile, the daffodil woods in spring, heightened to ecstasy, — when he had at last made of himself one of the Follotts who were remembered? He would have his place in the history beside the Follett who fell at Naseby. No family but is glad of a V.C. in its pages. They could no longer stroll away. They would be proud of him; he had done something for all the Follotts forever.

## II

The nice young nurse came in. She closed the door gently, and, with her smile, calm before accustomed death, and always, as it were, a little proud of him, — that was because they were both English, — she took his wrist and felt his pulse, holding her watch in the other hand, and asked him, presently, how he felt. Only after that did she say, contemplating him for a moment, — Marmaduke wondered

how many hours — or was it perhaps days? — she was giving him to live, —

'A gentleman has come to see you. You may see him if you like. But I've told him that he is only to stay for half an hour.'

The blood flowed up to Marmaduke's forehead. He felt it beating hard in his neck and behind his ears, and his heart thumped down there under the neatly drawn bed-clothes.

'A gentleman? What's his name?'

Was it Robert?

'Here is his card,' said the nurse.

She drew it from her pocket and gave it to him. It could n't have been Robert, of course. Robert would only have had to come up. Yet he was dizzy with the disappointment. It was as if he saw Robert strolling away for the last time. He would never see Robert again.

Mr. Guy Thorpe was the name. The address was a London club that Marmaduke placed at once as second-rate, and 'The Beeches, Arlington Road,' in a London suburb. On the card was written in a neat scholarly hand: 'May I see you? We are friends.'

It was difficult for a moment to feel anything but the receding tide of his hope. The next thing that came was a sense of dislike for Mr. Guy Thorpe and for the words that he had written. Friends? By what right, since he did not know his name?

'Is he a soldier?' he asked. 'How did he come? I don't know him.'

'You need n't see him unless you want to,' said the nurse. 'No; he's not a soldier. An elderly man. He's driving a motor for the French Wounded Emergency Fund, and came on from the Alliance because he heard that you were here. Perhaps he's some old family friend. He spoke as if he were.'

Marmaduke smiled a little. 'That's hardly likely. But I'll see him, yes; since he came for that.'

When she had gone, he lay looking

again at the blue bands across the window. A flock of sea-gulls flew past — proud, swift, and leisurely, glittering in the sun. They seemed to embody the splendor and exultation of his thoughts, and, when they had disappeared, he was sorry, almost desolate.

Mr. Guy Thorpe. He took up the card again in his feeble hand and looked at it. And now, dimly, it seemed to remind him of something.

Steps approached along the passage, the nurse's light foot-fall and the heavier, careful tread of a man. An oddly polite, almost a deprecating tread. He had gone about a great many hospitals and was cautious not to disturb wounded men. Yet Marmaduke felt again that he did not like Mr. Guy Thorpe, and as they came in, he was conscious of feeling a little frightened.

There was nothing to frighten one in Mr. Thorpe's appearance. He was a tall, thin, ageing man, travel-worn, in civilian clothes, with a dingy Red-Cross badge on the sleeve of his waterproof overcoat. Baldish and apparently near-sighted, he seemed to blink toward the bed, and, as if with motor-ing in the wind, his eyelids were moist and reddened. He sat down, murmuring some words of thanks to the nurse.

A very insignificant man, for all his height and his big forehead. Altogether of The Beeches, Arlington Road. Had he turned gray, he might have looked less shabby; but dark thin locks still clustered above his high crown and behind his long-lobed ears. His eyes were dark, his moustache drooped, and he had a small, straight nose. Marmaduke saw that he was the sort of man who, in youth, might have been considered very handsome. He looked like a seedy poet and some sort of minor civil servant mingled, the civil servant having got the better of the poet. Marmaduke also imagined that he would have a large family and

a harassed but ambitious wife, with a genteel accent — a wife a little below himself. His tie was of a dull red silk. Marmaduke did not like him.

Mr. Thorpe glanced round, as if cautiously, to see if the nurse had closed the door, and then, it was really as if more cautiously still, looked at Marmaduke, slightly moving back his chair.

'I'm very grateful to you, very grateful indeed,' he said in a low voice, 'for seeing me.'

'You've come a long way,' said Marmaduke.

'Yes. A long way. I had heard of your being here. I hoped to get here. I felt that I must see you. We are all proud of you; more proud than I can say.'

He looked down now at the motor-ing-cap he held, and Marmaduke became aware that the reddened eyes were still more suffused and that the mouth under the drooping moustache twitched and trembled. He could think of nothing to say, except to murmur something about being very glad — though he did n't want to say that; and he supposed, to account for Mr. Thorpe's emotion, that he must be a moving sight, lying there, wasted, bandaged, and dying.

'You don't remember my name, I suppose,' said Mr. Thorpe after a moment, in which he frankly got out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

'No, I'm afraid I don't,' said Marmaduke very politely. He was glad to say this. It was the sort of thing he did want to say.

'Yet I know yours very, very well,' said Mr. Thorpe, with a curious watery smile. 'I lived at Channerley once. I was tutor there for some time — to Robert, your brother, and Griselda. Yes,' Mr. Thorpe nodded, 'I know the Folletts well; and Channerley, the dear old place.'

Now the dim something in memory

pressed forward, almost with a physical advance, and revealed itself as sundry words scratched on the school-room window-panes and sundry succinct drawings in battered old Greek and Latin grammars. Robert had always been very clever at drawing, catching with equal facility and accuracy the swiftness of a galloping horse and the absurdities of a human profile. What returned to Marmaduke now, and as clearly as if he had the fly-leaf before him, was a tiny thumb-nail sketch of such a galloping horse unseating a lank, crouching figure, of whom the main indications were the angles of acute uncertainty taken by the knees and elbows; and a more elaborate portrait, dashed and dotted as if with a ruthless boyish grin — such an erect and melancholy head it was, so dark the tossed-back locks, so classical the nose and unclassical the moustache, and a brooding eye indicated in a triangular sweep of shadow. Beneath was written in Robert's clear, boyish hand, 'Mr. Guy Thorpe, Poet, Philosopher and Friend. Vale.' Even the date flashed before him, 1880; and with it, strange, inappropriate association — the daffodils running out upon the lawn, as no doubt he had seen them as he leaned from the schoolroom window, with the Greek grammar under his elbow on the sill.

So that was it. Mr. Guy Thorpe, placed, explained, disposed of — poor dear! He felt suddenly quite kindly toward him, quite touched by his act of loyalty to the old allegiance in coming; and flattered, too, — yes, even by Mr. Thorpe, — that he should be so recognized as a Follett who had done something for the name; and smiling very benevolently upon him, he said, —

'Oh, of course; I remember perfectly now — your name, and drawings of you in old schoolbooks, you know. All tutors and governesses get those trib-

utes from their pupils, don't they? But I myself could n't remember, could I? for it was before I was born that you were at Channerley.'

There was a moment of silence after this, and in it Marmaduke felt that Mr. Thorpe did not like being so placed. He had no doubt imagined that there would be less ambiguous tributes, and that his old pupils would have talked of him to the younger generation.

And something of this chagrin certainly came out in his next words as, nodding and looking round at the daffodils, he said, —

'Yes, yes. Quite true. No, of course you could n't yourself remember. I was more though, I think I may fairly say, than the usual tutor or governess. I came, rather, at Sir Robert's instance.' — Sir Robert was Marmaduke's father. — 'We had met, made friends, at Oxford; his former tutor there was an uncle of mine, and Sir Robert, in my undergraduate days, used to visit him sometimes. He was very keen on getting me to come. Young Robert wanted something of a firm hand. I was the friend rather than the mere man of books in the family.'

'Poet, Philosopher and Friend' — Marmaduke had it almost on his lips, and almost with a laugh, his benevolence deepened for poor Mr. Thorpe, so self-revealed, so entirely Robert's portrait of him. Amusing to think that even the quite immature first-rate can so relegate the third. But perhaps it was a little unfair to call poor Mr. Thorpe third. The Folletts would not be likely to choose a third-rate man for a tutor; second was kinder, and truer. He had, obviously, come down in the world.

'I see. It's natural I never heard, though: there's such a chasm between the elders and the youngers in a big family, is n't there?' he said. 'Griselda is twelve years older than I am, and

Robert ten, you remember. She was married by the time I began my Greek. You never came back to Channerley, did you? I hope things have gone well with you since those days?’

He questioned, wanting to be very kind; wanting to give something of the genial impression of his father smiling, with his, ‘And how goes the world with you to-day?’ But he saw that, while Mr. Thorpe’s evident emotion deepened, it was with a sense of present grief as well as of retrospective pathos.

‘No; I never came, — that is — No; I passed by: I never came to stay. I went abroad; I traveled, with a pupil, for some years before my marriage.’ Grief and confusion were oddly mingled in his drooping face. ‘And after that — life had changed too much. My dear old friend Sir Robert had died. I could not have faced it all. No, no; when some chapters are read, it is better to close the book; better to close the book. But I have never forgotten Channerley, nor the Folletts of Channerley; that will always remain for me the golden page; the page,’ said Mr. Thorpe, glancing round again at the daffodils, ‘of friendship, of youth, of daffodils in spring-time. I saw you there,’ he added suddenly, ‘once, when you were a very little lad. I saw you. I was passing by; bicycling; no time to stop. You remember the high road skirts the woods to the north. I came and looked over the wall; and there you were — in your holland pinafore and white socks — digging up the daffodils and putting them into your little red-and-yellow cart. A beautiful spring morning. The woods full of sunshine. You would n’t remember.’

But he did remember — perfectly. Not having been seen, but the day; the woods; the daffodils. He had dug them up to plant in his own little garden, down below. He had always been stupid with his garden; had always failed

where the others succeeded. And he had wanted to be sure of daffodils. And they had all laughed at him for wanting the wild daffodils like that for himself, and for going to get them in the wood. And why had Mr. Thorpe looked over the wall and not come in? He hated to think that he had been watched on that spring morning — hated it. And, curiously, that sense of fear with which he had heard the approaching footsteps returned to him. It frightened him that Mr. Thorpe had watched him over the wall.

His distaste and shrinking were perhaps apparent in his face, for it was with a change of tone and hastiness of utterance, as though hurrying away from something, that Mr. Thorpe went on: —

‘You see, — it’s been my romance, always, Channerley — and all of you. I’ve always followed your lives — always — from a distance — known what you were up to. I’ve made excuses to myself — in the days when I used to go a good deal about the country — to pass by Channerley and just have a glimpse of you. And when I heard that you had done this noble deed, — when I heard what you had done for England, for Channerley, for us all, — I felt I had to come and see you. You must forgive me if I seem a mere intruder. I can’t seem that to myself. I’ve cared too much. And what I came for, really, was to thank you, — to thank you, my dear boy, — and to tell you that because of you, life must be nobler, always, for all of us.’

His words had effaced the silly, groping fear. It was indeed, since his colonel’s visit, the first congratulation he had had from the outer world. The nurses, of course, had congratulated him, and the surgeons; but no one who knew him outside; the kindly telegrams from Robert and Sylvia did not count as congratulations. And in a way poor



Mr. Thorpe did know him, and though it was only from him, it had its sweetness. He felt himself flush as he answered, 'That's very kind of you.'

'Oh, no!' said Mr. Thorpe, shaking his head and swinging his foot — Marmaduke knew that from the queer movement of his body as he sat with very tightly folded arms. 'Not kind! That's not the word — from us to you! Not the word at all!'

'I'm very happy, as you may imagine,' said Marmaduke. And he was happy again, and glad to share his happiness with poor Mr. Thorpe. 'It makes everything worth while, does n't it, to have brought it off at all?'

'Everything, everything — it would; it would, to you. So heroes feel,' said Mr. Thorpe. 'To give your life for England. I know it all — in every detail. Yes, you are happy in dying that England may live. Brave boy! Splendid boy!'

Now he was weeping. He had out his handkerchief and his shoulders shook. It made Marmaduke want to cry, too, and he wondered confusedly if the nurse would soon come back. Had not the half hour passed?

'Really — it's too good of you. You must n't, you know; you must n't,' he murmured, while the word, 'boy — boy,' repeated, made tangled images in his mind, and he saw himself in the white socks and with the little red-and-yellow cart, and then as he had been the other day, leading his men, his revolver in his hand and the bullets flying about him. 'And I'm not a boy,' he said; 'I'm thirty-four; absurdly old to be only a second lieutenant. And there are so many of us. Why,' — the thought came fantastically, but he seized it, because Mr. Thorpe was crying so and he must seize something, — 'we're as common as daffodils!'

'Ah! not for me! not for me!' Mr. Thorpe gulped quickly. Something

had happened to him. Something had given way in him — as if the word 'daffodils' had pressed a spring. He was sobbing aloud, and he had fallen on his knees by the bed and put up his hand for Marmaduke's. 'I cannot keep it from you! Not at this last hour! Not when you are leaving me forever! — My son! My brave son! I am your father, Marmaduke! I am your father, my dear, dear boy!'

### III

It was the stillest room. The two calm bands of blue crossed the window. In the sunlight the gulls came flying back. Marmaduke looked out at them. Were they the same sea-gulls or another flock? Then quietly he closed his eyes. Stillness — calm. But something else was rising to him from them. Darkness; darkness; a darkness worse than death. Oh! death was sweet compared to this. Compared to this all his life had been sweet; and something far dearer than life was being taken from him. He only knew the terrible confusion of his whole nature. He opened his eyes again with an instinct of escape. There were the bands of blue, and, still passing in their multitudes, leaving him forever, the proud, exultant sea-gulls. The man still knelt beside him. He heard his own voice come: —

'What do you mean?'

'I never meant to tell you! I never meant to tell you!' a moan answered him. 'But — seeing you lying there! — dying! — my son! — who has given his life for England! — And how I have longed for you for all these years! — My romance, Marmaduke — How could I be silent? Forgive me! Forgive me, my boy. Yes, mine. My known children are dear to me, but how far dearer the unknown son, seen only by stealth, in snatched glimpses! It is true, Marmaduke, true. We were lov-

ers. She loved me. Do not ask. Do not question. We were young. She was very beautiful. It was spring-time; daffodils were in the woods. She said that she had never known anyone like me. She said that her life was hollow, meaningless. I opened doors to her. I read to her. Browning—I read Browning,’ he muttered on, ‘in the woods; among the daffodils. It was a new life to her—and to me. And we were swept away. ‘Don’t blame us, Marmaduke. If there was wrong, there was great beauty—then. Only then, for after, she was cruel—very cruel. She turned from me; she crushed and tore my heart. Oh!—I have suffered! But no one knew. No one ever dreamed of it. Only she and I. My God!—I see her in your hair and eyes!’

It was true. It was absolutely true. Through his whole being he felt its inevitability. Everything was clear, with a strange, black, infernal clearness. His life lay open before him, open from beginning to end: that beginning of tawdry sentiment and shame—with daffodils; and this end, with daffodils again, and again with tawdry sentiment and shame.

He was not a Follett. He had no part in the Folletts. He had no part in Channerley. He was an interloper, a thief. He was the son of this wretched man, in whose very grief he could detect the satisfaction—oh, who more fitted to detect such satisfaction!—of his claim upon a status above his own. He was all that he had always most despised, a second-rate, a third-rate little creature; the anxious, civil, shrinking Marmalade of Cauldwell’s office. Why (as the hideous moments led him on, point by point, his old lucidity, sharpened to a needle fineness, seemed to etch the truth in lines of fire upon the blackness), had n’t he always been a pitiful little snob? Was n’t it of the essence of a snob to over-value the

things one had n’t and to fear the things one was? It had n’t been other people, it had been himself, what he really was, of whom he had always been afraid. He saw himself reduced to the heretofore unrecognized, yet always operative, element in his own nature—a timid, watchful humility.

Oh, Channerley! Channerley! The wail rose in his heart and it filled the world. Oh, his woods, his daffodils, his father’s smile—gone—lost for ever! Worse than that—smirched, withered, desecrated!

A hideous gibbering of laughter seemed to rise around him, and pointing fingers. Amy’s eyes passed with another malice in their mockery; and Robert would never turn to him now, and Griselda would never look at him. He saw it all, as they would never see it. He was not one of them, and they had always felt it; and oh,—above all,—he had always felt it. And now, quite close it seemed, softly rustling, falsely smiling, moved his loathsome mother: not only as he remembered her in her youth, but in her elegant middle years, as he had last seen her, with hard eyes and alien lips and air of brittle, untouched exquisiteness.

Suddenly fury so mounted in him that he saw himself rising in bed, rending his dressings, to seize the kneeling man by the throat and throttle him. He could see his fingers sinking in on either side among the clustered hair, and hear himself say, ‘How dare you! How dare you! You hound! You sniveling, sneaking hound! You look for pity from me, do you!—and tenderness! Well, take this, this! Everything, everything I am and have that’s worth being and having, I owe to them. I’ve hated you and all you mean, always—yes, your fear and your caution and your admiration and your great high forehead. Oh, I see it! I see it!—it’s my own! And though I

am only that in myself, then take it from me that I hate myself along with you and curse myself with you!’

It came to him that he was slowly panting, and that after the fever-fury an icy chill crept over him. And a slow, cold smile came with it, and he saw Jephson, the wit of the office, wagging his head and saying, ‘Little Marmalade take a man by the throat! Ask me another!’

No; little Marmalade might win the V.C.; but only when he thought he was a Follett. Was that what it all came to, really? Something broke and stopped in his mind.

He heard his father’s voice. How long ago it had all happened. He had known for years, had n’t he, that this was his father.

‘Marmaduke! Mr. Follett! What have I done? Shall I call somebody? Oh, forgive me!’

His father was standing now beside him and bending over him. He looked up at him and shook his head. He did not want anyone to come.

‘Oh what have I done?’ the man repeated.

‘I was dying anyway, you know,’ he heard himself say.

What a pitiful face it was, this weary, loosened, futureless old face! What a frightened face! What long years of slow disgarnishing lay behind it: youth, romance, high hopes, all dropped away. He had come to-day with their last vestiges, still the sentimental, romancing fool, self-centred and craving; but nothing of that was left. He was beaten, at last, down into the very ground. It was a haggard, humiliated, frightened face, and miserable. As he himself had been. But not even death lay before this face. For how many years must it go on sinking down until the earth covered it? Marmaduke seemed to understand all about him, as well as if he had been himself.

‘Sit down,’ he said. He heard that his voice was gentle, though he was not aware of feeling anything, only of understanding. ‘I was rather upset. No; I don’t want anyone. Of course I forgive you. Don’t bother about it, I beg.’

His father sat down, keeping his swollen eyes on the motoring-cap which, unseeing, he turned and turned in his hands.

‘Tell me about yourself a little,’ said Marmaduke, with the slow, spaced breaths. ‘Where do you live? How? Are you fairly happy?’

He knew that he was not happy; but he might, like most people with whom life had not succeeded, often imagine himself so, and Marmaduke wanted to help him, if possible, to imagine it.

‘I live near London. I used to do a good deal of University Extension lecturing. I’ve a clerkship in the Education Office now.’ Mr. Thorpe spoke in a dead, obedient voice. ‘A small salary, not much hope of advance; and I’ve a large family. It’s rather up-hill, of course. But I’ve good children; clever children. My eldest boy’s at Oxford; he took a scholarship at Westminster; and my eldest girl’s at Girton. The second girl, Winnie, has a very marked gift for painting; she is our artist; we’re going to send her to the Slade next year when she leaves the High School. Good children. I’ve nothing to complain of.’

‘So you’re fairly happy?’ Marmaduke repeated. Oddly, he felt himself comforted in hearing about the good and happy children, in hearing about Winnie, her father’s favorite.

‘Happy? Well, just now, with this terrible war, one can’t be that, can one? It is a great adventure for me, however, this work of mine, motoring about France. I don’t think I’ve ever done anything I cared so much about since — for years,’ said Mr. Thorpe. ‘It’s a beautiful country, is n’t it? and the

soldiers are such splendid fellows! One gets a lot out of it. But happy? No, I don't suppose I am. I'm pretty much of a failure, and I started life with great imaginings about myself. One does n't get over that sort of disappointment; one never really gets over it in a way.' Mr. Thorpe was looking at him now, and it was as if there were a kindliness between them. 'Things have been rather gray and disagreeable on the whole,' he said.

'They can be very gray and disagreeable, can't they?' said Marmaduke, closing his eyes.

He was very tired, and as he lay there quietly, having nothing further to know or to suffer, having reached the very limits of conscious dissolution, something else began to come to him. It seemed born of the abolition of self and of the acceptance of the fact that he was dead to all that had given life, worth or beauty. It would have been very good to be a Follett, though; he saw it now, he had over-prized that special sort of goodness — with so much else from which he had been, as really, shut out; but he was not a Follett; nor was he merely this poor, insignificant father. He did not quite make out in what the difference lay and he did not rejoice in it, for there was no rejoicing left in him. But, even if the difference were only an acquired instinct (dimly the terms of his complacent readings in biology and sociology returned to him), even if it were only that, not anything inherent and transmissible, it was, all the same, his own possession; something that he and the Folletts had made together; so that it was as true to say that he had won the V.C. as to say that they had. The lessened self that was left to him had still its worth. To see the truth, even if it undid one, was worthy; to see so unwaveringly that it was good to be a Follett even when one was n't one, had the elements of mag-

nanimity; and to accept the fact of being second-rate proved, did it not? — if one still cared to prove it; he felt himself smile as gently at the relinquished self as he had smiled at his father, — that one was not merely second-rate.

There was now a sound of stumbling movement; doors opening and shutting, nurses, surgeons in the room; and his father's face, far away, against the blue bands, looking at him, still so frightened and so miserable that he tried again to smile at him and to say, 'It's all right. Quite all right.'

At all events he had been decent to the poor old fellow. His thoughts came brokenly, but he was still seeing something, finding something; it was like a soft light growing. At all events, he had behaved as a Follett would wish to behave even when brought to such a pass. No — but it was n't quite that, either; it was something new. He had behaved as anyone decent should wish to behave. And the daffodils glimmering to his vision seemed to light him further still. 'We are as common as daffodils,' came back to him. Daffodils were for everybody. Foolish little boy who, on the distant spring morning in the woods of Channerley, dug them up to take them to his own garden!

He was there among them with his little red-and-yellow cart, and the thrush was singing high above him, in the rosy topmost branches of an elm.

Beautiful woods. Beautiful flowers of light and chivalry. How the sunshine streamed among them!

'Dear Channerley,' he thought. For again he seemed to belong there.

Gentle hands were tending him and, as he turned his cheek on the pillow, it was with the comfort — almost that of the little boy at Channerley being tucked up in the warm nursery to go to sleep — of knowing that he was dying, and that, in spite of everything, he had given something to the name.

# THE NEW PLACE OF LABOR

BY ORDWAY TEAD

## I

LABOR has won a new place in American life in the last twelve months. The workers have been accorded unprecedented recognition in the conduct of public affairs. The leaders of organized labor have been called to Washington, not merely to advise, but actively to administer; and the rank and file of workers, especially in the war industries, have secured concessions in the principles and terms of labor-adjustment for which they had struggled unsuccessfully for a decade.

No one who visualizes the protean diversity of American conditions believes that American labor is about to take the reins of government into its hands, or that there is a unified host of a myriad manual workers advancing with clear aims under a common banner. The situation in a working class of thirty million people is not so simple. But when, as is the case to-day, a point of vantage has been reached, it is important to define the changes and to get a sense of the direction which liberated forces and new tendencies are taking. We want to know how labor has achieved its new place: whether its advances represent an asset in successful war labor policy; whether the leverage of the workers' present position portends a 'reconstruction' which is sound, or one characterized by class-conflict, disruption, and animosity. It is now so obvious that after the war labor will drive progressively ahead from the position it holds at the end of the

war, that a genuine concern for the future of American democracy makes necessary some attempt to estimate the present status of the workers.

Unquestionably the Wilson administration has been sympathetic with organized labor. There is no other way to account for the amity which has been characteristic of the government's relations with the workers at the navy yards and arsenals. Organized as these workers are into a number of craft unions, it has been possible for Secretaries Daniels and Baker to adjust all matters in a way which has precluded practically all strikes at government plants.

A remarkable memorandum, to which Secretary Baker and Mr. Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labor, were parties, made possible the building of all the cantonments without any considerable interruption of work. This agreement forestalled friction by assuring union terms and conditions of employment to the workers in the several building trades engaged in this enormous construction. But this was only the precursor of genuine collective contracts between the government and organized labor in three other fields. The contracts with the longshoremen, the seamen, and the shipyard crafts mark a revolutionary change in official policy. Never before has the Federal government negotiated in this direct manner with associations of workers; even at the navy yards and arsenals, negotiations have never been with the unions as such.



The new procedure shows that the government realizes that its responsibilities as an employer are no different from those of the private employer. And the revised policy has this initial justification — it works. This practice of direct dealing with national and local labor leaders through collective contracts has kept the workers on the job. It affords them machinery for taking up with the government and with private employers, in orderly fashion, whatever differences may arise. It convinces the men that the American struggle for democracy is being carried forward behind the lines no less than in the trenches.

It is only when the workers find matters at a breaking-point, — and let them break, — that the public thinks or cares about the conditions under which the great work-a-day war-work of the country is done. Then, all too often, there are nothing but recrimination and abusive epithets. But let the American public recollect that, since the war started, it has had to give no thought to the thousands of seamen engaged in the extremely hazardous occupation of operating our vessels in the war-zone. They are working under an agreement between the ship-owners, the Departments of Commerce and Labor, the Shipping Board, and the International Seamen's Union.

There has been, with two relatively unimportant exceptions, no occasion for the country to regard the longshoremen who load all the vessels for Europe as anything but honest, hard workers, engaged, be it said in passing, in a heavy, dangerous, and very irregular employment. They too are working under a contract — between the Shipping Board and the International Longshoremen's Association.

But looking back over the work of a short ten months, perhaps the most notable achievement has been the ship-

yard agreement of August 25, 1917. This also has kept the peace in the shipyards to an unparalleled extent — especially when the unsettled character of this new industry is borne in mind. To this agreement the presidents of eight international unions were signatory; and they bound themselves to control the workers in yards where, at the time, they had few if any members.

And yet, despite this fundamental weakness in their position, the national labor leaders have been able to keep the rank and file in line to an extent little short of miraculous. The job that the Navy Department and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, the other parties to the agreement, put upon these leaders might have made bolder men hesitate. It was just because he saw no clear assurance that he could keep the carpenters in hand under such disorganized conditions that President Hutcherson of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters asked that the union shop be required as one term of the agreement. Logically he was right: he was being asked to assume responsibility for the conduct of men over whom he had control only to the extent that they were members of his organization. He therefore refused to sign; and the national organization of carpenters is not to-day officially a party to the contract. But that makes little practical difference, because the local organizations of carpenters have in each case agreed to abide by awards, and they have therefore been recognized and dealt with.

The Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board, in accordance with the terms of the agreement, has recently finished its initial task of deciding upon terms of employment in the several shipbuilding districts of the country. It has made five major awards; and in each a progressive clarifying of official labor-policy is to be noted. They indicate governmental sanction of policies upon

which governmental pronouncement is new. And this sanction is significant because so many representative crafts are involved and so many districts and workers are affected. There are now something over 230,000 workers operating under the awards, and before the summer ends there will probably be close to 500,000. In this situation the Adjustment Board is nominally determining shipyard labor standards; in reality it is profoundly influencing all labor standards on a nation-wide scale. This gives a national interest to its policies and awards.

The board has declared for a wage determined in relation to the cost of living — not a mere 'subsistence' minimum, but a 'comfort' minimum, an amount on which a man can bring up a family in wholesome decency. It discovers that the wide divergences, popularly supposed to exist between the cost of living in different parts of the country, do not exist. It has therefore promulgated only two different wage-scales for the entire country: one for the Southern, Northern, and Middle states, another for the Pacific states. The Pacific-coast scale is \$5.775; the Atlantic scale \$5.60, per day. There are indications that before long the Atlantic scale may be increased, and then there will be one rate of wages operative for shipyard workers the country over.

This national uniformity of rates of pay for each craft will have the value, at least for war purposes, of reducing the unnecessary movement of labor and of attracting first-grade mechanics to the yards. All the shipyard awards also grant a basic eight-hour day and a differential of five per cent for night-work. They require the creation in each yard of craft and joint-shop committees, to confer with the management on all differences that arise. They order the provision of adequate sani-

tary facilities. In short, an unprecedented degree of standardization and leveling-up of shipyard conditions has been attained.

In point of numbers and in the variety of trades affected, the only other group of workers that compares with the shipbuilders, is the railroad employees, of whom there are now under direct Federal control nearly 2,000,000. To achieve a standardization of rates in this great public service, so that wages will compare favorably with the rates in the shipyards, is manifestly necessary if men are not to leave the boiler-shops of the railroads, for example, and go into the boiler-shops under the Fleet Corporation. Yet after prolonged inquiry by the Railroad Wage Commission appointed to recommend to the Director-General wage-scales for the railroad workers of the country, Director MacAdoo has granted increases which still leave the war-time shop employees of the railroads less well paid, than the same trade in the shipyards. Since all increases under his order are on a percentage basis, all existing irregularities and inconsistencies of rates are maintained. A nationally effective uniform scale under which, for example, all machinists in all railroad shops get the same hourly rate, still remains to be achieved. Other no less important standards, however, of hours, overtime pay, equal pay to women for equal work, are established uniformly for the nation; and the appointment of a representative Board of Railroad Wages and Working Conditions, to consider 'inequalities as to wages and conditions arising from competition with employees in other industries,' has already made it possible for the railroad shop employees to ask for a reconsideration of their rates.

But the accomplished achievement of the new railroad administration is the selection of a strong Director of

Labor, chosen from among the presidents of the railroad brotherhoods, and an assistant director who has been president of one of the 'shop unions.' It is the function of these labor administrators to take up and advise with the Director General upon all labor matters which are not under direct controversy between management and men. For the settlement of such actual controversies, there is provision for three national adjustment boards, two of which have already been appointed. There remains to be selected a board for railroad office employees. To these boards will come for adjustment, subject to review by the Director General, difficulties which it is found impossible to settle through agencies created under existing collective agreements between railroads and the unions.

Like the railroad administration, the fuel administration is working through rather than against the organization of the workers. The former president of the United Mine Workers — a union of over 300,000 miners — is close to Mr. Garfield in the determination of labor policy in relation to fuel. The coal of the largest producing areas of the country is practically all mined under conditions determined by collective agreements. And the only complaint about mine output since the war commenced has been that it could not be removed from the pit-mouth fast enough to make room for the new production.

The labor conditions under which the work contracted for by the War Department has been done are, unfortunately, far from uniform. In the manufacture of all leather goods for the army the terms of employment are stipulated in a written agreement between the Department, the leather-goods employers and the United Leather-Workers' International Union. But aside from this, the Ordnance, Quarter-

master-General's, Signal Corps, and Surgeon-General's divisions of the War Department, the critical production bodies for the army, pursue no uniform methods in relations with the workers employed on their contracts in private shops. The Ordnance, Signal Corps, and Quartermaster's branches have industrial-service sections in which administrative experts in employment management, housing, conciliation and adjustment, women's work, and the like, are fast being chosen and set at work. The Quartermaster's branch has also a special labor director in connection with the manufacture of army garments.

But these efforts are all made for, and not with, the workers. The methods of meeting labor disaffection in contract shops are distinctly opportunist. Officials of organized labor, while they are from time to time called in to prevent the interruption of work, have no formal status in the War Department in its important industrial relations' undertakings. There is no adjustment board representing workers, employers, and public, as there is for the shipyards. In consequence, the all but strikeless record in shipbuilding is not found in army contract factories; exhibitions of discontent have occurred, and have been occasioned by industrial conditions which the War Department has not adequately controlled.

## II

Significant in the development of the new national attitude toward labor has been the report of the President's Mediation Commission. Its trip into the West in the late fall brought it face to face with less than a dozen impending controversies. Yet so critical were the issues involved in each of these, that the recommendations of the commission carry special weight. Its report

adds its support to the great tide of opinion favoring the eight-hour day; it declares unequivocally for the necessity of collective bargaining as the only means by which the power of workers and employers can be approximately equalized, and the suppressed and thwarted impulses in working-class life be given free and positive play. The commission left behind it, in each of the districts which it investigated, agencies for the joint control and determination of controverted issues. And it set in motion in Chicago the machinery which culminated in Judge *Altschuler's* far-reaching decision on working conditions in the packing industry. This award has brought to some thousands of workers a basic eight-hour day, increased wages, and the right to organize; and it has declared that minimum wages shall be based upon the actual cost of living.

There have, in short, emerged, in the numerous efforts to cope with the labor problem for war purposes, a variety of suggestions for a national labor policy. The demand for a formulated declaration upon many of these matters became more and more widespread, and in response to it President Wilson appointed the so-called Taft-Walsh Board, of five employers, five labor leaders, and Messrs. William Howard Taft and Frank P. Walsh, to frame a labor policy for the nation. Its unanimous recommendations have all been in the direction we are tracing. They declare for the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively; for the basic eight-hour day; for the collating, through the unions and the United States employment service, of information about skilled workers available for the war industries; for the fixing of minimum wages which shall 'insure the subsistence of the worker and his family in health and reasonable comfort'; and for the appointment of a

National War Labor Board, selected in the same manner as the policy-determining board. The function of this new body is to adjust all disputes for the settlement of which no other machinery exists or is created.

These recommendations were accepted in their entirety by the government, and the policy board was reappointed by the President, to act upon controversies which may hereafter arise and upon any further difficult matters of policy.

The President in further pursuit of uniformity in labor policy and of administrative coordination also placed in the hands of Secretary of Labor Wilson the Labor Administration of the war industries. And in order to facilitate the departmental reorganizations which the adoption of common methods of handling industrial relations requires, Secretary Wilson has secured the services of Professor Felix Frankfurter as assistant labor administrator. In the rearrangement of duties which this implies, the Taft-Walsh Board becomes in effect the supreme court of war industry; and Mr. Frankfurter's organization is devoted to the administration of the nation's labor policies through existing and prospective agencies of investigation and adjustment, and to the more complete clarifying of those policies, where necessary.

For no one believes that the country has come to a completely clear understanding of its labor policy. What, for example, is the national policy regarding the basic eight-hour day? The great steel plants working on war contracts do not have it. What is to be our policy respecting uniform rates for each craft on a country-wide basis? What is to be our policy about the way to secure for the essential trades the really skilled craftsmen? Are the unions to be asked to mobilize them by draining their own clientele from less essential

industries, or are we to set up training courses to give specialized instruction to the unskilled? Or should we do both, and if so, how are we to avoid flooding the labor-market after the war with an over-supply of skilled mechanics? These are vital questions of policy which we have not yet settled, and the ignoring of them still delays the maximum utilization of our energies.

On the whole, however, it is undeniable that America has gradually felt its way into a method of handling the industrial situation which, if not completely satisfactory or consistent, is surprisingly effective when considered in the light of our pre-war muddle in these matters. The problem has been one of temporary adjustment; and it is admittedly being dealt with only on that basis. We have 'fixed it up'; we are 'getting by'; we have a 'patched peace' — and the supplies are coming through.

What more can be asked?

Nothing more will be asked by those who are looking so intently at to-day that they forget to-morrow. For the emergency the nation is — with certain important exceptions — prepared. But for the emergence, for the turgid period of reconstruction, for the generation of democratic expansion that will follow the war — are we prepared for that? The question is raised, not to distract attention from immediate military issues, not to belittle the value of what has been done. It is raised because the facts of labor's present position, influence, and purposes point inevitably to a new dispensation. A new generation in the labor world, studying zealously the reconstruction lessons which British labor is teaching, is forcing us to find an answer. We shall win the war, is the claim of the younger labor leaders, not alone by invincible efforts on the 'frontier of freedom,' but by simultaneous assault — or at least

reconnoitring parties — against anti-democratic forces at home.

Whether this be true or not, the fact is that the position and temper of the workers in America to-day is very different from what it was a year ago. Problems that had no place, except in the trade-union local or the college economics class, are fast becoming matters for national statesmanship. Labor after the war is certain to exert an influence in determining the direction of reconstruction which is not yet widely appreciated. The problem of industrial government will be forced upon public attention until a solution is at least attempted, if not assured. The only question is, to what extent the other progressive elements in the community will join with labor to clarify its purposes and give form and substance to its aspirations.

### III

It is a national crisis which we now face. It is a national reconstruction which we must envisage. It will not be labor's rebirth alone; it will not be a regeneration in which either wealth or the middle class must do penance for the sins of the world. The reconstruction that we face cuts across class lines. It imposes universal obligations. With reconstruction will come a fundamental criticism of existing social arrangements; a fundamental revulsion against individual self-engrossments. Reconstruction will be the new application of intelligence, good-will, and faith in human nature as we know it, to the problem of supplying goods, creating freedom, and fostering personality for all the people.

But because reconstruction contemplates this inclusive desire, this universal purpose, the claims of labor and the obstacles in its way require special consideration. In the post-war period



of readjustment those claims will be met, 'those dead shall not have died in vain,' only if our country *begins now* to make provision for the future in the several departments of public activity. There is grave danger, for example, that in the shifting of industrial energies to peace-time pursuits, and in the process of demobilizing over two million men, serious unemployment and suffering will result. The provision of work or sustenance for those industrially displaced by the cessation of war is a public duty we cannot shirk. The right to a job, or, failing that, to the means of livelihood, is to-day established beyond all question.

No less imperative in a true social democracy is the securing of public control over the vital sources of well-being and prosperity. Transportation, fuel, water-power, minerals, land, food-stuffs — should not these continue to be administered on a national basis, in order adequately to assure the supplying of public needs? What part in such administration voluntary associations should play, and what part the State should assume, is not so easily answered. But during reconstruction the labor liberals will have in view the preserving and encouraging of individuality and personal capacity, of local initiative and responsibility. All liberal sympathizers will inevitably distrust and discourage plans that entail any extension of centralization and bureaucracy. Indeed, the era of reconstruction will doubtless witness a prolonged and profound struggle between the principles of state control and of voluntary functional control. And no end to the struggle will be in sight until the electorate reconstructs in clear terms its ideas as to the purpose which should govern the control of all social organizations. As a thoughtful English writer has phrased it, 'Reconstruction, if it is not to be a mere will-o'-the-wisp, must

be a nice balancing of two factors — the creation of systems which shall not be too easily at the mercy of personality, and the building of personalities which shall bring life and spirit into the dry bones of system.'

#### IV

Another of the many far-reaching questions of economic and ethical reorganization is labor's relation to methods of international government and control. After the war the search for markets will go on; large-scale purchase between countries will go on; the export of capital and the sale of credit will continue; labor standards will vary enormously between the nations. And all these matters will continue, as they have done in the past, to occasion friction, jealousy, and enmity between nations — *unless* there is some popular attempt to make the parliament of a society of nations something more than a great debating organization. There must come organizations intrusted with the control of these delicate fiscal matters in the public interest, and qualified to assume their administration on a larger and larger international scale. That labor's interests and passionate desire for peace will be served only by such effective control of these critical problems has been attested by the workers themselves in the historic document setting forth the war aims of the labor groups of the allied countries.<sup>1</sup>

But no satisfactory control of affairs between nations is likely, until each country is able to bring its internal economic affairs to a head in such a way as to create responsible national agents with whom other nations can deal. One guaranty of successful negotiation and administration on a greater

<sup>1</sup> The Inter-Allied Labor War-Aims appeared in full in the supplement to the *New Republic*, March 23, 1918.

than national scale will be the existence within each country of an integrated (which does not necessarily mean centralized) industrial system. And no complete integration of economic forces and activities is possible until the place of labor in the scheme, and the purpose of the scheme, are made clear.

Labor's place in a better organized national system is being better understood as the war progresses. The government is increasingly assuring the workers a more adequate wage than ever before; hours are slowly but surely being reduced; working conditions are improving. And beyond these material matters of terms, the workers are now becoming interested in the control of industry itself, in the underlying questions of the amount of profit, the desirability of extending credits, the establishing of accurate and uniform cost-accounting systems. And in international affairs the workers are finding that they have a tremendous stake, and they are demanding a place at the peace conference for representatives of organized labor from all the warring countries.

But the purpose of superior organization has still to be established. For what is the country going to use its national economic machinery? Labor demands some assurances on this point; it has no disposition to foster a great productive organization which will be used for profiteering or imperialist ends. The workers have already

foreseen this danger. In consequence they have themselves stated what they conceive to be an adequate animating purpose for an improved industrial organization. The Inter-Allied Labor Conference, in the statement of its war-aims, insists that 'Within each country the government must for some time to come maintain its control of the most indispensable commodities, in order to secure their appropriation . . . *to meet the most urgent needs of the whole community.*'

This declaration of a social purpose for industry is made in behalf of millions of workers in at least four European countries. Does it not give the clue we seek? Were the traditional humanitarian aims and purposes of the American democracy ever more explicitly stated? If this is reconstruction, it contains no essentially new elements. If this is labor's goal, it is hardly at variance with aims historically cherished in this country. Reconstruction becomes but the continuation of a national moral enterprise begun a century and a half ago. Yet there is this difference. We seek to-day the extension of representative government, not only into politics, but into industry. The workers are anxious that, consistently throughout the whole fabric of American life, our common efforts shall contribute to the rearing of a great community wherein shall dwell a happy people disciplined for the fullness of freedom.

## EVERYDAY ADVENTURES

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

### I

ALL that May day long I had been trying to break my record of birds seen and heard between dawn and dark. Toward the end of the gray afternoon an accommodating Canadian warbler, wearing a black necklace across his yellow breast, carried me past my last year's mark, and I started for home in great contentment. My path wound in and out among the bare white boles of a beech wood all feathery with new green-sanguine-colored leaves. Always as I enter that wood I have a sense of a sudden silence, and I walk softly, that I may catch perhaps a last word or so of what They are saying.

That day, as I moved without a sound among the trees, suddenly, not fifty feet away, loping wearily down the opposite slope, came a gaunt red fox and a cub. With her head down, she looked like the picture of the wolf in Red Riding-Hood. The little cub was all woolly, like a lamb. His back was reddish-brown, and he had long stripes of gray across his breast and round his small belly, and his little sly face was so comical that I laughed at the very first sight of it. What wind there was blew from them to me, and my khaki clothes blended with the coloring around me.

As I watched them, another larger cub trotted down the hill. The first cub suddenly yapped at him, with a snarling little bark quite different from that of a dog; but the other paid no attention, but stalked sullenly into a

burrow which for the first time I noticed among the roots of a white-oak tree. Back of the burrow lay a large chestnut log which evidently served as a watch-tower for the fox family. To this the mother fox went, and climbing up on top of it, lay down, with her head on her paws and her magnificent brush dangling down beside the log, and went to sleep.

The little cub that was left trotted to the entrance of the burrow and for a while played by himself, like a puppy or a kitten. First he snapped at some blades of grass and chewed them up fiercely. Then, seeing a leaf that had stuck in the wool on his back, he whirled round and round, snapping at it with his little jaws. Failing to catch it, he rolled over and over in the dirt until he had brushed it off. Then he proceeded to stalk the battered carcass of an old black crow that lay in front of the burrow. Crouching and creeping up on it inch by inch, he suddenly sprang and caught that unsuspecting corpse and worried it ferociously, with fierce little snarls. All the time his wrinkled-up, funny little face was so comical that I nearly laughed aloud every time he moved. At last he curled up in a round ball, with his chin on his forepaws like his mother.

There before me, at the end of the quiet spring afternoon, two of the wildest and shyest of all of our native animals lay asleep. Never before had I seen a fox in all that country, or even suspected that one had a home within a scant mile of mine. As I watched

them sleeping, I felt somehow that the wildwood had taken me into her confidence and was trusting her children to my care; and I would no more have harmed them, than I would my own.

As I watched the cub curled up in a woolly ball, I wanted to creep up and stroke his soft fur. Leaving the hard path, I started to cover as silently as possible the fifty feet that lay between us. Before I had gone far, a leaf rustled underfoot, and in a second the cub was on his feet, wide awake, and staring down at me. With one foot in the air, I waited and waited until he settled down to sleep again. A minute later the same thing happened once more, only to be repeated at every step or so. It took me something like half an hour to reach a point within twenty feet of where he lay, and I looked straight into his eyes each time that he stood up.

No wild animal can tell a man from a tree by sight alone if only he stands still. Suddenly, as the cub sprang up, perhaps for the tenth time, there about six feet to one side of him stood the old mother fox. I had not heard a sound or seen a movement, but there she was. I was so close that I dared not move my head to look at the cub, but turned only my eyes. When I looked back the mother fox was gone. With no sudden movement that I could detect, there almost before my eyes she had melted into the landscape.

I stood like a stone until the cub had lain down once more. This time evidently he was watching me out of his wrinkled-up little eyes, for at my very first forward movement he got up, and with no appearance of haste turned round and disappeared down in the burrow. The watch-tower log was vacant, although I have no doubt that the mother fox was watching me from some unseen spot.

When I came to examine the den, I

found that there were three burrows in a line, perhaps fifteen feet in length, with a hard-worn path leading from one to the other. The watch-log behind them was rubbed smooth and shiny, with reddish fox-hairs caught in every crevice. Near the three burrows was a tiny one, which I think was probably dug as an air-hole; while in front I found the feathers of a flicker, a purple grackle, and a chicken, besides the remains of the crow aforesaid. How any fox outside of the fable could beguile a crow is a puzzle to me. All of these burrows were in plain sight, and I hunted a long time to find the concealed one which is a part of the home of every well-regulated fox family. For a while I could find no trace of it. Finally I saw on the side of a stump one reddish hair that gave me a clue. Examining the stump carefully, I found that it was hollow and formed the entrance to the secret exit from the three main burrows.

A week later I went again to look at the home of that fox family; but it was deserted by them and was now tenanted by a fat woodchuck who would never have ventured near the den, if the owners had not left it. Mrs. Fox had evidently feared the worst from my visit, and in the night had moved her whole family to some better-hidden home. This was three years ago, and, although I visit the place every winter, no tell-tale tracks ever show that she has moved back.

## II

It is not necessary to go to the forest for adventures: they lie in wait for us at our very doors. My home is in a built-up suburb of a large city, apparently hopelessly civilized. The other morning I was out early for some before-breakfast chopping, the best of all setting-up exercises. As I turned the

corner of the garage, I suddenly came face to face with a black-and-white animal with a pointed nose, a bushy tail, and an air of justified confidence. I realized that I was on the brink of a meeting which demanded courage but not rashness. 'Be brave, be brave, but not *too* brave,' should always be the motto of the man who meets the skunk. From my past experience, however, I knew that the skunk is a good sportsman. Unless rushed, he always gives three warnings before he proceeds to extremities.

As I came near, he stopped and shook his head sadly as if saying to himself, 'I'm afraid there's going to be trouble, but it is n't my fault.' As I still came on, he gave me danger signal number one by suddenly stamping his forepaws rapidly on the hard ground. Upon my further approach followed signal number two, to wit, the hoisting aloft of his aforesaid long, bushy tail. As I came on more and more slowly, I received the third and last warning — the end of the erect tail moved quietly back and forth a few times.

It was enough. I stood stony still, for I knew that if, after that, I moved forward but by the fraction of an inch, I would meet an unerring barrage which would send a suit of clothes to an untimely grave. For perhaps half a minute we eyed each other. Like the man in the story, I made up my mind that one of us would have to run — and that I was that one. Without any false pride I backed slowly and cautiously out of range. Thereupon the threatening tail descended, and Mr. Skunk trotted away through a gap in the fence into the long grass of an unoccupied lot, probably seeking a breakfast of field-mice.

I felt a definite sense of relief, for it is usually more dangerous to meet a skunk than a bear. In fact, all the

bears that I have ever come upon were disappearing with great rapidity across the landscape.

But there are times, when a meeting with either Mr. or Mrs. Bruin is apt to be an unhappy one. Several years ago I was camping out in Maine one March, in a lumberman's shack. A few days before I came, two boys in a village near by decided to go into the woods hunting, with a muzzle-loading shot-gun and a long stick between them. One boy was ten years old, while the other was a patriarch of twelve. On a hillside under a great bush they noticed a small hole which seemed to have melted through the snow, and which had a gamey savor that made them suspect a coon. The boy with the stick poked it in as far as possible until he felt something soft.

'I think there's something here,' he remarked, poking with all his might.

He was quite right. The next moment the whole bank of frozen snow suddenly caved out, and there stood a cross and hungry bear, prodded out of his winter sleep by that stick. The boys were up against a bad proposition. The snow was too deep for running, and when it came to climbing — that was Mr. Bear's pet specialty. So they did the only thing left for them to do: they waited. The little one with the stick got behind the big one with the gun, which weapon wavered unsteadily.

'Now, don't you miss,' he said, 'cause this stick ain't very sharp.'

Sometimes an attacking bear will run at a man like a biting dog. More often it rises on its haunches and depends on the smashing blows of its mighty arms and steel-shod paws. So it happened in this case. Just before the bear reached the boys, he lifted his head and started to rise. The first boy, not six feet away, aimed at the white spot which most black bears have under their chin, and pulled the



trigger. At that close range the heavy charge of number six shot crashed through the animal's throat, making a single round hole like a big bullet, cutting the jugular vein, and piercing the neck vertebrae beyond. The great beast fell forward with hardly a struggle, so close to the boys that its blood splashed on their rubber boots. They got ten dollars for the skin and ten dollars for the bounty, and about one million dollars' worth of glory.

Hasting homeward for more peaceful adventures, I find, near the road which leads to the railway station over which scores and hundreds of my friends and neighbors, including myself, pass every day, a little patch of marshland. In the fall it is covered with a thick growth of goldenrod, purple asters, joe-pye-weed, wild sunflowers, white boneset, tear-thumb, black bindweed, dodder, and a score or more of other common fall flowers.

One night, at nine o'clock, I noticed that an ice-blue sky shone from almost the very zenith of the heavens. Below her were two faint stars making a tiny triangle, the left-hand one showing as a beautiful double under an opera-glass. Below were a row of other dim points of light in the black sky. It was Vega of the Lyre, the great Harp Star. Then I knew that the time had come. We humans think, arrogantly, that we are the only ones for whom the stars shine, and forget that flowers also, and birds and all the wild folk are born each under its own special star.

The next morning I was up with the sun and visited that bit of unpromising marshland past which all of us had plodded year in and year out. In one corner, through the dim grass, I found flaming like deep-blue coals one of the most beautiful flowers in the world, the fringed gentian. The stalk and flower-stems looked like green candelabra, while the unopened blossoms

showed sharp edges like beech-nuts. Above them glowed square fringed flowers of the richest, deepest blue that nature holds. It is bluer than the blue-bird's back, and fades the violet, the aster, the great lobelia, and all the other blue flowers that grow. The four petals were fringed, and the flower seemed like a blue eye looking out of long lashes to the paler sky above. The calyx inside was of a veined purple or a silver-white, while four gold-tipped, light purple stamens clustered around a canary-yellow pistil. There is only this one clump, and every year I look forward to the day when it blooms. That morning after breakfast I wore on the train one of the two flowers which I allowed myself to pick. Every friend I met spoke of it admiringly. Some had heard of it, others had seen it for themselves in places far distant. None of them knew that every day until frost they would pass unheedingly within ten feet of nearly thirty of these flowers.

### III

Sometimes the adventure, unlike good children, is to be heard, not seen. It was the end of a hot August day. I had been down for a late dip in the lake, and was coming back through the woods to the old farmhouse where I have spent so many of my summers. The path wound through a grove of slim birches, and the lights in the after-glow were all green and gold and white. From the nearby road a field sparrow, with a pink beak, sang his silver flute song, and I stopped to listen, and thought to myself, if he were only as rare as the nightingale, how people would crowd to hear him.

Suddenly from the depths of the twilight woods a thrush song began. At first I thought that it was the wood thrush, which, and the veery or Wilson thrush, were the only two that I had

supposed were to be found in that Connecticut township. It, however, had a more ethereal quality, and I listened in vain for the drop to the harsh bass notes which always blemish the strain of the wood thrush. Instead, after three arpeggio notes, the singer's voice went up and up, with a sweep that no human voice or instrument could compass, and I suddenly realized that I was in the presence of one of the great singers of the world. For years I had read of the song of the hermit thrush, but in all my wanderings I had never chanced to hear it before.

Lafcadio Hearn writes of a Japanese bird whose song has the power to change a man's whole life. So it was with me that midsummer evening. Something had been added to the joy of living that could never be taken from me. Since that twilight I have heard the hermit thrush sing many times. Through the rain in the dawn-dusk on the top of Mount Pocono, he sang for me once, while all around a choir of veerys accompanied him with their strange minor harp-chords. One Sunday morning, at the edge of a little Canadian river, I heard five singing together on the farther side. 'Ah-h-h, holy, holy, holy,' their voices chimed across the still water. In the woods, in migration, I have heard their whisper-song, which the hermit sings only when traveling; and once on a May morning in my back yard, near Philadelphia, one sang for me from the low limb of a bush as loudly as if he were in his mountain home. No thrush song, however, will ever equal that first one which I heard among the birch trees. Creeping softly along the path that evening, I finally saw the little singer on a branch against the darkening sky. Again and again he sang, until at last I noticed that, when the highest notes were reached and the song ceased to my ears, the singer sang on still. Quiver-

ing in an ecstasy, with open beak and half-fluttering wings, the thrush sang a strain that went beyond my range. Like the love-song of the bat, the best part of the song of the hermit thrush can never be heard by any human ear.

It was the morning of June twentieth. I stood at the gate of the farmhouse where three roads met, and the air was full of bird-songs. For a long time I stood there, and tried to note how many different songs I could hear. Nearby were the alto joy-notes of the Baltimore oriole. Up from the meadow where the trout brook flowed came the bubbling, gurgling notes of the bobolink. Robins, wood thrushes, song sparrows, chipping sparrows, bluebirds, vireos, goldfinches, chebecs, indigo birds, flickers, phoebes, scarlet tanagers, red-winged blackbirds, catbirds, house wrens — altogether, without moving from my place, I counted thirty-three different bird-songs and bird-notes.

Nearby I saw a robin's nest, curiously enough built directly on the ground on the side of the bank of one of the roads, and lined with white wool, evidently picked up in the neighboring sheep-pasture. This started me on another of the games of solitaire which I like to play out-of-doors, and I tried to see how many nests I could discover from the same vantage-point without moving. This is really a good way to find birds' nests, and the one who stands still and watches the birds will often find more than he who beats about. For a long time the robin's nest was the only one on my list. At last the flashing orange and black of a Baltimore oriole betrayed its gray, swinging pouch of a nest in a nearby spruce tree — the first time that I have ever seen an oriole's nest in an evergreen tree. In a lilac bush I saw the deep nest of the cat-bird, with its four vivid blue eggs and the inevitable grapevine-bark lining around its edge.

In a high fork in a great maple tree at the corner of the road the chebec, or least flycatcher, showed me her home. Sooner or later, if you watch any of the flycatchers long enough, they will generally show you their nests. This one was high up in a fork, and made of string and wool and down. Over in the adjoining orchard I saw a kingbird light on her nest in the very top of an apple tree, and I have no doubt that, if I had climbed up to it, I should have seen three beautiful cream-white eggs blotched with chocolate-brown.

The last nest of all was my treasure nest of the summer. I was about to give up the game and start off for a walk, when suddenly, right ahead of me, hanging on the limb of a sugar-maple, not five feet above the stone wall, I saw the swinging basket-nest of a vireo, with the woven white strips of birch-bark on the outside which all vireos use in that part of the country. It was as if a veil had suddenly dropped from my eyes, for I had been looking in that direction constantly, without seeing the nest directly in front of me. Probably, at last, I must have slightly turned my head and finally caught the light in a different direction. I supposed that the nest was that of the red-eyed vireo, the only one of the five vireos which would be likely to build in such a location. Climbing upon the wall to look at it, I saw that the mother bird was on the nest. Even when I took hold of the limb, she did not fly. Then I slowly pulled the limb down, and still the brave little bird stayed on her nest, although several times she started to her feet and, ruffling her feathers, made as if to fly. As the nest came nearer and nearer, I could see that she was quivering all over with fear, and that her heart was beating so rapidly as to shake her tiny body. Finally, as she came almost within reach of my outstretched hand, she gave me one

long look and then suddenly cuddled down over her dearly loved eggs and hid her head inside of the nest. Reaching my hand out very carefully, I stroked her quivering little back. She raised her head and gave me another long look, as if to make sure whether I meant her any harm. Evidently I seemed friendly, for as I stroked her head she turned and gave my finger a little peck, and then snuggled her head up against it in the most confiding, engaging way. As she did so, I noticed that a white line ran from the beak to the eye, and that she had a white eyering and a bluish-gray head. As I looked at her, suddenly from a nearby branch the father bird sang, 'See-ee, see-me, you-you,' and I recognized the song of the solitary or blue-headed vireo, who belongs in the deep woods and whose rare nest is usually found in their depths. As the male came nearer, I could see his pure white throat which, with the white line from eye to bill and the greenish-yellow markings on either flank, make good field-marks. The four eggs, which I saw afterwards when the mother bird was off the nest, were white with reddish markings all over instead of being blotched at one end as are those of the red-eyed vireo. Every day for the rest of that week I visited my little friend; and before I left she grew to know me so well that she would not even ruffle up her feathers when I pulled the limb down.

#### IV

Children are of great help in the life adventurous. They have an inexhaustible fund of admiration for even the feeblest efforts of their parents in adventuring. Many a dull dog, who once heard nothing in all the world but the clank of business, has been changed into a confirmed adventurer by sheer appreciation. Moreover, children pos-

sess an energy and imagination which we grown-ups often lack. Only the other afternoon I started off for a walk with my four boys, to find myself suddenly dining in the New Forest with Robin Hood, Little John, Will Scarlet, and Allan a' Dale. Owing probably to a certain comfortable habit of person, I was elected to be Friar Tuck.

The forest itself is a wonderful wood of great trees hidden in a little valley between two round green hills. In its centre is a bubbling spring of clear water that never freezes in winter or dries up in summer. That afternoon we had explored the Haunted House at the edge of the wood, with its date-stone of 1809, ten-foot fireplace, and vast stone chimney, and had fearfully approached that door under which a dark stream of blood flowed a half-century ago, on the day when all humans stopped dwelling in that house forever.

Little John climbed puffingly up through two sets of floor-beams, to where a few warped hemlock boards still made a patch of flooring in the attic. Under a rafter he found a cunningly concealed hidey-hole, drilled like a flicker's nest into one of the soft mica-schist stones of the chimney. Inside were a battered home-made top, whittled out of a solid block, and two flint Indian arrow-heads, ghosts of some long-dead boyhood which still lingered in the little attic chamber.

In the spring twilight we stole out by a side door, so that we might not cross that stained threshold. A lilac bush, which in a century of growth had become a thicket of purple, scented bloom, surrounded the whole side of the house; while beside a squat button-wood tree of monstrous girth was the dome of a Dutch oven. We followed a dim path fringed with white-thorn and sprays of sweet viburnum blossoms.

From the distance, beyond the farther hill, came the crooning of the

toads on their annual pilgrimage back to the marsh where they were born. In time we reached a bank all blue and white with enameled innocents. In front of this the camp-fire was always kindled. The Band scattered for firewood — although not far. There were too many lurking shadows among those tree-trunks. At last the fire was laid and lighted. Five minutes later all powers of darkness fled for their lives before the steady roaring column of smokeless flame that surged up in front of the Band. Followed wassail and feasting galore. Haunches of venison, tasting much like mutton-chops, broiled hissing at the end of green beechwood spits. Flagons of Adam's ale were quaffed, and the loving-cup — it was of the folding variety — passed from hand to hand.

All at once the substantial Tuck heaved himself up to his feet beside the dying fire. There was not a sound in the sleeping forest. Night-folk, wood-folk, water-folk, all were still. Then from the pursed lips of the Friar sounded a long, wavering, mournful call. Again and again it shuddered away across the hills. Suddenly, so far away that at first it seemed an echo, it was answered. Once and twice more the call sounded, and each time the answer was nearer and louder. Something was coming. As the Band listened aghast, around the circle made by the firelight glided a dark shape with fiery eyes. It realized their worst fears, and with one accord they threw themselves on the Friar who rocked under the impact.

'Send it back, fathie, send it back!' they shouted in chorus.

The good Friar unpuckered his lips.

'I am surprised, comrades,' he said severely. 'You are n't afraid of an old screech-owl, are you?'

'N-n-n-ooo,' quavered little Will Scarlet, 'if you're *sure* it's a *nowl*.'

'Certain sure,' asserted the Friar reassuringly, and gave the call again.

On muffled, silent wings the dark form drifted round and round the light, but never across it, and then alighted on a nearby tree and gave an indescribable little crooning note which the Friar could only approximate. At last, disgusted with the clumsy attempts to continue a conversation so well begun, the owl melted away into the darkness and was gone.

After that, the Band decided that

home was the one place for them. Water was poured on the blaze, and earth heaped over the hissing embers. Under the sullen flare of Arcturus and the glow of Algieba, Spica, and all the stars of spring, they started back by dim wood roads and flower-scented lanes. Will Scarlet, Little John, and Allan a' Dale frankly shared the hands of the Friar, and in the darkest places even the redoubtable Robin himself casually took possession of an unoccupied thumb.

## MOONLIGHT

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

### I

THE evening air exhales a spicy scent;  
The robin warbles, and the thrush replies,  
And on the terrace a tall regiment  
Of lilies and of larkspur seems to rise  
In the last glow of the transparent skies,  
And shed a radiance hitherto unseen.  
Distant, and yet distinct, come joyous cries,  
And twilight echoes, few and far between, —  
Children at play, — dogs barking, — fairies on the green.

### II

The shadows deepen; in the bushy lanes  
The fireflies brighten and the crickets cheep;  
And hark, an owl! how dolorous the strains,  
At which the field-mouse to his bed doth creep.



## MOONLIGHT

The birds, the trees, the flowers have dropped to sleep;  
The noises from the village float no more;  
Night doth enwrap the world in slumber deep.  
And while upon reposeful gloom we pore,  
Behold, a ghostly glow that was not there before!

## III

Slowly, with laboring steps doth she emerge;  
Like a stout shallop in the foaming seas,  
She holds her prow against the fleecy surge,  
And steers between the cliffs of giant trees,  
Rounding the headlands, winning by degrees,  
Till she outpours the fulness of her beam,  
Unrolling all her silver treasures  
On hamlet, plain, and mountain, farm and stream,  
With inky shadows that make light more glorious seem.

## IV

Reason dissolves in moonlight; for the moon,  
Passing the porch of man's dilated eyes,  
Doth cast him straight into a kind of swoon:  
She, while the wretch in a delirium lies,  
Unveils her passions, longings, rhapsodies;  
Shows him a crystal sea that floods the space  
Between the darkling earth and liquid skies;  
And bids him enter her cool resting-place  
That clasps the whole of nature in one bright embrace.

## V

She would persuade him it is everywhere,  
Disguised beneath the blaze of Phoebus' ray, —  
Alive in the illuminated air, —  
Imprisoned in the glamour of the day;

Which by her art she weaves and shreds away,  
Using such magic that each blade of grass,  
Bush, mead, and brake her potency betray;  
Yea, stand like sentinels to watch her pass,  
And toward her naked truth hold up earth's looking-glass.

## VI

Alas, in vain she reasons; men reply  
That Phoebus gave her all the wealth she had,  
And clepe her sacred wisdom sorcery:  
Those who believe her are accounted mad.  
And therefore is her visage ever sad;  
And as she climbs she suffers, for she feels  
The arrows of the over-weening lad  
Falling in deadly showers at her heels.  
She fears the lightning of those ever-burning wheels.

## VII

Yet in her flight she leaves her realm behind  
To poets and to lovers, whose wide eyes,  
Dilated by the moonlight of the mind,  
See every object in a mad disguise —  
Within a tide between the earth and skies;  
And every common bank or brook or flower  
To their ecstatic questioning replies,  
Glows, throbs, and moves with a mysterious power —  
As in a moonlit garden at the trysting hour.

# REFLECTIONS OF A DRAFT-BOARD MAN

BY GORDON SNOW

## I

FOR ten months it has been my lot to serve on a selective service draft board here in a western city. For ten months I have watched, and aided in a tiny way, the working of that great machine with which the American democracy has sought to galvanize its clumsy, stoop-shouldered self into quick-stepping martial attitude — to pick itself up by the nape of its own neck, as it were.

I am one of the army of fifteen thousand men as to whom the Provost-Marshal General at Washington issues occasional encomiums of rather elaborate appreciation — encomiums which almost always sugar-coat a new undertaking of the selective draft, and are as surely followed by polite but none the less severe admonitions against blunder and mistake. But we cherish those bulletins. They are all we have as yet, to paste in the family scrap-book against the day when our grandchildren shall inquire our parts in the great war. Yes, we hug them close, as balm against the sorry wounds we bear from cruel and constant contact with the barbed wire of red tape.

The press takes an occasional careless glance at us, and passes to the more colorful pageants thronging the stage of events. We are merged into the drab back-drop. The lights are all up front, where the finished product of our toil goes marching by to gallant music, marching by to France and to glory and beyond.

The literature of the draft thus far is but a chronicle of creaking machinery, a listing of error and delinquencies, a posting of the rules — and the blessed bulletins from General Crowder. I have no desire to add to that scanty shelf, or to bemoan that printers' ink has passed us by. I would only tell in passing what we draft men have seen in this huge, new American institution. I would voice — clumsily, no doubt — the fine certitudes that have come to us out of this rich experience. I speak in the plural, for I have seen that which all draft men have seen.

These men hold in a sense the most unique position of history. They have become literally the father confessors of millions of their fellows. The very threads of fate have been intrusted to their keeping. Momentous power is theirs, and terrible responsibilities sit upon them.

Their eyes have beheld, as from the wings of a huge stage, that glorious metamorphosis of a dormant people aroused at last to exaltation. To them has fallen the lot of intimate assistance at the rebirth of a nation. They have become the high priests of that great event, seared in the very flare and heat of the quickening fire that goes surging through the veins of America to-day.

They were the first to be drafted, these men of the draft boards. They themselves constituted the first quota of the National Army. They awaited no call of numbers, no lottery of fate. They were sent to no training-camps.

From the first day of their call they saw action — a kind of action which as surely tries men's mettle, as surely tests men's souls, I sometimes think, as the red hurricanes of Flanders' fields.

I recall a gray day in February — a busy afternoon in the draft office of which I am secretary. The overcast sky fitted well our mood. The morning papers had carried the big headlines: 'American Troopship Sunk; Heavy Loss of Life.' I searched that sickening news with dread, for I had reason to believe that boys from our board, boys we had sent away a few months before, were on the ship. Later dispatches confirmed the fear. One of our boys — his sunny smiles and freckles are before me now — died there in the black waters.

'What's the quickest way to France?' asked a cool, quiet voice.

I looked up from the litter of papers before me into the level blue eyes of a stocky, self-possessed young man, whose query had cut so incisively through the clatter of typewriters. I felt that the usual explanations were out of order.

'The — Infantry, Camp B —,' I answered, speaking from knowledge that several boys who had been inducted into that particular branch had already gone abroad.

'That'll do for me; how soon can I go?'

'To-morrow?' I suggested.

'Why not to-day?' parried the grim young man.

'The last train east leaves within an hour. Have you had your physical examination?'

'Just came from the Medical Advisory Board'; and he shoved across the table his papers, testifying to an entirely normal physique.

He sat down to wait while I unreel- ed the inevitable red tape. He wore a heavy jacket with sheepskin collar,

such as ranchers wear in winter, and his blowsy complexion bespoke the high and wind-swept hills.

Presently he observed, 'Pretty slick, these Dutchmen, huh? slick like a coyote; I know 'em.'

Half an hour later he was hurrying to catch the eastern train, hurrying to the great adventure.

Before night six other boys came to the office, and were inducted into the service voluntarily and ahead of their order.

If a chart had been kept of the voluntary inductions through the selective draft on the day following the sinking of the *Tuscania*, it would have shown an upward trend worth wirelessly to Potsdam. Thousands joined the colors that day.

There was no display of pyrotechnics about it, no avowals of revenge. They just joined, their mouths set, their eyes a bit preoccupied. It was a normal reaction to that tragic episode off the coast of Ireland, and it was not unexpected; but to the men who run the selective-draft offices it became a significant, gratifying thing. It marked the end of a period of epochal transition.

## II

One cannot deny that the selective draft began existence under a cloud. It was the thing by which men were made to take up the duty which was theirs, but which their bewildered eyes had not yet recognized. That time is past. To-day the selective draft is the institution through which Americans assume their duty gladly, intelligently, and even eagerly. It has become the forge where men find ready to their hands the weapons best suited to their abilities, the means whereby the patriotic urge is translated into effective action.

Americans know now clearly what

they are fighting for. Slogans and shibboleths are needed no longer to serve as torches to faltering feet. The confused and nebulous forces of right and wrong, which, for most of us, hung impalpable over the battlefields in the early days of Armageddon, have shaped themselves unmistakably now. They issue flames across the world, like a pillar of fire by night, pointing the broad and terrible way we must go. No man need ask for light.

This is the thing Democracy has done. This is its dearest victory. It has defined itself and its purposes. It has won to a fine clarity of vision. The days of doubt are gone. America can go on now to the mighty task ahead, secure in her own convictions, largely immune from the danger of propaganda. It is true that the German spy will be with us always, and the power of many lies told over and over will continue to be felt; but the time is past when these things can impair seriously the nation's morale.

And of the forces that have shaped the purposes of the nation none has been more potent than that of the selective draft. Like a huge lens, it has focused the vision of the nation. We might prate of ideals and of righteous causes without end, but without a concrete translation of our faith, without such a weapon as the sword of the selective draft, welded, we draft men know, with what a heat, liberty might have perished, and the lights have gone out in this poor old world, while yet we talked.

I wonder if the story will ever be told adequately. It defies the attempt. Huge, complex, funny, tragic, sublime, burdened with the fate of a whole people, and, in a sense, of the whole world, it permits of no verbal harnessing.

Like the sparks that fly upward from the forge, struck to a brief moment of

incandescence by the force of the blow, are the individuals whose troubles and fates furnish the daily business of a draft office. Poignant faces, anxious eyes, frank and honest expression of the dominating emotions, they pass before us. To each is given what it is possible to give: a brief, sympathetic consideration of the circumstances, a brief, swift decision. These decisions they accept for the most part without murmur, and the men, and those whose fates are intertwined with theirs, pass on to face the formidable paths that lie ahead. Human nature functions before us as in a test-tube. Oh, the fineness of it that we have found!

Pictures of the draft crowd my memory, many of them too fine and intimate to betray in print, some of them laughable, but most of the lump-in-the-throat variety. One I will not forego, for the paint is hardly dry on it and I feel the keen stir of it now as I write.

It concerned the going to war of Joe Lewis. A frail little chap he was, so young and boyish for all his one-and-twenty years. There was that about him which spoke of knickerbockers and romping childhood laid aside but yesterday. I did not know Joe. He had passed through the mill of the draft as one of many; but we met for a brief sixty seconds one fine spring night at the station, just as the train was taking him away; and while memory lives, I shall remember Joe.

He looked down at me from a car-window, and as he said good-bye there was a twinkle in his eye as if he was amused that I did not know him.

'Say good-bye to Mary Jane for me,' he called as the train moved out.

'Who are you?' I cried, sprinting alongside the moving car.

'Ha!' he laughed; 'I'm the grocer's boy. Every day I came to your back door. Mary Jane knows me and so does



the missus. Say good-bye to both of them for me.'

The train clicked away into the night. I turned back, swallowing a lump. It so befalls that the light of my household is a little two-year-old, and her name is Mary Jane.

O little girl, playing there with your blocks, will you remember Joe, the grocer's boy — little Joe, grown so suddenly to brave manhood and gone away to fight for you, Mary Jane — gone away to make and keep the world a fair and lovely place for little children to be born in? You must. Your little heart must find a niche for Joe to live in, though he 'carry on' beyond the stars, and come never again to our back door.

Were I their master, words would build a monument to Joe and his kind. For do they not, in a sense, typify the times? Careless youngsters, caught upon the great tide! Glorious youth, knowing no call so high that it cannot answer?

Always when they go, light-heartedness and merry words prevail. These boys refuse the cup of grief at parting, and what tears are shed are sweetened with much laughter.

Just the other day we sent away half a hundred of them — grocery boys and bank-clerks, boys from the mountains and the mines, and even a farmer lad whose calloused hands by now probably have strangely missed the plough-handles.

Every man had answered the call, and we had no apparent need for alternates, but we selected one as a matter of form. He took his responsibility lightly, and so was entirely unprepared at the station that night when sudden illness created the breach which he must fill. One fleeting frown of consternation crossed his face, and then he accepted the situation as a great lark. Before the train pulled out, he

had borrowed an extra pair of socks from one boy, a shirt from another, a razor from a third. But he was disconsolate over one thing.

'Just one thing,' he said to me; 'and if I had that, I'd be happy.'

'Maybe I can help,' I suggested.

'Well,' he began, — and his face was all woe-begone but his eyes were dancing, — 'if I just had a chocolate cake. My mother promised to bake me one to take with me, but she did n't dream I was going to-night, and I just dote on chocolate cake.'

The crowd around the rear end of the train heard him, and before the laughter had died away there came the clink of small change as a hat was passed for subscriptions to a cake fund. The red lamps of that departing train-load of rollicking young men had scarcely lost their identity in the twinkling maze of the switch-lights, before an order was on the wire to have delivered on board that train the biggest chocolate cake that the next town along the route afforded.

And so they go, always with gay whimsicalities upon their lips, these beloved boys who were to us so commonplace in the humdrum days of peace. It is as if their youthful figures stood silhouetted now against the effulgence of the dawn, their common clay struck to glowing radiance. But they were ever thus, I think, guarding in their hearts the seeds of glorious days; and it was we who saw them only with earth-dimmed eyes from which the incrusts of many petty years were yet to fall.

### III

A bare ten months have gone since June fifth; so short a time to span so vast a gulf. Until then the war in Europe was not an all-pervasive thing. It ran its course apart from our daily lives. The big guns awakened few

echoes here, and the cry of a stricken world sounded only faintly across the wall of our isolation. Particularly was this true of the Far West, with its thousands of miles of distance added to the barrier of the sea. Life ran smoothly, comfortably on.

With the breaking of relations we realized that a great step had been taken, but we were not deeply impressed. America was going in at the finish. We would administer the *coup-de-grâce* to Imperial Germany, and accept the plaudits of a grateful world. Haig was pounding in Flanders, the French were tearing savagely at the German line, and the curtain had not rung up on the dismal tragedy of Russia. It was as if the menacing pendulum of events had swung far out from us.

Then came the draft, and a tremor passed out over the country. An uneasy shadow settled upon the land. We began to stir, and to see dimly the red glare of a new and terrible dawn. But it was only dimly.

The weeks of preparation for the drawing of the fateful numbers, the marshaling and organization of the huge crop of information gathered pell-mell on registration day, are vague memories now. We groped blindly then for an adequate system. There were no precedents to build on. From its secure position of to-day the institution of the selective draft can look back upon the road it has come with a complacent pride. Its purposes and the path thereto are now clearly defined; but in the beginning all was confusion and babel and turmoil.

The great lottery at Washington set the machine in motion, and the draft began. Each man had now a number — a key to his fate: a number in lieu of a name! Individualism, the dominant note of the pre-war period in America, here suffered its first eclipse. Men's lives and fortunes, so grandly free and

diverse before, now began to flow along a common and directed channel.

It was with some impatience, some fretting at the bit, that Young America accepted this sudden harnessing of its freedom. This was its first real contact with the grim, primal forces at work in the world. It was strange. Most of the men saw not yet the need of heroic steps, steps that would take them out over the brink of the maelstrom. They were willing enough and courageous enough once they understood; but that clarity of vision so general to-day had not been vouchsafed them then.

Letters such as these were not uncommon in the first days:—

'Since registering last Tuesday, I have been told by my mother that I was born in 1886 instead of 1887, so please destroy my card and oblige——.'

Or, 'My son Harold should not have registered June 5 because he will not be 21 for several weeks yet, and, besides, he has not finished his schooling.'

Little they knew of the labyrinthine process involved in having one's name stricken from the fateful lists once it was there. The moving fingers of several thousand registrars, having writ, moved on, and much piety, in the shape of family bibles, and many tears, lured them back not at all. 'My son Harold' is in the trenches now; and his mother, as she proudly reads his letters to her Red Cross circle, has forgotten the guileless barricade she sought to interpose between her boy and the days of his glory. And his schooling, I fancy, is not being neglected.

Civilization and peace make to a certain degree for artificiality. They clothe and disguise the primal, fundamental things, the wild heart of things. War strips the disguise aside, and humanity goes plunging into the great, dizzy business of evolution, under the whip of an implacable force. Men become then but the guinea-pigs of fate,

yielding up from their agony the truths to light the future of the race.

God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world, sang the poet, with an unwarranted bit of optimism, I think. I prefer the conception of God in his work-shop, cleaving and moulding and welding, his forge at a white heat, his tools the lightning and the earthquake.

The departure of the first five per cent of the first quota sent to camp is an old story now, but to me it will be always a vivid memory. They were only a handful. Hundreds more have gone from our town, perhaps thousands more will go before the big job is done; but though the streets shall shake to the tread of regiments, it is with these first few that my thoughts abide. Some of them even now are on the plains of Picardy, no doubt. Two, I know, are dead, and we shall see them no more here in our pleasant valley.

At the train that night there was endless confusion and frantic rushing about, as mothers and fathers, wives and sweethearts sought out their loved ones — that bright flare-up of emotions which comes only on such occasions.

In one corner of the station we board members struggled with our mobilization papers, and our little squads of men, men whom we had come to regard with paternal eyes in the days we had dealt with them. One man was missing. His name was Tony Paglusio. In fact, Tony had been permanently and habitually missing. He had appeared for his physical examination weeks before, and, having passed, dropped from sight. The pink slip and the blue slip and all the fearful paraphernalia of paper forms which characterized the first draft-system, had been mailed to him, but never a word or sight did we get of him. An alternate had been selected in his place, and Tony had been reported as a deserter.

Five minutes before train-time a young giant with black, curly hair, brown eyes, and a heavy chin, patently clad in his Sunday best, strode bashfully into the station and set his suitcase down on my toes.

'I'm Tony Paglusio,' he announced. 'What do I do now?'

'Where in thunder have you been all these weeks?' I roared at him. 'Why did n't you answer the letters and notices we sent you?'

'I work in da mine,' he replied. 'I got 'em all here in my pockeet.'

He thrust a huge hand deep in a grimy hip-pocket, and brought forth a handful of soiled and frayed papers, passing them over with an air of being very, very glad to get rid of them. His manner was completely disarming. It was impossible to scold him. I sent the alternate home in sullen disappointment, and shoved the big Italian into the arms of his squad leader.

A few moments later, as the train pulled away from the platform amid an uproar of farewells, I saw Tony's eager young face, stretched far out from a car-window, and he was yelling like a wild Indian. There was no one there to wish him godspeed, no warm clasp from the hand of a friend, no last kiss to cherish. For one second I caught his eye and waved my hat to him. He stopped his yelling and — the crazy fellow threw a kiss to me.

Tony had no concern for non-essentials. Red tape was just red tape to him. God bless him! How often I have wished I dared emulate him! I see Tony now, there on the fields of France, a stalwart infantryman, — Tony and thousands of his kind, — Italians, French, Scots, Serbs, Belgians, all the noble breed, — gone back, like bread upon the waters, to fight for the lands that sent them forth in the easy times of peace.

## IV

The rest of the first quota went off to camp at intervals, and then came the lull. There was time now for retrospection. We surveyed our work and our system, and found some of its faults. The Provost-Marshall General asked for suggestions. He got them with a vengeance. His mail in those days must have been interesting reading. From his superior standpoint he surveyed the whole situation. We of the draft boards looked out only upon our own domain. Out of the mass of data there came a new system. The system of the questionnaire. The quest of the questionnaire, we called it. That word! How many young Americans have stubbed their pronouncing toes upon it.

In the first draft we had dealt only with a small percentage of our registrants. Now the entire enrollment, with the exception of those already sent to camp, was to pass under our hands. Hearts of draft men quailed at the prospect, but there was no turning back. We realized that it was the best solution of the problem, and that once the huge job was done, the future of the draft would be secure and the work comparatively simple.

The first draft-system was unfair and defective in some respects. That was inevitable. But the saving grace of it has been that the men in charge have never hesitated to make radical changes, most of them for the better. Time and again the whole laborious structure was torn down and begun anew, because of the discovery of defects which stood in the way of ultimate perfection. The machine still has many faults, but they are minor and are being eliminated as rapidly as they become generally apparent. This quick perception of mistakes, and their elimination at any cost, have done more than any other one thing to convince the Amer-

ican people that the draft is fair and that it holds no menace to democratic institutions.

The first batch of questionnaires went forth so clean and neat, the pride of our little red-headed clerk, who had taken no end of pains with them. Days later they began to come back to us, burdened with fearful and wondrous data, soiled and blotted, torn and ragged. Oh, those questionnaires! What stories they tell! I cannot say whether I have cursed over them more than I have laughed over them — laughter that left a hot welling at the eyes. But draft men do not weep. God forbid! It is no weeping matter.

Then began the classification work, the biggest task the selective draft has imposed on its servants; a job which called for all we had of intelligence, of judgment, of understanding, of sympathy and fairness. How well that task was done, it is too early to say. But we did our best. I speak for our own board, but I like to think of it as a small cross-section of the whole system.

Upon the period of classification I look back as upon the deepest experiences of life. This probing into the intimate secrets and affairs of our fellows, many of them friends and acquaintances, weighing and passing judgment on what we found, was awkward to the point of painful embarrassment at times. We buckled on the armor of impersonality. We had to. It was our only defense. Why, I have looked into the eyes of a next-door neighbor and coolly asked him questions, the propounding of which over the back fence in the garden-spading season would elicit from him a prompt and picturesque invitation for me to seek a warmer clime forthwith. They were all so decent about it. I recall few cases of men resenting the prying inquisition of the draft. Frankness and honesty were the rule.

We passed through Solomon-like moments. As for instance, that occasion when we laid aside the book of rules and called in a lovely, gray old mother to decide for herself which of her two sons should go and which should stay. It was a cruel moment. She looked from one to the other and back again. Then, after a long, painful silence, she said, in a low tone, as if the words tore her heart a bit as they came,—

‘I love them both — so take them both. I will get along somehow.’

She held her head very high and smiled proudly through her tears as she went out.

And occasionally we had exasperating moments, which moved my mild-mannered colleague on the board to impious, but delicious remarks; as when a young rascal, with many excuses but no reasons for staying at home, persisted in his pleas beyond the boiling-point. We had denied his claims, but on this morning he came again and sought to beguile us with many high-flown words about conscientious objections to killing his fellow men.

Friend colleague listened absently for a moment and then, —

‘Yes, yes, boy, it’s all very wonderful, but we are awfully busy this morning, and could n’t you put it in writing and mail it to us — say, from the trenches?’

Presently by dint of unremitting toil, classifications drew to an end, and we crossed the divide of that great mountain of toil which had loomed ahead in December. We had passed the peak load. We felt something as the British must have felt when they carried Messines Ridge and took the dominating positions about Ypres.

Now came the physical examinations of all the men in Class One. Seven hundred of them passed nakedly before us in the next ten days. But the responsibilities of lay members of the board

ceased here. It had become someone else’s turn to drudge. We had only to look on, function a bit in a clerical capacity, and take the word of the examining physicians for everything, nodding our approval to their professional findings, like solemn jackasses. I came to enjoy physical-examination days — this looking on at the toiling, perspiring medical men, and amusing ourselves with speculations as to the infinite variety of the human form.

The medical men identified with the draft take their work very seriously and very keenly. They tell me it has been a wonderful opportunity for them, and for the drafted men as well. This thorough examination of the bodies of millions of young men will result in much good for them and for the country whose bulwark they are. Defects in the human mechanism have been found in thousands of cases, which, undetected, might have gone on until the health of the men was undermined. Corrective treatment has been given in many cases by the examining physicians, without cost to the men. More than one man in our jurisdiction is hale and whole to-day who owes his health to the incident of physical examination for the draft and the kindly interest of the examining physician.

# V

We passed from the physical examinations to the final great task of the draft — the card-indexing of all the information that had been gleaned during the busy months of classification. The schoolteachers of the nation assumed this work and have done it well. These cards are the key to the future working of the draft machine. By means of them the army calls to its ranks trained men of every kind. For instance, not long ago General Pershing indicated the immediate need



of a number of men qualified as commissary storekeepers for service in France. Our board was requested to furnish three to that quota. The cards revealed at a glance those qualified. They were summoned and sent. No waste motion here, no round pegs in square holes. A rather effective system, even in these days of hyper-efficiency.

Coincident with the period of physical examination, the system of voluntary induction was inaugurated. Draft-board men saw then the proof of the thing they were certain of at heart — that the days of hesitance were gone and that the nation's fighting spirit was on tip-toe. Since December voluntary enlistments into the army had been closed. Men could enter the service only through the selective draft, and then only by individual competent orders. It was like damming a stream. Men had been classified and examined, and were ready to go. There was no holding them back. Once the bulletins arrived, opening certain branches for voluntary inductions, they overwhelmed us with applications. From then until voluntary inductions were closed late in March, never a day went by that we did not send one or more men to camp. In fact, nearly as many men have gone forward out of their order from our board as were sent under the entire first draft.

Of the fates dispensed by draft boards, the one that the men fear and despise most is to be classified for limited service because of some physical defect. Those who are found totally unqualified accept their fate philosophically and go on about other business; but the men who are not fit for general service and yet are held for call into non-combatant work become disgusted and rebellious.

One day last March a strapping young fireman from one of the railroads applied for voluntary induction into

the infantry. He had been qualified for general service originally, but on an after-thought he had been referred to the medical advisory board. I had forgotten the incident, but he had not; and as he sat across the table watching me make out his papers, he became noticeably nervous, rubbing his hands together and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, although it was a cold, raw day. Desperately he strove for composure. I watched him furtively. He grew pale and distraught as the moment came for his departure.

'What is it?' I asked; 'are you ill?'

'Naw,' he protested, 'feeling fine; just a little excited about getting away.'

I could see the frantic pulsing of the great artery in his neck. I turned for another look at his examination-form, and found there the tell-tale notation, 'Tachycardia,' written in by the medical advisory board.

He rose from his chair with a savage oath when I told him that he could not go. To no purpose, I attempted to console him.

'You fellows are plumb crazy,' he flung back at me bitterly; 'I guess if I can shovel coal for the "Limited" over the summit and back three times a week, I can carry a gun for Uncle Sam without any trouble.'

He left in a towering rage.

I think of him and his poor, struggling heart whenever I am tempted to leniency with some whimpering slacker seeking to impress us with the dire import of a trivial ailment.

Our board has a scant half-dozen Africans on its lists, but they have furnished their full share of colorful incident. We had our merriest morning when Oscar William Davis, looking much like a well-groomed milk chocolate, appeared with his imposing wife, Amanda, to claim deferred classification. We were suspicious of Oscar, and we had evidence that the degree in

which he supported his wife was in inverse ratio to her own earnings.

Amanda wept convincingly, and argued with the startling verbiage of her race. Life simply would not be worth living for her if he was taken away.

'But,' it was put to her, 'isn't it true that you work as a maid at one of the hotels?'

'Yes, suh, ah does occupy myself occasionally with a little lucrative employment, but what ah makes ain't but just exactly enough to keep me clothed.'

'And don't you know that your husband will have to send you fifteen dollars a month of his pay as a soldier, and that the government will send another fifteen dollars? Won't that be sufficient, with your earnings?'

Amanda's eyes opened wide in unbelief. 'Do you mean to tell me, suh, that the gov'ment's gwine a send me thu'ty dollahs a month if dat nigger goes to war?'

Being assured that such was the prospect, she turned slowly to where Mr. Davis had shrunk, fearfully, into a far corner.

'Shame on you, Oscar!' she shouted, pointing an accusing finger at him. 'Youse agwine to serve you Uncle Sam from dis minute. You go on home and pack youh trunk.'

And in an aside to a dusky friend who had come with her she was heard to say, 'Why, dat fool man done cost me more 'n thu'ty dollahs a month.'

Voluntary inductions are closed now, but still the men come seeking entrance to the great game ahead of their turns, impatient of restraint, eager to go.

We have come far from the worrisome days of the beginning. We have tamed the juggernaut. We are no longer priests of Moloch. The draft knows itself now, and is strong with the strength of confidence. Not for

trivial things did millions of Americans pass in and out of draft-board doors during the toiling weeks in which the nation sorted its man-power. Not for nothing did they bring to a common scale, for a common judging, all the intimate circumstance of their lives, pooling their precious liberties that all the world might partake.

And this is the strength and the triumph of the draft, that it has in the larger sense outlived the grim necessity that gave it birth; that it has led the young men of America to a realization of the task which confronts the nation and to a conception of their own inevitable duties. It has been a potent instrument of education, a huge university, whose graduates go out upon the paths of war with eyes wide open to the terrible glory of the day.

To the men of the draft boards, too, it will be always the great Alma Mater. We have been deep into the heart of America, and we are chastened, for there we found the gold that will redeem the world. Surely no appreciation is due us, for it has been a high privilege, a sacred trust, to serve.

This little sketch of the draft is at an end, for it treads close upon the heels of to-day. It began with something about the way to France, and the eagerness with which Young America seeks now that glorious road, in contrast with the first days of doubt. It was to be expected that America would require a little time to adjust itself; but once the spark of understanding began to glow, it developed rapidly and with increasing speed. To-day it burns a bright and steady flame, as all draft men know; and though the war go on and on through many weary years, the stream of America's man-power will flow steadily and freely, unforced, unurged, to the training-camps of Victory.

# THE SUBJUGATION OF WILLIAM THE KAISER

BY VIRGINIA BAKER

AT eight o'clock in the morning the new teacher sat at her desk, busily writing. It was the second day of the term, and she had arrived at the school-house early to enter the names of her forty-four pupils in the Register.

Outside, in the boys' yard, a goodly number of youngsters had already assembled. Faint echoes of shouts and laughter reached her ears, and she smiled. The new teacher liked boys and was always pleased when they were happy.

Slowly and squeakingly the door of Room 2 swung outward a few inches, and in the narrow opening a head appeared. It was a very round head, crowned with a luxuriant growth of paprika-colored hair, tufts of which stood upright here and there like the feathers of an Indian war-bonnet. The face beneath the hair was also very round, lighted by a pair of glassy greenish eyes, and decorated by a small snub nose and as many freckles as Nature could conveniently crowd upon the limited surface of cheeks and forehead.

The new teacher greeted the head pleasantly.

'Good morning, Robbie. What can I do for you?'

The head advanced still farther into the room, and was followed by a rotund body and a pair of stumpy legs. Then the teacher noticed a flush beneath the freckles and a glint of excitement in the glassy eyes.

'Is anything the matter with you?' she inquired, pausing in her work with pen uplifted.

Robert Emmet Muldoon shook his rufous crest vigorously.

'Naw, Missis Melville,' he answered. 'They ain't nawthin' wrong about me. It's William the Kaiser I come ter youse about. He's scrappin' agin.'

Miss Melville bowed gravely.

'I'm sure it's very kind of you, Robbie,' she responded. 'I had no time to read the paper, myself, this morning. Was it an important battle? Did the Germans win or the Allies?'

For a moment the round face exhibited bewilderment. Then comprehension dawned in the vitreous orbs.

'Aw, I don't mean the old guy over there,' the boy rejoined. 'Naw, Missis Melville, not him. I mean your William the Kaiser.'

'My William the Kaiser?' the teacher exclaimed. '*My* William the Kaiser!' she repeated. 'Why, what do you mean, Robbie? Who is my William the Kaiser?'

Robert Emmet pointed a stubby forefinger at a diminutive chair and desk in the front row of seats.

'He's the kid what sits there,' he replied. 'Him that wears the green sweater and the tan rubber boots, and is soft on Morris Samuelson's big sister upstairs in the Second Grade.'

'Oh, you mean little Willie Hartwigg!' Miss Melville cried. 'But why do you call him William the Kaiser?'

'Cause he's a German an' thinks he can boss the earth,' Robert returned promptly.

'A German!' echoed the teacher. 'Are you certain of that? I imagine he

is Swiss. There are several Swiss children in this room, you know.'

'Sure I'm certain, Missis Melville.' Robert Emmet nodded the war-bonnet positively. 'He's got tree uncles an' two cousins, an' the bunch of 'em is Fritzie, fightin' in France. They ain't no Swiss about that kid, no, ma'am.'

'Well, but what has he done?' inquired the teacher. 'You say he has been scrapping, but I have heard no quarreling. You would better tell me the whole story.'

Robert straightened himself with modest pride.

'On'y fer me youse would heard somethin', he answered. 'The Kaiser started in punchin' the littlest Ginney kid, young Tony, when he seen me makin' fer indoors an' caught on I was comin' in to put youse wise. So then he let up. He ain't no fool guy, the Kaiser ain't. He won't wrastle anny more till he's sized youse up.'

'Ah, indeed!' Miss Melville reflected a moment. 'Well, my boy, you may return to the yard,' she said at length, 'and I will investigate later.'

As Robert Emmet, with a farewell bob of the war-bonnet, withdrew, she laughed aloud.

'Bless the little innocents!' she murmured. 'They don't know what they are talking about. The idea of that Hartwigg baby being able to terrorize anyone!'

The new teacher was only nineteen, and her knowledge of children had been gained entirely by association with the model classes in the State Training School from which she had but recently been graduated.

At a quarter past nine, the preliminary morning exercises, consisting of songs and memory gems, having been disposed of, she formally opened her Court of Inquiry by summoning William Hartwigg to her desk.

Her austere judicial expression in

voluntarily softened as the accused took his stand before the bar. He was a slender, graceful, neatly clad child of eight, with curling golden hair, peachy cheeks, and lips like the petals of a budding rose. He lifted to her face a pair of eyes, intensely blue and cloudless as the sky of a perfect day in June.

'You are the little boy whom your playmates call William the Kaiser, I believe?' she began.

'Yes, Missis Melville.'

The rose-leaf lips parted, displaying rows of tiny milk-white teeth beautiful as pearls.

'Why have they given you that name?'

'Please, teacher, I don't know.' The smile faded and the corners of the rose-petal lips drooped plaintively. 'It was Robert Emmet first called me that. He says I'm a German, but I ain't.'

'You are not a German? But Hartwigg is a German name. What are you, then? A Swiss boy?'

'No, please, teacher, I am a Yankee. I was born right here in Riverport. My mother is a Yankee, too. She was born in Boston.'

'And your father? Is he a German?'

For the fraction of a second the gold-fringed lids drooped and the peach-bloom tint of the cheeks deepened to carmine. Then the beautiful eyes again looked at the teacher squarely.

'I don't know what my father is, Missis Melville. I never ast him.'

From the third row of seats a small white hand shot suddenly upward. Wladyslawa Polka, conscious of possessing valuable information, sprang to her feet, quite forgetting, in her eagerness, that she had not awaited permission to speak.

'I know what his father is,' she piped, her pink-ribboned flaxen pig-tails vibrating with excitement. 'He ain't a Ger-man, at all. No, Missis Melville. He's a rag-man. I'm sure, 'cause my

Aunt Konstantina sold him twenty cents' worth of rags before breakfast, yistiddy.'

'Please, teacher, Mr. Hartwigg she is a German.' Narcisse Boisvert waved a grimy fist, frantically. 'An' de Kaiser she pitch into me an' a Wop an' a Jennybool, las' night, 'cause de French an' de Wops an' de Jennybools, dey is all fightin' de Heinies. An' de Kaiser knock from de Jennybool a front teet down her troat.'

The teacher's puzzled eyes swept the faces of the feminine portion of her flock.

'Jennie Boole?' she questioned. 'Is there a girl in this room by that name?'

'No, ma 'am, she is not a girl, she is a boy,' Narcisse explained. 'She is de Eenglish, de Jennybool boy, an' she sit in back of Robert Emmet. Her name it is Paircee Shatterton. You tell de teacher, Paircee, how de Kaiser make you eat a teet 'cause you is a Jennybool boy.'

'It was this way,' Percy Chatterton declared, nothing loath to add his mite to the general testimony. 'We was hall goin' 'ome tergether when the Kaiser said as 'ow one Fritzie could lick two Tommy Hatkins in a minute. Hand I said one Tommy Hatkins could lick three Fritzies in 'arf a minute. Then 'e got mad hand punched me in the mug, hand my loose tooth come hout sudden hand 'opped down my throat. Hit was the tooth that uster be 'ere.'

Percy opened a capacious mouth and exhibited a yawning gap in the upper jaw.

Miss Melville turned to the accused.

'What have you to say, Willie?' she demanded.

The beautiful eyes grew suddenly hard.

'I am a Yankee, but my father came from Germany,' was the answer.

'O Willie!' The teacher's voice was shocked. 'You have just said that you

don't know whether your father is German or not.'

'I said I 'd never ast him what he is, and I never did. I know he was born in Germany, but he got some papers since he came from the Fatherland, and I don't know what he is now. He got the papers so that he could be a voter.'

'Oh, I understand. He is a naturalized citizen of the United States.' Miss Melville smiled kindly. 'Now I think, Willie, that you would better not talk about the war with the other little boys. You are too young to realize what you are quarreling about. You are an American, like all the rest of us, and I am sure that you love your own country better than any other. Besides, it is very naughty and unkind to ill-treat your playmates. I cannot permit wrangling and fighting among my children. Remember that. And now you may all take your boxes of letters and make at your desks the words that you see printed on the blackboard.'

Percy Chatterton drew a handkerchief from his pocket, and from behind its shelter breathed a question into Robert Emmet Muldoon's interested ear.

'Wot'll you bet 'e don't mind hany-thing she says?'

'Betcher my two biggest alleys and my shinny stick,' was the prompt reply. 'That kid ain't the fool baby that Missis Melville tinks he is. He ain't goin' ter mind nobuddy.'

But for three days it appeared that Robert Emmet would be forced to acknowledge himself a false prophet. Willie Hartwigg's deportment was all that the most exacting teacher could demand. On the fourth day, however, clouds began to darken the school horizon.

Manuel Silva, with tears in his eyes and a large bump upon his forehead, presented himself before Miss Melville at the opening of the morning session.



'Please, teacher, it was the Kaiser,' he sobbed. 'He pushed me down where the road is magatomized 'cause the Portigees is fightin' the Boches.'

'No, Missis Melville.' The accused was on his feet, his beautiful eyes beseeching justice. 'I just runned into him by mistake when I was chasin' my ball.'

He drew a small rubber ball from his pocket in mute testimony of the truth of his assertion.

'No, ma'am, teacher, it ain't so,' wailed Manuel. 'He bumped into me a purpose. You kin ask Morris Samuelson. He was with him.'

Morris Samuelson, on being questioned, proved to be rather an unsatisfactory witness.

'I was lookin' down the other way,' he proclaimed in reply to Miss Melville's interrogations. 'I did n't go to see how the tumble come on Manuel. Mebbe Willie did n't go to hit him. I told him already often he better not put a hurt on nobuddy. I said to him, "Your father has his rags, sometimes, off Ginneys and Kanucks and Johnny Bulls and Portigees. If they get a mad on you, mebbe they don't sell your father no more rags. They sell them, mebbe, to Pat Finnegan or Moses Abraham, and your father don't know where to get rags enough." No, ma'am, teacher, I did n't see Willie put a bump on Manuel's face.'

'He did, Missis Melville,' Manuel protested. 'But his big sister Rebeck give him some of the candy and peanuts and gum the Kaiser buy for her, and Morris give you the lie dope when he afraid he don't git any more off her if he tell truth. Morris don't buy no gum or candy or peanuts when the Kaiser give 'em to Rebeck. He put all his money in his bank.'

'But, Manuel, you are not able to prove that Willie intended to hurt you,' Miss Melville said gently. 'And I can-

not punish him unless I know positively that he was to blame.'

'I ain't lyin', honest I ain't,' sobbed Manuel. 'Tis him that's jollyin' you. Him and the other Kaiser both is awful mean guys.'

Miss Melville delivered a five-minute lecture on the sinfulness of quarreling, untruthfulness, and backbiting, and the beauty of kindness and truth, and the incident closed. For the remainder of the week Peace held undisputed sway in Room 2. Willie Hartwigg took part in the patriotic exercises with a zest unrivalled by that of any other pupil. His clear sweet soprano led the singing of 'America.' He displayed the 'poetry of motion' when giving the flag-salute. Miss Melville, therefore, was quite unprepared for any further pro-German demonstrations on his part.

Yet, when Angelo Maccarone, Peter Petersen, and Karol Hop voluntarily remained after school on the following Monday afternoon, she knew, instinctively, that she had deceived herself.

'Please, if the Boches licks the Sammies, will we all have to change ourselves into Germans?' queried Angelo, gazing into her face with big brown anguished eyes.

'You cannot make a Heinie off me,' asserted Peter Petersen stoutly. 'I am from Sweden when I was two years old. It is only the Swede and the Yankee words that I can talk. I cannot know what to talk back when the Kaiser kid make German talk to me. And I will not never drink the logger. I am a temp'rance boy in the Baptis' church since I was very young.'

'My dear children, what are you talking about?' inquired the teacher.

'It is a big boy in Second Grade say what William the Kaiser tell him this morning,' explained Karol Hop. 'The Kaiser say, when the Boches have beat the world, all the Yankee mans and womens and boys and girls got to be

Germans or they will be killed with the poison gas.'

'Columbus find 'Merica when no-buddy not here but Indians,' quavered Angelo. 'An' he was Italian man. The Fritzies never find any place here. Indians is dark like Italians, an' I will go be one of them before the Fritzies come. An' then I will fight the Germans with a bownarrer.'

'I have a bank where a monkey puts the pennies in,' cried Peter. 'I will break the monkey with a hammer an' take my money out. Then I will go to Sweden and sail with my uncle Hans to Iceland. The Heinies cannot find me in Iceland. It is very far away.'

'I cannot go nowheres,' said Karol Hop with quivering lips. 'My father he take all money what I got any way to buy the beer. An' I got no place to hide in. I cannot help if the Boches make me German.'

Miss Melville, with soothing words, calmed the agitation of the unhappy trio and finally dismissed them hopeful and smiling.

On the following morning William Hartwigg did not appear at school, but she interviewed the 'big boy in Second Grade,' and learned that the reports of the Kaiser's pro-German activities had not been exaggerated. The big boy, himself, confessed to having suffered from a bad dream of gas and machine-guns during the previous night.

Robert Emmet Muldoon added his mite to the general testimony.

'Oh, but them Kaisers is the sassy guys!' he confided, as he collected pencils at the close of the session. 'An' the kid Kaiser is the sassiest of 'em. Las' teacher broke her rattan on him twicet an' could n't make him mind. When she licked him, he danced on her toes' cause he knew she had awful corns. He says he likes youse better than her 'cause he can fool youse easier. An' he

says youse won't be here long anny-way, fer, when the Boches gits America, all the teachers will be Germans. An' he says us kids'll have to kiss the German flag every day. An' git run in by the cops if we sing "Three Cheers for the Red, White, and Blue." He kicked me shins 'cause I said I 'd sing it right in them Fritzie cops' faces.'

Miss Melville left the school at night, fully determined that Willie Hartwigg should obey her mandates in the future or suffer the full penalty of disobedience. Her resolve loomed large in her mind when she entered Room 2 on the following morning.

But Fate had decreed that it was not to be she who should accomplish the subjugation of William the Kaiser. Hardly had she unlocked her door, when the sweet face, wearing a meek and chastened expression, presented itself before her, and a small shapely hand deposited a letter upon her desk. The letter, which enclosed a dollar bill, read as follows:—

'DERE TEECHER, —

'Plese give Willie fore thrift Stamps. He Warnts to help the Sammys beet the kaiser

'and oblige His mother

'MRS. HANS HARTWIGG.'

Miss Melville, suppressing all outward signs of her inward astonishment, delivered the requested stamps and calmly continued to fold squares for a lesson in paper-cutting. Not until the session closed was the mystery made clear. Morris Samuelson lingered to escort her home, and volunteered an explanation.

'It is the last night yistiddy's paper that has fixed him,' he proclaimed. 'In the paper my father read that all the German mans must go to the shief of the cops' office an' tell if they are for the Yankees or the Boches. So, when I heard that, I went over to Willie's

house an' sat on his fence an' talked. An' Willie's father an' mother heard my talk, an' they came out an' ast me what I was sayin', for they had not bought no paper. An' when I told them what my father had read, Willie's father said a damn very loud. An' Willie's mother begin to cry an' said, "If you say you are for the Kaiser, the Yankees take your horse an' team, mebbe, an' put you some place far away." An' then him an' her went back to the house, an' Willie an' I talk some more.

'An' I said for Willie not to let his father tell the shief that he was for the Heinies. I say to him, "If your father lose his team an' go off from home your mother cannot get no rags to sell. An' you cannot wear no more all-wool clothing. You have to wear the shoddy, an' it is no good. It gets ragged soon already, an' it does not go to take the dye like the all-wool does. An' you cannot get to buy no velvet suits an' corduroy pants like your father buy for you now." An' I say, "My sister Rebecca like the class. She gets all classy clothing for her dolls. She cannot like a boy what wear the shoddy an', mebbe, the second-hand caps an' shoes. Rebecca would feel shame to be walking with you if you showed no all-wool an' class. She would turn her face from you an' smile at Isidore Silverstein. His looks are not as good as

yours, but he has classy clothing an' his father has bought a new limousine that is not secondhand. If you want to be my sister's feller you will have your father tell the cop shief he thinks the Germans is no good."

'An' me an' Willie went in the house, an' he cried an' his mother cry some more, an' his father say another two damns. An' I say, "It will be hard to make the teacher think that Willie is for the Yankees 'cause he has talked much for the Boches already. But if he would buy the thrift stamps off her she would, mebbe, forget what he has said." So then his mother bust his bank an' give him the dollar for the pennies. An' his father put two nickels in the bank, an' soon he will buy another stamp. An' his father will tell the cop shief that he does not want to fight for the Boches, for he thinks his three brothers is enough Fritzies for one family. An' Willie will be a real Yankee, now, like the Ginneys, an' Portigees, an' Kanucks, an' Johnny Bulls. An' my sister will not feel shame to be his girl. It is all right, Missis Melville, ain't it already?'

'It is all right,' replied the teacher.

She smiled pleasantly. But, in the privacy of her room that night, she confided to the pages of her diary certain unspoken thoughts regarding the innocence of childhood.

# CASTLES IN SPAIN

BY AMY LOWELL

I BUILD my poems with little strokes of ink  
Drawn shining down white paper, line and line,  
And there is nothing here which men call fine,  
Nothing but hieroglyphs to make them think.  
I have no broad and blowing plain to link  
And loop with aqueducts, no golden mine  
To crest my pillars, no bright twisted vine  
Which I can train about a fountain's brink.

Those others laced their poems from sea to sea  
And floated navies over fields of grain;  
They fretted their full fancies in strong stone  
And struck them on the sky. And yet I gain,  
For bombs and bullets cannot menace me,  
Who have no substance to be overthrown.  
Cathedrals crash to rubbish, but my towers,  
Carved in the whirling and enduring brain,  
Fade, and persist, and rise again, like flowers.

# THE REAL PARIS. I

BY ERNEST DIMNET

## I

It is unlikely that there will be many American students in the German universities after the war. A feeling of comradeship is as essential to university life as to camp or barrack life, and no American young man could hope to have it at Bonn or Jena any more than at the Potsdam Military Academy. Not that I deprecate careful study of Germany by men especially equipped for such investigations. Scientists, technicians, administrators, and soldiers, belonging to all the nations now at war with Germany, ought, the moment war is over, to devote months and, if necessary, years to a minute study of the miracles of organization which enabled our enemy to keep alive during the first three years of the war. Such a lesson cannot be wasted.

But an investigation of this kind ought to be made by men whose moral and intellectual training is complete, not by easily dazzled boys. A man of forty can pay a tribute of sincere admiration to a method, and yet feel no respect for its inventor if he is only ingenious and not moral. Organization, system, the careful husbanding of effort or material, these are, after all, mere recipes, and a sound judgment can regard recipes only in the light of utility; but the juvenile, as well as the semi-educated mind, seldom escapes the temptation to bow to them as if they were philosophies.

How many an intellect has been blinded to the inadequacy of German

literary methods by their apparent thoroughness in minor details! This semblance of perfection acts upon the young and unthinking almost as inevitably as genius. I met a refugee from Amiens, a patriotic Frenchman, who seemed frequently to forget that his town had been robbed of two million francs by a German general in 1914, merely because, on two occasions, he had seen subordinates of this black-mailer inquire of shopkeepers whether they had not been cheated by German soldiers: integrity in a matter of a few francs melted his heart and caused him to overlook immorality on a large scale.

Many things in Germany used to have the same effect: erudition would conceal the lack of taste and insight, organization did duty for idealism, kindness of the most trivial description veiled unscrupulous policies, and with many people, music covered as many sins as charity is said to do. Let Germany be a field of research as much as it deserves to be, but it must not be a centre of upbringing again till it becomes evident that the German has grown capable of distinguishing between right and wrong in the dealings of his own country, and does not sell his soul for efficiency.

So the young Americans who used to flock to Heidelberg, Munich, or Berlin will seek other seats of learning, and a glance at the map is enough to convince us that they can hardly go elsewhere than to England or France, although Salamanca, or Rome, or Naples, or Padua, or, in some cases, the Swiss



universities, and in time, no doubt, Louvain, might prove not a little satisfactory. But where should the students go who will decide for France? To nineteen Americans in twenty, France is synonymous with Paris, and what American mother thinks of Paris without misgiving? Even the war will not change this feeling, for American soldiers are severely — and, on the whole, wisely — kept away from Paris.

Of course, there are eighteen state and two Catholic universities in France besides that of Paris, and before the war there used to be hundreds of foreign undergraduates in some of them, especially Nancy, which affords exceptional facilities for technical training, and, unexpectedly enough, far-away little Grenoble among her mountains. No doubt, imagination left to itself will always conjure up the cafés of the Latin Quarter, the glaring, alluring boulevards, and the disquieting Montmartre haunts, whenever Paris is mentioned; whereas the name of Grenoble will recall pure air and an innocent life under an Italian sky, and Nancy will be the embodiment of the Lorrainer's intelligence, thrift, and industry. Yet, all the time, there will be in the mind, thus occupied, the constantly recurring regret: what a pity that Paris should be so wicked!

I am surprised that American parents who had visited, not, of course, Heidelberg, but Munich or, above all, Berlin, could send their sons there without any anxiety. Music, no doubt. As a matter of fact, the intensity of night-life in the German towns, and the licentiousness of theatres under a pretense of artistic freedom, ought to have given food for a great deal of thought. Indeed, there was little difference between the doubtful attractions of Berlin and the dangers of Paris. In either place temptation was coarse and inelegant and entirely beneath the average son of decent people; but the name of

Paris would confer a dashing irresistibility upon what in Berlin could only appear vulgar, so that, after all, Berlin looked the less dangerous place. There is a great deal in names.

My opinion is that American students who do not happen to have a special reason for selecting a provincial university ought to go to Paris, and my reason is that nowhere will they find so much indifference to dangerous amusements, and, if they are properly guided during the first months of their residence, so much that goes to make an atmosphere of unparalleled idealism in Parisian circles. This is no paradox, but the mere recognition of a fact; and this fact has struck every man who, like the present writer, has been enabled to watch the career of Frenchmen from their arrival in Paris till their maturity.

Only four years ago this statement would have been met in America with a skeptical and possibly a sarcastic smile. I remember reading American reviews of Mr. Barrett Wendell's book on France, which were certainly amusing, but were fair neither to Mr. Barrett Wendell nor to France. The average American had evidently a totally different impression of Paris from that of the distinguished professor. But they were wrong and the professor was right.

Most Americans came to Europe with a clear and distinct idea that they came there only to amuse themselves, to have a good time; and whatever good time they might have in London or in Germany, — which it had become fashionable in the last decade to visit regularly, — they most certainly approached Paris in the spirit in which the tired business man at home goes to a musical comedy. They spent their rather short mornings in shops, paying for what took their wives' fancy, or accumulating the presents which were the ransom of a trip to Europe; they lunched at the Café de Paris, and haunted the boule-

wards or the fashionable quarters till dinner-time. In the evening they did not go to the opera, because they had been once before and it was really too poor after New York, which, in many respects, was true; they did not go to the Théâtre-Français, or even to the Gymnase, because they did not know the language; they went to the Folies-Bergères, or to the queer Montmartre places; and the night before leaving, they went to the Café d'Harcourt in the Quartier Latin, because they had been told they must not miss that. They came home disappointed when they had not been shocked; ashamed, and pretending not to be, when the evening had been a bit too successful. This would last a fortnight or so, with the subconsciousness that, when they should see God's own country again, and the big buildings and the purifying doors of the office, it would not matter much. It was in this way that Paris got her bad name.

As a matter of fact, every Parisian knows that the Montmartre places are nothing else than what they appear in the vitriolic etchings of La Tour-Lautrec, namely, vulgar decoys for inexperienced foreigners or materialistic provincials, owned, arranged, and managed by people who have a clear knowledge of the exceeding simplicity of man's instincts, and who only hesitate between making their fortune through a shebeen or through a hair-dye. Even the professionally sensual would be afraid of passing for green apprentices, if they were seen there except on two or three dates famous on the *viveur's* calendar; and they give lustre to their lives by other methods equally simple and equally monotonous, which you will find described at great length in Lavedan's or Donnay's books.

I know that many well-wishers, or even admirers of France, who realize that Paris is not entirely comprised be-

tween the Moulin-Rouge and the rue de la Paix, are, however, worried by the notion that the French stage and French literature give much the same idea of French morality, as the pleasure haunts of Paris.

I am ready to admit anything concerning the French stage. I remember Matthew Arnold's famous — if decidedly overrated — essay on the appearance of Sarah Bernhardt in London forty years ago, and I agree with him that nine French plays in ten are written for the vulgar personage whom he cannot find words to describe in his own language and calls *l'homme sensuel moyen*. I detest the cheap cleverness and low appeal of many French plays; I hate the silly prééminence that most newspapers, and consequently their readers, give to the stage, to actresses, actors, managers, and, more remotely, to dramatic writers. I am convinced that the false emotionalism, the shallow sentimentalism, the taste for gaudy writing prevailing in the penny newspapers and frequently obscuring serious national issues, can be traced from the journal to the theatre.

But what of that? Does anybody who knows the real state of affairs imagine that the French stage is French? It has long ceased to be. All the prominent managers, actors, and actresses are Jews; and while I am aware that many Jews living in France have done remarkably well during the war, and while I think that a book which was written about them ought to have had more success, I cannot help feeling that the Jewish influence is not good. Greed and vanity are its main springs, materialism invariably goes with it, and the sentimentalism, attitudinizing, and meretriciousness generally, which I deplore, have been created by the unusual admiration of the Romanticist of low degree and the Jewish actress of whatever degree, including Rachel herself.

There was no trace of it in French literature before the nineteenth century; and any visitor who has a chance to meet enough specimens of undoubted origin becomes convinced that it is not indigenous.

As for French literature, it takes remarkable ignorance or remarkable impudence to condemn it wholesale as immoral. The literary history of the past twenty-five years in France shows a continuous ascent toward all noble ideals, whether purely artistic or ethical; the only writer of distinction whose influence must be admitted to be hurtful, is Anatole France, and how many people read him because of his charming style or because of the humanitarian spirit pervading *Crainquebille*, and look upon the writer's laxity only as a sort of literary artifice? The manliness of most contemporary works worth reading is especially striking in those of the younger generation, which has waived the declamation of the Romantics, knows the value of words, and lets us see its moral principles without any of the unnatural shame that was once the fashion.

Foreign readers have been frequently deceived by the outspokenness of French writers into imagining that, having no restraint in their language, they and their readers must have no restraint in their lives. It is a mistake. Outspokenness belongs to certain people or to certain countries, as it has belonged to certain epochs. There is a lack of taste or refinement, no doubt, in people who shrink from no subject and purposely use coarse language. But the rather low habit does not necessarily entail low principles. Soldiers in barracks, — good honest souls, — or artists in *ateliers*, — many of them very near the simplicity of primitives, — use Rabelaisian language without having coarse natures. There are silences which cover more thought than effu-

sive speech, and hypocrisy is not a mere word. I have often felt that the brutal way in which many Frenchmen allude to the relations between sexes is either a pose, or a cultivated habit, — so frequent among physicians and artists, — or a concealed effort to escape from imaginations which are not least tyrannical when they are apparently ignored.

Finally, it should be added that French literature, even the *École naturaliste*, always protested against the charge of moral laxity: I need only recall celebrated pages by Balzac, Flaubert, Baudelaire, and Zola. The latter lived the life of the most respectable bank-clerk, and his moral principles were rather unexpectedly extolled by the whole universe at the time of the Dreyfus Affair.

I know how easy it is to plead that a writer is not immoral the moment he makes up his mind to be true to life, as even the description of vice bears its own lesson, and there is no fundamental difference between Miss Edgeworth and Zola. But there is frequently more than that pagan teaching in French books. They are sincere enough not to conceal the disgust which inevitably goes along with an empty life. The gay volumes of 'Gyp,' Lavedan, or Donnay, and the files of *La Vie Parisienne* are full of this satiety. Jules Lemaître, the typical *dilettante*, who seemed to understand everything and condone everything, often concludes his smiling essays with words which, truly interpreted, are Pascal modernized. French literature at its worst never was hypocritical and never went out of its way to prove, in the German or Scandinavian manner, that we are living fully when we are only living loosely. It is always useful to express with all possible lucidity ideas which, at some time or other, have unfortunately been questioned.

But I know that most Americans had no need of the foregoing explanations.

One event took place since 1914 which has thrown dazzling light over France and her children, and will probably stay in the memory of the world as long as the perfection of the seventeenth century or the genius of Napoleon. A member of the French military mission to Russia tells us that, while waiting at some little station of the Trans-Siberian railway, he saw three soldiers stop in front of him and consult in whispers, after which one of them, coming forward, saluted, and, pointing at the officer, said the only French word he knew: 'Verdun!'

There never was a finer tribute, and poetry, history, and all the fine arts will never find anything more expressive than this homage of the ignorant and humble, represented by an almost speechless Siberian private.

## II

It will be to the eternal credit of America that she did not wait until her declaration of war to be in the war. The hereditary longing to be of use, to do something for somebody, which is the characteristic of American men and women, even of the apparently thoughtless, drove thousands and thousands of them out of their homes, to hospitals, field-ambulances, camps, or railway canteens, hostels for refugees, food- or clothes-distributing offices, to places of all kinds, the unexpected names of which show the inventiveness of Christian charity when allied to American ingenuity. These battalions of helpers or comforters have all come to know France intimately, and in their minds an idea of the Frenchman has been formed, not one lineament of which recalls, however remotely, the Parisian *boulevardier* once regarded as typically French. Officers by the hundreds may live in these people's memories: gentlemen who lived and died more simply

than their biographers generally write. But to the American who has lived the war with us, the typical Frenchman is the *poilu*.

And what is a *poilu*? A humble man, who, one July afternoon in 1914, left at two hours' notice his Parisian shop or workshop, or his ripe wheat-fields, or his ripening vines, for a military dépôt he had never liked and had managed to tolerate only because soldiering, and all things soldierly, are lovable to the Frenchman, and take on a halo in his imagination; was packed to the Belgian frontier; made the acquaintance of danger under all its forms; fought; hungered — hungered and thirsted — for days; knew the trenches when they were in their crudest novelty and worse than the badger's hole; got wounded, and lay for hours, sometimes days, where he had fallen, or crawled miles to a hurried surgeon, and to the torturing goods-trucks, pompously labeled sanitary trains; got well, and went back to the dépôt, and then back to the front and to fighting or being shelled; and so on during four years, with the ever-disappointed certainty that 'next winter must be the last,' or that the imminent coming in of this or that nation must bring the end.

Who has not seen in the vicinity of the Paris stations his solid figure, — the notion of short, delicate Frenchmen has died out with many others, — made to look balloon-like by an accumulation of round things, sacks, helmets, drinking flasks, or rolled-up blankets on his shoulders and hips, slowly balancing itself along the foot-path? Nobody shows him much sympathy now that his appearance has become familiar, and his face exhibits as much surprise as delight when the passer-by presents him with a trifle. Whether one sees him thus in the busy street, or in the trains, or in the hospitals, he strikes one by that very quality which foreigners

used to deny Frenchmen: patience, all-enduring patience, which never-ceasing grumbling saves from the reproach of German apathy. His stoicism expects nothing, — for unless he happens to be very poor, he has the national aversion to parting with money and understands it in others, — but thousands of American women who now know him well, know also how grateful he is for sympathy, and how expressive he can be in his recognition of it, without ever giving a woman the least fear that he might become unduly warm.

Who could believe that such a man, invariably true to himself in millions of specimens, can be the product of an effeminate or degenerate nation? How clearly it appears to anybody who really sees the inside of things that a country or a nation must not be judged by the froth of its civilization in big towns, by its histrions, any more than by its professional politicians! The truth is that poor families are trained to patience by the traditions of the soil, rich ones by the austerity of French schools, — often, too, by the old French notion that true religion lies in the capacity for silent suffering, — and what the soil only does for some, and the school for others, the army does for all. There is no French mother who would say, I did not rear my son to make him a soldier. Frenchwomen know too well what the regiment does for their sons, and how a few months of the military life makes men of them, and at the same time gives them a gentleness, nay, a childlikeness, which they did not show two years before, as if their souls were going back to innocence while their bodies display the robustness of manhood. How often the present writer has been delighted to find a charmingly sincere, almost naïve man in a young soldier, who acted the grown-up person in a sickening manner the last time he saw him!

American mothers will find many beautiful things in their boys which were not there when they kissed them good-bye. War is hateful, but the capacity for self-sacrifice, self-discipline, and self-simplifying, which it creates or develops, is a wonderful thing.

All those sides of the French temperament are now known to Americans, and one can write about French ideals and say that they frequently find their home in Paris, without conjuring up the unpleasant vision of raised eyebrows and a hardly suppressed smile.

It is remarkable that Paris is the only capital in the whole world that is and has been for centuries the chief seat of national education. London, New York or Boston, Berlin or Leipzig, Rome or Milan, Madrid or Barcelona, may be great literary or scientific centres. They are not, or have only recently become, university centres. The names traditionally attached to the notion of learning are those of Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, Bonn and Jena, Padua and Salamanca.

In France, Poitiers and Orléans have long ceased to be, while Lille, Nancy, and Montpellier are still far from being, the rivals of Paris. Paris, from the thirteenth century, was what it still is known to be, even to people who are too busy elsewhere to visit the Sorbonne, the city of students *par excellence*. A whole quarter of the town, from the Montagne-Sainte-Geneviève to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, is inhabited by book-devouring youths. The chief *lycées*, — Louis le Grand, Saint-Louis, Henri Quatre, — and the Collège Stanislas are there, yearly pouring out their best scholars into the Sorbonne, the École Normale, the Medical School, the Law School, the École des Hautes-Études, the École des Chartes, the renowned, exclusive, and well-nigh inaccessible École Polytechnique, the two Écoles des Mines, the Observa-



toire, the École des Sciences Politiques, the École des Beaux-Arts, or the École d'Architecture, all of which are also there. Many thousand young men live in that not very large district, and give it its physiognomy, filling its streets with their belief in life and in themselves, filling with clamor at certain hours the Place du Panthéon, so dignified and still, or adding a distinctive human element to the Luxembourg Garden, the Odéon bookstalls, and even, when some illustrious man departs for his long home in the Cimetière Montparnasse, to the stately double porch of Saint-Sulpice.

And what are these young men doing? It is difficult to know in what stage of life the French, who in some imaginations were the incarnation of naughtiness, were supposed to be. To look upon the very young as prematurely old and degenerate is a cruelty of which I do not think any American was ever capable. But it is a fact that the name of the Quartier Latin, which to the French means madcap merriment, with a rather austere background of libraries and lecturing halls, used to mean to many foreigners an untimely initiation into life. Henry Münger's *Vie de Bohème*, which only professional historians of French literature now read, and which the cheapest reprints have not been able to revive, is still alive abroad, and has helped to spread many a false notion. Münger's *étudiants* have long joined his *grisettes*, the very name of whom sounds as old-fashioned as a spinet, and bohemianism is quite as antiquated. Nine Paris students in ten have to work hard; and what with examinations, and the facilities for week ends at home, — Münger's is a pre-railway book, — or unexpected visits from fathers, and the growing habit of early *fiançailles*, even the tenth man can hardly live a life of undisturbed dissipation.

Of course there is a defect in French methods, which results in obvious danger. The French *lycée*, conceived by Napoleon as a semi-military school, with the reveille at five o'clock in the morning, over ten hours' work and not quite two hours' recreation a day, and with the constant supervision of masters, cannot be said to prepare the boy for freedom as the English or American methods do. In his last July at school the French lad of seventeen or eighteen is not allowed to go out alone to buy tennis-balls; in November of the same year he is in lodgings in the Quartier Latin, comes home as early or as late as he pleases, dines where his fancy takes him, goes to lectures or shirks them — in short, is his own master.

How different the life at Oxford or Yale! There the undergraduate lives a full life, no doubt, one which he always looks back to with regret when it is over, and which the outsider, like myself, who has seen it hundreds of times in imagination and once or twice in reality, envies as if he had been deprived of something he was entitled to; but it is a school life all the same. Books and sport are its chief elements, and books and sport are not life. The Anglo-Saxon universities stand apart, away from the passions, excitement, and bitterness of the world, but also away from its teaching. It has always seemed to me that the natural continuation of an Oxford college is an Oxfordshire vicarage, with its unvarying routine, peaceful library, outdoor pursuits, and meditateness bordering on reverie. The moral hygiene one learns there, as well as the beautiful mental culture which accompanies it, seems to demand solitude as its proper environment. Excitement and fermentation, on the contrary, do not belong to it. There a debating society is the nearest approach to the passionate impulse which in 1830 threw the École Poly-



technique cadets into the Revolution, to the wonderment and admiration of their West Point brethren; and this is a mild approach, unless one lives in beautifully organized countries, truly made for happiness, as England and America were before this war threw its shadow over the world.

On the other hand, who will deny that it is a terrible trial for a boy to have his choice between the two paths of Hercules before he has fully realized how much moral principles mean to his development, and just when his curiosity is the keenest? It would be absurd to shut one's eyes to the danger, but it would be unwise to exaggerate it. This is one of the many cases in which an ounce of experience is worth pounds of logic, and the testimony of witnesses is the only seasonable answer to a question.

The present writer has known and followed through their lives a great many young men. He remembers very few who were completely wrecked by the change from the incessant surveillance of French schools to the unlimited freedom of the Sorbonne. He also remembers very few who were not tried by it. Curiosity and the longing to assert their newly won independence takes the young men to every place where they are not desired to go, and the results are sometimes fatal. But with the average lad provided with sound principles — the son of a man about town is, of course, poorly equipped — the issue is generally less untoward.

It is the fashion nowadays to speak of a youth of eighteen as if he were a child, and of a man of thirty-five as if

he were yet growing. The ancients had no such ideas, and it has taken the lack of seriousness of the past three or four generations to spread them as they are. I often remember with pleasure a reference of Guy Patin — the charming literary physician of the seventeenth century — to a Monsieur Lenglet, a man of twenty-six, professor of rhetoric at the Collège d'Harcourt, Rector of the Paris University. Guy Patin says a man of twenty-six, as he might have said a man of forty-six: there is not the least intention of contrasting this man's years with his high position. William Pitt was not supposed, either, to be a crude youth, and the French Revolutionists — most of them men between twenty-five and thirty-five — were never taxed with immaturity.

We think of all men who are not elderly as if they were young men, liable to the mistakes of young men, and this not infrequently leads them to act as if they really were very young men. But most lads of seventeen are clear about their ethical code, and who is there who has gathered some experience, and has not found that the possibility of foregoing the cleanliness of their souls is more unpleasant to them than to most of their seniors? As a matter of fact, we often find that these same Paris haunts which are so attractive to gray-haired leisure leave young Frenchmen remorseful or disgusted. I have never heard a student mention a Montmartre *revue*, except with the contempt which its stupidity and vulgar appeal deserve, and I have more than once seen a young man transformed into a man by his first contact with repulsive artificialities.

*(To be concluded)*

# MR. HENDERSON AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

## I

In the vast disquietudes that afflict England at this time, there are few more disturbing than the loss of confidence in leadership. In no sphere of activity have our resources in personality proved adequate. Whether we turn to the Army, to the Navy, or to politics, there is the same sense of impoverishment. There is abundant capacity, but it is diffused, conflicting, incoherent, lacking that individual force which can gather it into a single flame of purpose and give it motive and direction. The greatest force, unhappily, has made not for solidarity, but for disruption. The nation is beginning at last to understand the part which the Northcliffe press has had in impairing its strength; and in its judgment on that subject it includes both Mr. Asquith and Mr. George — the former for his failure to deal with the menace firmly when its character became apparent, and the latter for his association with it.

The wisest and most stable minds in the nation have been driven out of the direction of affairs by the appeal of an unbalanced mind to the momentary instincts and passions of the mob. The mere record of the names of the men who have been displaced, and of the men who have displaced them, supplies the key to many misfortunes alike in military policy and statesmanship. The large sanity and judgment of Mr. Asquith, the incomparable qualities of character of Viscount Grey, the knowl-

edge of Lord Haldane, the genius of Lord Fisher, the unrivaled seamanship of Lord Jellicoe, the tenacity and fundamental wisdom of Sir William Robertson — these are among the grand assets of the nation which have been lost to it in the hour of its most desperate necessity.

In the general discredit that has fallen upon leadership, the Labor Party has not escaped. Its contribution to the intellectual and moral forces of the nation has been negligible, and its failure to present the country with a reasoned and coherent policy has been one of the most regrettable deficiencies from which we have suffered. When the war came, the superficial solidarity of the party vanished. It collapsed under the shock into fragments. The most intellectual section — the Independent Labor Party — became separated at once, not only from the general current of the nation, but from the overwhelming body of the working classes themselves. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. Jowett adopted from the beginning a definitely hostile attitude to the war, and concentrating on the admitted evils of secret diplomacy and of cosmopolitan armament rings, cultivated the impression that the war was not so much a clean-cut issue between military despotism and democracy, as between rival capitalist designs.

At the other extreme, there was a breakaway of artless persons — like Mr. Hodge, Mr. Will Thorne, and Mr. O'Grady — into the primitive emotions

of the war and the jargon of 'Huns' and 'Knock-out-Blows,' and eternal ostracism. In these quarters, the war was just an old-fashioned racial dog-fight and was not seen to be a struggle between rival systems of human governance for the possession of the world.

Between these extremes there were many shades of difference. Mr. John Burns, who had left the government on the outbreak of the war, maintained an unbroken silence. Mr. W. C. Anderson, who had been Chairman of the I. L. P., assumed an attitude of his own, critical on details, but neither supporting the war, nor conveying the impression that he was definitely hostile to it. The Old Guard of labor, men like the miners, Mr. Thomas Burt and Mr. Fenwick, belonging to the pure trade-union tradition of the past, were indistinguishable from the normal type of Liberal, supporting the war, but supporting it without venom and in the spirit of the fine ideals and moral fervor of their school.

In the midst of all these sections into which labor was dissipated, there was a small group of men, affiliated with the modern industrial movement, who, while in full sympathy with British intervention, were sufficiently free from the tribal impulse to see the war in the larger perspective. The most representative figures of this group were Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. Clynes. Of these, the last-named was a member of the I. L. P., but he became detached in spirit from the general body of the party and even took office in Mr. Lloyd George's government. It is the highest tribute to his character that his reputation in the labor world has survived the fact. Alone among the Labor members of the government, he may be looked upon as a man with a future. Mr. Thomas, although invited more than once to join the government,

declined to do so. Mr. Henderson, who took office in the Asquith Coalition, and went into the War Cabinet when Mr. Lloyd George's *coup* came off, resigned over the Russian policy. All three men have the gift of clear thought and lucid speech, are at once firm and moderate in opinion, and are of unquestioned probity and public spirit.

## II

In this group, which undoubtedly represents the main current of industrial opinion in regard to the war, the most conspicuous figure is that of Mr. Henderson. It may be said that he was made great by his fall. No man in public life certainly ever grew more sensibly in stature as the result of resignation. The Russian episode converted him from a commonplace figure on the political stage into a man of capital significance.

His previous career had made no deep impression on the public mind. He had come to the front by a series of stages which, creditable enough in themselves, did not suggest outstanding potentialities. An iron-founder by trade, he had begun his political career as a Liberal, and his first connection with public affairs was in the capacity of agent to the Liberal Association of the Barnard Castle Division. When the modern labor movement began to take form, he joined it, and created some sensation in 1904 by becoming the Labor candidate at a bye-election in the constituency in which he had acted as Liberal agent. He was opposed by a Liberal, but won the seat, and became one of the first representatives of Labor in its organized divorce from the stream of Liberalism on which the earlier trade-unionists had been content to float. But though associated with the new movement, he retained his original character, with

little change. He did not join the left wing of the I. L. P., and manifested no inclination toward its doctrinairism. A man of plain, direct mind, little attracted by theories, bearing the impress of the moral restraints of a puritan tradition, with the gift of clear energetic speech acquired in his early association with the lay ministry of the Wesleyan body, frank and cordial in bearing and formidable in encounter with unruly gatherings, he made no appeal to extremism or to mob popularity. In the organization and development of the Parliamentary Labor Party, he at once assumed a definite authority between the theoretical left and the rather amorphous and non-descript right. He became the secretary of the party, and for one period was elected its chairman; and when Mr. Asquith formed his Coalition Ministry, his admission to office followed as a matter of course upon his representative character, his practical capacity, and his attitude toward the war.

But while he had won respect, and, in office, had proved his administrative capacity, it cannot be said that he had made any profound impression on the public mind. He had gone far with plain, everyday abilities, but there had been no evidence of exceptional qualities of leadership and courage in great affairs; and when, after the fall of the Coalition Ministry, he agreed to go into Mr. George's War Cabinet, there was a feeling that his hold over Labor was passing. There was no impropriety in the action, of course. He was wholly in favor of the prosecution of the war, and represented the feeling of the working classes as truly as anyone in public life. The government had to be carried on, and Mr. George's anxiety to secure the support of Labor enabled Mr. Henderson to insist on a much larger share in the administra-

tion for his party, and on an undertaking that the party should have an important rôle in the peace negotiations. But, in spite of all this, it is undeniable that he suffered in prestige from his association with a government generated from squalid intrigues against his old chief. The fact, no doubt, did injustice to his motives, to the sense of the superior demands of the national interest in competition with private sentiment; but the fact remained.

It was the Russian incident which revealed the mind and measure of the man. From the beginning, the Russian Revolution had been nervously and unfortunately handled. Lord Milner, who had been sent by the War Cabinet to Russia on the eve of the Revolution, did not understand the momentous development that was imminent, and created a bad impression in Liberal circles by his attitude to the government. It may be that in the circumstances that existed no other attitude was possible; but in the circumstances that existed Lord Milner was the last person who should have been sent; and, following his commendation of the autocracy at the moment when, an object of universal shame and execration, it was falling to the dust, the principal Liberal journal in Moscow expressed this view quite bluntly.

When the Revolution came, it found the Allies wholly unprepared to meet it with a considered and courageous policy. They were perplexed by its meaning and numbed by its vague possibilities. In Liberal circles there was a feeling that a great shadow had been lifted from the world, and gratitude that the cause of the Allies was no longer compromised by association with the most corrupt and detestable despotism in Europe. But when the first emotion of astonishment and satisfaction had passed, powerful counter-currents became visible. The *Morning*

*Post*, the organ of the high Tories,<sup>1</sup> adopted an attitude of definite hostility to the Revolution, and it was not long before it was publishing from its Petrograd correspondent messages declaring that the prayer of Russia was for an Ivan the Terrible. The Northcliffe press adopted a hardly less disastrous tone, and unhappily it was the utterances of this press which, in the critical early days, were chiefly sent back to Russia as representing the opinion of democratic England.

Almost alone among the English correspondents in Russia, Mr. Arthur Ransome, of the *Daily News*, supported the Revolution with unequivocal enthusiasm, and the representatives of the Russian papers in England did their best to counter the fatal impression of English opinion prevailing in Russia by emphasizing the attitude of the *Daily News*, *Manchester Guardian*, and *Westminster Gazette*. But the mischief was done, and the feeling that free England was out of sympathy with free Russia grew and did its fatal work.

Unhappily the policy of the government did nothing to remove this impression. Mr. Bonar Law's speech in the House of Commons on the Revolution was sympathetic enough in its general purport, but it contained a panegyric of the Tsardom, and it was this panegyric of the fallen despotism and not his sympathy with the Revolution that struck the mind of Russia as representing the official view. With the failure of the Prince Lvoff régime to control the current of the Revolution, and the passing of power to Kerensky and the Soviets, the divorce between England and Russia became more marked, and the reactionary forces in the English press openly supported the conspiracies in favor of a

counter-revolution and a military dictatorship. They hoped, by destroying Kerensky, to make the Right masters of the situation, just as in Ireland they hoped, by destroying the Nationalists, to make the Unionists masters of the situation. And just as, in Ireland, the result of their policy was to substitute Sinn Féin for Nationalism, so the result of their manoeuvres in regard to Russia was to help to substitute Lenine for Kerensky.

The key to the tragic failure was lack of faith in the Revolution and lack of understanding of the military condition of Russia. It was not realized that, as an instrument of war, the autocracy had left Russia bankrupt, and that the passionate appeals for a statement of war-aims, an Allied conference, and a movement toward a general peace issued, not from indifference to the Allied cause, but from the hard facts of the Russian position. It was necessary to Kerensky, if he was to keep the Bolsheviks at bay, to convince the Russian democracy that the war was not being prolonged owing to imperialist ambitions on the part of the Allies. That suspicion was propagated by the German agents, encouraged by the extremists, and apparently justified by the secret agreements. If it was to be dissipated, the secret agreements must be repudiated, the war-aims be put on a moral plane, and the democratic purpose of the Allies be demonstrated in some tangible way.

No more immediate means was at hand than the dispatch to Russia of British Labor representatives, whose opinions were known and whose presence would be a proof of the good faith of the Allies and an assurance that the British government was in sympathy with the Revolution. Two such delegates were sent, in the persons of Mr. O'Grady and Mr. Will Thorne — excellent men, undeniable workingmen,

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to compare Colonel Repington's view of this same journal. See page 240 of this issue. — THE EDITOR.



but quite unhelpful for the purpose Kerensky had in view. As propagandists to Russia, they were comparable to the later selection of Sir F. E. Smith, Lord Northcliffe, and Mr. Appleton as the authentic voice of England in America. They did nothing, and could do nothing, to check the suspicion that prevailed in Russia in regard to the motives and outlook of the British people.

### III

On the obvious failure of this mission, the government decided to send Mr. Henderson, as a member of the War Cabinet, to Petrograd, with large powers of initiative. Mr. Henderson had been opposed to the idea of the Stockholm Conference, and his record in the government had not suggested that he was the man to take a bold and independent line in such a novel and perplexing situation as that into which he was suddenly plunged. The result was a surprise to his friends and his critics alike. It led to his fall from the government, but it established him as a first-class personal force in English affairs. He went straight to the heart of the Russian situation, with the directness of a fearless mind in contact with obstinate facts. He saw that the situation was desperate and needed desperate remedies. If the current of the Revolution was to be kept within reasonable bounds, the Kerensky régime must have unequivocal backing against the Bolshevik attacks, and an assurance that the Allies were no longer bound by the secret arrangements made with the Tsardom. Russia had surrendered the imperialist claim to Constantinople, and looked for equivalent action by Russia's allies. Mr. Henderson determined to bring his government into line with the policy which was dictated by the necessities of the Russian situation. He saw that it

was hopeless to expect Russia to fight for objects which it had passionately renounced, and which were never consistent with the ostensible policy of the Allies. He indorsed the programme of 'no annexations and no [punitive] indemnities,' and urged with all his force the acceptance of the Stockholm Conference, in which he saw the most convincing instrument for restoring Russian confidence in the democratic purpose of the Allies.

With admirable courage, too, he demanded that a second Labor mission, to include Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, should be dispatched to Russia. He knew that such a mission would be an invaluable demonstration of England's democratic sympathies, and that Mr. Macdonald's attitude to the war in the past would not prejudice his judgment in regard to the new non-imperialist basis which now seemed about to be established. His urgency in regard to Mr. Macdonald, supported by the British Ambassador in Petrograd, apparently prevailed with the government, but was defeated by the action of the Seamen's Union, which, under the inspiration of Mr. Havelock Wilson, refused to navigate any ship that carried Mr. Macdonald, and put the same embargo on the Stockholm proposal.

This unprecedented challenge by the syndicalist idea to the authority of government was permitted to prevail. For the first time in history, a trade-union had imposed its veto on governmental action in a matter of high policy. It is probable that the Cabinet were not unwilling that their decision should be overruled, for, as we now know, this was the period when the Emperor Karl's peace proposal was under consideration, and the French opposition to Stockholm is explained by the position taken by the French government in regard to the Austrian offer. The same fact sheds light on the whole at-

titude toward Kerensky. It shows why the secret treaties were not repudiated, and why the appeal for an Allied conference on war-aims was ignored.

But Mr. Henderson, far away in Petrograd, knew nothing of all this. He saw that his mission was ending in failure, that his proposals foundered on hidden rocks of which he knew nothing, and that his colleagues at home were apparently powerless to prevent their intentions being torpedoed by Mr. Havelock Wilson. Satisfied that he could do no more service in Russia, he returned to England to see if he could get the engine to work at that end. He found the atmosphere changed and obscure, and all sympathy with the Stockholm idea gone. But, convinced that the drift in Russia could be stayed only by some decisive demonstration, he set himself to revive the movement, and, as a preliminary, went on his own initiative to Paris, to secure agreement between the British Labor Party and the French Socialists on the subject.

This proceeding, and his subsequent speech on the matter to the Labor Conference in London, led to an open rupture between him and Mr. Lloyd George, who charged him with withholding from the Conference a message from Kerensky on the Stockholm idea, and with his characteristic swiftness for getting the first public hearing in a controversy, issued a letter to the press, attacking his colleague for failure to fulfil his obligation in this respect.

Mr. Henderson, of course, resigned his seat in the War Cabinet, and at the next sitting of the House made a formidable attack on Mr. George, whom he charged with manipulating the press against him and with gross discourtesy toward him since his return from Russia, alleging that he had kept him on the door-mat in his secretary's office while the War Cabinet, of which he was still a member, was considering what course

should be taken in respect to matters on which he had been the plenipotentiary of the War Cabinet.

Into the merits of the controversy, and the causes of the significant change which had unquestionably taken place in regard to Russia between Mr. Henderson's departure for Petrograd and his return to London, it is not necessary to enter here; but the essential fact in regard to Mr. Henderson is that, in the estimate of the Labor world, his fall was his fortune. He had always been respected, but for the first time he appealed to the imagination of the industrial world with a new and indisputable authority. On a matter touching the deepest issues of democracy, he had shown that he could act with fearless, self-sacrificing courage, and that, having come to certain conclusions, he was made of the stuff that would not yield, no matter what the cost.

Mr. Henderson was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity which this confidence and approval had provided. The Labor movement had fallen into a confused and distracted condition. In Parliament it had never recovered from the shock of the war, and the Parliamentary Party had ceased to act with anything like corporate unity. Mr. Henderson saw that it was impossible to rebuild the movement within the House. If Labor was to be rehabilitated as a political force, it must receive a new form and a new spirit in the country. He decided to apply himself to this task. It was not an easy one, for the fissiparous tendencies visible in Parliament were reflected and aggravated in the country. The overwhelming body of the industrial classes was of course favorable to the war; but there was a formidable measure of hostility, chiefly among the engineers, and particularly among the engineers on the Clyde. The discontent was in some degree due to real

trade grievances, and in some degree to the mistaken methods adopted toward them by Mr. Lloyd George, who, essentially an agrarian agitator, has never understood or had any affection for trade-unionism. But it was due in a large degree also to the ferment of the spirit of syndicalism, which had begun to work in advanced Labor circles before the war. The disposition to look to the trade as a self-contained unit of political power, and to distrust the activities and good faith of Parliament, passed easily into suspicions of the origins of the war, and a conviction that it was the outcome of capitalist rivalries, secret diplomacy, and all the paraphernalia of a corrupt and outworn society.

With this attitude of mind Mr. Henderson had no sympathy. He had supported the war from the outset, and was one of the first British ministers to lose a son on the battlefield. But though he was remote from the temper and thought of the Clyde, he was no less separated from the mere jingo sentiment of the other extreme; and his mixture of firmness of purpose and moderation of view, together with the prestige of the Russian incident, gave him precisely the authority which was necessary to bring the scattered forces of Labor together.

There was another fact which added to the significance. No Labor minister before had filled anything like the same place in the machine of government that he had done. John Burns had been in the Cabinet before him, but that was in normal times and offered no parallel to the experience of Mr. Henderson. He had been in two cabinets in circumstances of unprecedented strain and danger; he had shared the burden of government when the ship of state was plunging through uncharted seas; he had taken his place in the inner Cabinet, which controlled the gravest issues of the war; and his separation from the

government, so far from discrediting him, had enhanced his reputation more than any other incident in his career. Putting aside his duties in Parliament, he decided to apply the influence and freedom of which he found himself possessed to the reorganization of the Labor Party in the country.

#### IV

Broadly speaking, there are three great embodiments of industrial activity — the Labor Party, the Trade-Union Congress, and the Coöperative Movement. The functions of these organizations are entirely distinct, and their control unrelated. The Labor Party is exclusively concerned with the political and Parliamentary field, the Trade-Union Congress with the organization and interests of the worker in relation to his industry, the Coöperative Movement with the collective ownership and control of trade.

The Labor Party was the youngest of the three institutions. It had received its intellectual impetus from the Independent Labor Party and the Fabian Society, and was largely dominated by the advanced Socialistic doctrine of those energetic propagandists. Its strength as a political force, in regard both to voting power and to money, however, was due to the backing it had received from the trade-unions, most of which had, in the course of years, become affiliated with the political organization. There was for a time a good deal of opposition from the old school of trade-unionists to association with an exclusively political body; and the miners, who were the first industrial group to send trade-union representatives to Parliament, were the last to recognize the Labor Party as a distinct entity. But though in the end that party had come to represent politically the whole body of the in-

dustrial world, there was no real consolidation of the movement, and the war had found out all its weaknesses and had for practical parliamentary purposes completely scrapped it.

The key to the reorganization of the party in the country, as Mr. Henderson saw, was to define more precisely the functions of the Labor Party and the Trade-Union Congress, to strengthen their relationship, and at the same time to open the doors of the Labor Party to individual and unorganized workers, and especially to brain-workers. It is in carrying through this difficult and very complicated scheme that he has shown a high quality of statesmanship and a real gift for affairs. The conception of labor merely as an expression of the unions of organized manual workers gravely limited its intellectual resources and its political outlook. It meant that, apart from the I. L. P. element, there was little reflection in the movement of new ideas, like guild socialism, which were in some measure complementary to, and in some measures subversive of, traditional Socialist theory.

In making the Labor Party accessible to what, for lack of a better word, we may call the intellectuals, Mr. Henderson has given an extraordinary impetus to the movement. He has provided a political shelter for men of advanced views, who found themselves outside all the existing political systems at a time when a definite sphere of co-operative activity was urgently needed. Clergymen, journalists, social workers of all sorts, professional men, and business men who had found themselves aloof from the old political organizations, have flocked to the new standard.

The palsy that has befallen the Liberal Party as the result of the party truce during the war has added to the volume. For four years Liberalism has been paralyzed, and all the ideas for

which it has stood in the past have been trodden under the iron heel of the war. Without an appeal to the electorate, a Liberal government returned in 1910 has been replaced, first by a Coalition government, and next by a government in which the Liberal element is only a shadow, the labor element little more, and all the power is in the hands of men of the Milner, Curzon, and Balfour school, with the incalculable empiricism of Mr. Lloyd George at the helm. The Old Guard of the Liberal Party, led by Mr. Asquith, muzzled by the war, chafes under the sense of restraint and futility, and in the country the inaction is breeding an impatience which is emphasizing the drift to the newly opened door of the Labor Party. A new alignment of forces is taking shape, with the interests on the one side, in possession of the machine of government and drawing to themselves all the predatory elements of society, and with the reconstructed Labor Party on the other, with a wider platform and a more comprehensive appeal, absorbing, not only the legions of the organized industrial army but all the scattered forces of democracy. Between the two the Liberal Party, condemned to a sterile inaction, is in danger of being gravely squeezed.

If Mr. Lloyd George's political strategy has been the principal cause of this new grouping, Mr. Henderson has been the engineer of the counter-offensive. The effects of his astute and far-sighted policy are becoming apparent in a multitude of ways. He has consolidated the movement and energized it, made it both more instructed and more intense, strengthened its brain at the centre and decentralized its activities in the country. He has brought the intellectuals of the Labor movement — such men as Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and Mr.

G. D. H. Cole, under his spacious umbrella, and with some measure of common policy. Using these resources with skillful generalship, he has succeeded in giving the Labor Party an authoritative policy, in regard both to war-aims and to post-war reconstruction. He has formulated a great electoral campaign in the country on a basis which, while securing the dominant authority of the trade-unions in the selection of candidates, provides for a large infusion of detached social reformers, who will bring into the movement the breath of ideas and equip it with exact knowledge in all the spheres of government.

The third element in Mr. Henderson's calculation is one on which his influence can be exercised only indirectly and with great delicacy. The Coöperative Movement has hitherto been entirely outside the world of political activity. It is a movement of vast proportions and the most widespread extension. It has a turn-over of hundreds of millions of money, and conducts business on an imperial scale; but it has stood aloof from the field of public controversy. The experiences of the war, however, with the sweeping changes they have involved in the relationship of the state to trade, have stimulated tendencies which were latent before the war. They have enlarged the vision of the movement, and have endowed it with a new conception of its functions in the state. Its immediate interests, apart from any other consideration, have compelled its legislators to enter the political field. The control of the food-supply, for example, led the Coöperative Society, as the greatest producer and distributor of food, to find a new and very practical concern in the ownership and control of the source of food and of the means of distribution.

In his conception of the new political

mobilization of the democratic forces, Mr. Henderson has not omitted this important development, but he has wisely refrained from any attempt at a formal alliance between the Coöperative Movement and Labor. If the former, as seems likely, decides that it must formally enter the political field, it must be left to enter it in its own way. It is not likely that it would succeed on independent lines, for the feeling of the electorate is against sectional representation; but if it decides that its interests are broadly represented by Labor, and that it can best serve those interests by acting with Labor, the initiative must come from itself. In the meantime, Mr. Henderson has stimulated a friendly coöperation with the movement on specific issues in regard to which immediate action has been necessary, and the interests of Labor and Coöperation have been clearly the same.

It would be useless to indulge in predictions in regard to Mr. Henderson's achievement. The result will depend on too many incalculable factors. But there are certain obvious and predicable considerations. The first is that Mr. Lloyd George's combination starts with the enormous advantage of the possession of office and of an appeal to interests which, formidable at any time, will be peculiarly formidable in the social disruption brought about by the war. It will be manipulated by the most agile political mind that has ever played a part in British politics—a mind of astonishing fertility of device, of unrivaled ingenuity in playing off this interest against that, of entire freedom from fixed principles, swift, impulsive, plastic, daring, subtle, and unscrupulous, with incomparable powers of appeal and of adaptation to the mood of the moment. He has laid his plans far ahead, is sure of the Tory following, has detached a considerable



Liberal element from Mr. Asquith, can rely on the more jingo section of the Labor Party, has a wonderfully drilled press, and the support of the moneyed interest. The defeat of the alternative vote removes a great obstacle from his path. It leaves the Liberal Party and the Labor Party with little hope of compromise, and with the immediate prospect of entering the same field and destroying each other, thus leaving the prize to the candidate of Mr. George's selection.

In normal circumstances, the electoral prophet would have no doubt as to the triumph of such a combination of forces. But the present circumstances are not normal. The course of the war may in a moment upset all the calculations of political strategy, and a change of government prior to the election would create an entirely new situation.

Moreover, there is the supremely incalculable factor of the soldier. No election is conceivable which does not register his vote; and in the trenches he has been passing through a school which is likely profoundly to affect his political judgment. So far as the evidence goes, there is reason to look for a landslide on the side of Labor. In a hospital ward the other day, a friend of mine discussed politics with twelve soldiers, five of whom in pre-war days had been Conservatives, five Liberals, and two Socialists. All twelve said that they would cast their votes for Labor. This may be exceptional, but it represents the present drift of thought, which seems disposed to cut the painter with the past, and to wish to find ex-

pression in some new embodiment of democratic action.

But whatever the result of the electoral conflict, it is safe to say that Mr. Henderson has given a new orientation to politics in England. It was perhaps an inevitable development of events, but it was he who saw how that development might be shaped, and with large statesmanship brought about an accommodation of diverse and conflicting forces, and provided the channel for them to flow in. He has yet to show whether he has the gift of using the machine he has done so much to fashion; whether, in the manipulation of a Parliamentary situation, he has the swiftness and elasticity that can adjust the mind to rapidly changing conditions. He has directness and force, a strong grip of essentials, and considerable capacity of bringing hostile minds into association. There are few men in the Labor world who can control a tumultuous assembly with a firmer hand, or bring it through the rapids of debate with a cooler head and a more dominating judgment than he. He has none of the bewildering agility of Mr. Lloyd George, but he has the plainer virtues in abundance, knows how to state a policy and stick to it, has the confidence of men if he has not the admiration of men, and is wise enough to regard himself as the instrument of a movement and not its autocrat, as the focus of ideas rather than their inspiration. It remains to be seen whether or not these robust and wholesome qualities are the efficient elements of leadership in the new political world that is coming to birth.

## AUTHORS WHO 'GO OUT'

BY CHAUNCEY B. TINKER

I WAS startled the other day by a remark which I overheard in a conversation about books. 'Oh,' said a voice filled with the earnest convictions of one quite up to date, 'Stevenson, you know, has gone out.' Happily the dictum did not cause me to lose my temper, because I had come to realize that in recent years a little of my own enthusiasm for the brave invalid of the Samoan Isles had ebbed away; but it did set me to pondering on those days when a somewhat indiscriminating ardor — what was called in the last century a 'craze' — for Stevenson was the indispensable mark of any aspirant to modernity of taste. Perhaps you can recall the first eager passion for the *Vailima Letters*, or the yearning, destined to remain unsatisfied, to read the author's *Autobiography*, offered to the world of collectors by Mr. Quaritch for a prince's ransom, and said to be unpublishable for some twenty-five years to come. That yearning was as the desire of the moth for the star. And now Stevenson has gone out! Well, even at forty, one must learn to make the best of his years, and exchange enthusiasm for wisdom.

What does it all mean, this rise and fall of reputations? Stevenson has gone, and Kipling, I suppose, has gone. Does any one now read Kipling? And Swinburne has gone, since his biographers refuse to keep his fame alive by revealing the piquant scandals of his life. And William Morris, with all his upholstery, has gone — to some shadowy Pre-Raphaelitic Elysium, let us

hope. Indeed, we may well ask, are any of the Pre-Raphaelites left?

There is, for the perverse, a certain consolation in all this. *De mortuis recentibus nil nisi malum* is now the law in literary fashions. Apply it, and shock the conservative. It is really great fun. It is the way to set the modern styles. For example, I have always had a love of Browning — sane, I hope, and tempered, I am sure; but it is with malign pleasure that I say to some enthusiast of the old school, 'Oh, Browning, you know, has gone out. You might as well admire Whistler or G. B. S.' It is only when the tables are turned, and someone attacks my own love of Browning, — still sane and tempered, remember, — that I am annoyed; and if the critic happens to be Professor Cunliffe, who thinks that Meredith has left Browning as far in the rear as Browning left Tennyson, then I retort, with joyous rancor, that there is, indeed, no danger of Meredith (as a poet) going out, because he has never, in any sense, *come in*.

You may, if you wish, grow more audacious, and apply this principle of denunciation to authors nearer our own day. If I assert, with civil superiority, that Mr. Edgar Lee Masters has gone out, who shall say me nay? Some one who read the *Anthology* three years ago? I respectfully point out to him that this is not the year 1915. In the hope of annoying some admirer of Mr. Masters, whose eye may chance to fall upon these words, I think I will say that I hope, and believe, that he

has gone out, gone out like a farthing candle, leaving only a blue and malodorous fume.

It is perhaps more profitable, though certainly less amusing, to turn to the opposite aspect of this tendency of our times. These great men, who pass so rapidly into eclipse, do not always abide permanently in the shadows. There is something instructive in the very metaphor which we employ to describe the phenomenon, commonplace as it is. Eclipses, I believe, are seldom permanent. There is, I think, no more astonishing chapter in the literary history of the past twenty years than the resurrection from the dead of Anthony Trollope. So complete has been his resuscitation that it has become a platitude to announce that he is one of the great Victorian novelists. Several writers, with an ardor caught, surely, from some votary of modernism, have called him the greatest of the Victorians. I know men who have actually learned to love the personality of Anthony Trollope. I know men who have read all of Trollope, and who express the wish that there were more to read. Trollope is again one of the spring styles.

Those of us who felt so very sure twenty-five years ago of the permanence of the *Master of Ballantrae* and *Travels with a Donkey* and the *Ebb-Tide*, and felt that the last word in English lyric was, —

Under the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave, and let me lie,—

we, I say, so sure of our new enthusiasms, had our own contempts. Our scorn in 1896, I remember, was meted out to Dickens. He had gone out. 'Poor old Dickens!' we said; 'he did very well for the crude taste of an era that has passed,' — it was not, I think, till the turn of the century that 'Victorian,' as an adjective of denunciation came into style, — 'an era that pre-

ferred caricature to character, and laughed itself into hysteria over puns and horse-play.' But now the denunciation of Dickens has itself gone out, and if you wish to be in vogue to-day, you must denounce, instead, George Eliot. 'Poor old Marian Evans!' you must say. 'Who now reads *Romola*, with its antiquarian study of Florence and its eternal moralizing? Who cares anything about the dogmas of Positivism?' — For we may be pardoned for forgetting that Positivism had no dogmas. — 'What was Positivism, anyhow?'

Yes, you can still get a hearing by scoffing at certain of the Victorians. I doubt whether there is anyone left to be annoyed by the denunciation of Ruskin; anyhow, you will be perilously commonplace if you attempt it, and that is not the way to be modern. It is doubtless a bit early to head a successful movement 'Back to Ruskin,' although with a judicious use of war-philosophy, which, unhappily, has not gone out, you might perhaps succeed in starting one.

The longer you dwell on this mad dance of death, this alternate rise and fall and resurrection of reputations, the more uncomfortable do you become. What, pray, is to be the state of affairs thirty years hence? Is the German doctrine of the eternal recurrence to be illustrated within the limits of our own lives? At sixty, must I rediscover Mr. Shaw, and hang, not without a certain pensive reminiscence, over the pages of *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*? And at seventy, must we go back to Ibsen? Shall we, I wonder, find the cemeteries of Mr. Masters sweet-scented, if we return to them in 1950? Must critics of the *fin de siècle* write once more of Mr. Galsworthy, pleading with an indifferent public that, 'though he does seem a trifle old-fashioned, there is something in his

prim old pages that deserves to survive the withering oblivion of the years'?

Must we, in other words, be forever tossing on the changing waves of literary fashion, deluding ourselves with the thought that this is genuine critical 'movement'? Is there no solid ground on which we may place our feet? Can we be sure of nobody?

I remember that, when I was in college, a certain professor of French Literature, who had the critical sagacity that marks his race, said with rueful humor, in concluding a lecture on Sainte-Beuve, 'Mais maintenant on critique les critiques.' It is even so. Criticism has gone out. The democratic movement has disposed of it. Are we not all critics? Private judgment and free thought have done their perfect work, so that now no literary critic speaks with a voice of authority. No critic, or reviewer, speaking with such a voice, could for a moment get a hearing — not because what he stands for is consciously repudiated, but because nobody cares what he thinks, anyway. Criticism is an expression of what one likes, uttered with a due deference to public opinion.

It is not simple to discover the causes of this rather novel state of affairs. It may be due in part to the instinctive dislike of critics which has marked most English poets and novelists. From the dawn of literary criticism in England down to the close of the nineteenth century, scorn has been meted out to the critic. You find it in Fielding's masterly irony; you have it in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*; you have it (quite deliciously) in Tennyson's lines to Christopher North, and in Browning's inability to forgive his critics for not loving him at sight; you have it in the general attitude to Matthew Arnold, who, by the way, has gone out. A critic has no friend.

All this contempt may, in truth, be

due to the error and ineptitude of the critics themselves; and these faults it is well not to overlook. I can imagine some one asking in bewilderment, 'Well, what would you have us do? Accept as gospel any utterance of a man who chooses to set himself up as judge? Who can accept the *dicta* even of an Arnold? Do you consider Shelley to be a beautiful and ineffectual angel? Do you pine, with Pater, to burn with a hard and gemlike flame? Are we to trust a Macaulay when he transforms Samuel Johnson into a gargoyle? Are we to believe, with Coleridge, that Othello was not a jealous man? Surely the critics have something to answer for.'

I reply that they have, indeed. But may it not be well to remember that there is no branch of literary work free from such vital errors? There is, after all, nothing to be gained by remembering only Wordsworth's dullness, or Shakespeare's puns, or Milton's humor, or Shelley's hysteria. When we are inclined to cavil at English critics, it may be well to remind ourselves of Pater's delicate instincts, of Arnold's lofty attempt to see things in their permanent and universal relations; to recall with respect Johnson's common sense and Coleridge's subtle penetration. It may, moreover, be well to remember the one mark which distinguishes all the critics who have just been named, that simple yet effective bond which at once unites them and distinguishes them from the tired reviewer and the hasty proletariat. They were all learned men. Their knowledge was not limited to one era or to one language; they all respected the past, and they all looked beyond English literature to Continental and classical models. They brought to their critical task a respect for standards which is perhaps most clearly seen in their conviction that such things as standards

exist and are worthy of a continuous respect and study.

Now I do not of course care to be understood as implying that learning will make a critic. It has a positively destructive value unless it is mingled with originality of view, common sense, and catholicity of taste. I merely wish to inquire whether one has driven himself beyond the bounds of patience if he is inclined to demand that a critic should bring to his task a respect for the experiences and achievements of the past, and some consideration for the critical views of other nations than his own. A respect for such things might at least serve to rid us of a certain provinciality of taste, and might, perhaps, even help to deliver us from this bondage to literary styles in which we are at present somewhat ignominiously caught.

While learning has been ebbing like water from a broken cistern, literature has inevitably come to be regarded as conducted and criticized according to a sort of elective system. A reader is engaged in a search for what satisfies his personal tastes; the whole literary process is conceived as ending in this. The important question is whether the reader is pleased. Any notion of attempting to enter into the noble thoughts of a noble man by submitting one's self wholly to his influence has been forgotten. Even to call attention to the fact is now to court instant disapproval. It is regarded as unworthy

of a freeman in the great democracy of letters — and the result is what we have been discussing, the fact that a modern reader does not know what he likes for three consecutive years.

It is hard to be obliged to add one more to the responsibilities which are being daily heaped upon the great war; but, at the risk of ending in a wholly conventional way, I must risk the remark that there is just a chance that our experience with militarism, particularly now that the need of a centralized authority in warfare has been generally recognized, may lead us back to a conception of the function of authority in the intellectual and spiritual spheres.

I do not know. It may be too much to hope that a people educated for generations in the theory of democracy will ever recover from an unregenerate love of having its own way. Authority is still an unpopular word with that great class of people who hasten, with honest pride, to assure the world that, though they may not know much about the subject, they know what they like. It is, after all, a comfortable view of things. But one must pay for comfort in these days. If we idealize it, we must be content with our servitude and wear our literary opinions as we wear our hats and our cravats, with a realization that they are things of the moment, which must presently give way to the creations of a new and probably more startling mode.



# THE DIRECTION OF THE WAR

BY CHARLES A'COURT REPINGTON

[ Readers will recall that Lieutenant-Colonel Repington is the most distinguished British representative of the so-called 'Western' school of war experts. In this paper he gives an outline of his very interesting theories, in reply to M. Chéradame, who represents the 'Eastern' point of view, and with special reference to M. Chéradame's article in the April *Atlantic*.—THE EDITOR. ]

AMERICA was not involved in the first acts of this terrible world-war, and necessarily had no responsibility whatsoever for the conduct of the campaign on the Allied side until she took a hand in the fighting.

The good management of the higher direction of the war became a matter of supreme importance to all Americans only when their sons and brothers went out to fight in the just cause of the Allies; and therefore it is that a correct understanding of the reasons for the past successes and failures of America's new comrades-in-arms has for the past year and more become of the deepest interest to all citizens of the United States. We look to them to help and to advise in the direction which may be given hereafter to the grand lines of this greatest of all campaigns, for it is on the sane and far-seeing direction that all else depends. It is on this subject of the higher direction of the war that I propose to do a little thinking aloud, asking no reader to agree with me, unless he be convinced.

## I. THE ORIGIN OF THE WAR

Opinions concerning the origin of the war and the responsibility attaching to various personages in various states for the outbreak of hostilities vary a good deal. My view is that the general staffs of the Central powers deliberate-

ly determined on what they called a preventive war, in order to forestall the moment when Russia's impending military reorganization was likely, if not certain, to prevent the accomplishment of those ambitious projects on which nearly all Germans of the ruling caste had set their hearts.

This view will, I think, be shared by those few who followed closely the game of military beggar-my-neighbor which was played in the war offices of Continental Europe in the years just preceding the fateful August of 1914. Military bill followed military bill in rapid succession. Germany, by her last effort in this sense before the war, had beaten everything that France could do; whereupon Russia, arriving late on the scene, outdid Germany by military projects so vast in their scope, and so far-reaching in their effects, had they been given time to mature, that the German General Staff held that it could not allow this event to happen, and determined upon a preventive war at some date in the neighborhood of January, 1913, when the nature of the Russian reforms became fully known. A pretext was soon found in the Austrian Archduke's murder at Serajevo; and from that moment until all Europe was aflame the Germans steadily blocked all practicable avenues to peace.

A preventive war is the most immoral of acts and the most detestable

of political crimes. To drench the world in blood because something may happen which has not happened, is both criminal and foolish; and so it was always considered by Bismarck, who left on record his abhorrence of a preventive war. When a power is in a position, or feels that it may be in a position, of military inferiority in relation to rivals, it can set its diplomacy at work; and there are many chances that some turn of fortune's wheel will bring about a change in the general situation. The friendships and enmities of states are not permanent, but evanescent. In our time we have seen the most kaleidoscopic changes in international relations, and history is full of them. Do not the episodes of this war suggest that, if Germany had left well alone, she would have accomplished more by peaceful intercourse than she has gained in arms? Is it not probable that her bugbear, Russia, would have been soon transformed into a democratic state, from which no military aggression was to be feared? Has the preventive war been worth while? Who can affirm it? It is a question only whether it was most criminal or most foolish.

It is not necessary at this time of day to defend England against the absurd charge of having caused or desired the war. The official papers are open to all, to show how conscientiously our diplomacy strove and labored for peace; and the Lichnowsky revelations have since disclosed to all seekers after truth how sincere was our desire to avoid hostilities. It was not until Belgium and the sanctity of treaties were violated that we took the field, as we were bound by a solemn engagement to do. Just as we had not desired war, so had we not prepared for it. We had no army in the modern Continental sense, and it took us long, very long, to form one. This was a proof of peaceful policy, at least, if not of statesmanship.

I ask Americans to follow through the war this silver thread of the German intention to destroy Russia, because it explains much and will hereafter explain more. The destruction of the military power of Russia, and the permanent removal of the German nightmare of a war on two fronts, was in my opinion the primary and the considered aim of the German General Staff, which meant to accomplish its purpose over the body of France because France was allied with Russia and was sure to be concentrated first. The German attack on France was only in one degree less criminal than the violation of Belgium. The Germans had no quarrel with France, or France with Germany. The French had withdrawn ten kilometres from the frontier, to avoid all risk of collisions, and at this distance from the border-line the first Frenchman was killed. The assault upon France was planned to be carried out by the great mass of the German troops, leaving few to contain Russia; and the plan was, after France had been struck down, to turn upon Russia and, in coöperation with Austria, to destroy the Russian military power.

The Germans simply ignored international law and justice, because they thought themselves strong enough to do so. Italy was Germany's ally, although not for purposes of aggression. England, in a military sense, was regarded with contempt. Turkey was in Germany's pocket; while America was far away and, at first, unconcerned. There was nothing to prevent Germany from acting as she pleased.

## II. OUR INITIAL PLANS

Our British part of the Allied plan of campaign in this preliminary stage was to throw into France as rapidly as possible such military forces as we possessed, in order to meet the coming

storm and help France to the best of our ability. We had to prepare to defend Egypt if Turkey came in against us, and to protect the head of the Persian Gulf. We had to sweep the German flag from the sea, to blockade Germany as closely as respect for the interests of neutrals permitted, and to dispossess her of her colonies, which formed dangerously useful bases for her war against our maritime commerce. No differences among us occurred in working out these plans, which slowly matured and effected their purposes.

The French part of the German plan broke down on the Marne, as everybody knows; and a second attempt to carry matters to extremities in the West failed at Ypres, before the steady countenance of the Allied troops. The Russians were already in East Prussia, sacred soil to the Junkers; the Austrian army had proved a disappointment; and Germany was forced to relinquish her offensive strategy in the West until Russia had been tackled and beaten down. The campaign of 1915 nearly effected this object, and during that year the British new armies were not sufficiently matured, nor the French sufficiently recovered, to undertake anything very serious against the defensive troops and system which the Germans had established before they turned their faces to the East. But the back of the original German plan was broken at the Marne and at Ypres, and the problem of the war on two fronts had become even more difficult for Germany than she had anticipated.

### III. THE DARDANELLES EXPEDITION

It was in this year of 1915 that the Western Allies began that series of political blunders which have had such a large share in the prolongation of the war and in the escape from our grasp of the laurels of victory.

America by now realizes our position in 1914 and 1915, from her own experiences in 1917 and 1918. It took us long to raise the men, long to train them, longer still to find the officers, *cadres*, guns, rifles, clothing, and equipments. All the vast preparations which Germany had been making over a period of forty years, we had to arrange in a hurry in the midst of war. Our little Expeditionary Force of six divisions had gone out, and had fought valiantly to beat back the first wave of invasion and the most dangerous of all. But it had suffered terribly, and many of our regular officers and N.C.O.'s, who would have been invaluable to us in forming the new armies, lay buried in the blood-stained soil of France. It was not till May, 1915, that the first division of our new armies reached France, and we had meanwhile started on a fresh campaign which was the first of our four great commitments in the East.

When Turkey entered the war, we desired, very naturally, to wipe her off the account as speedily as possible. The best means was to strike at her capital and the seat of her power, which was indeed a military position of exceptional strength but was open to the attack of maritime powers like England and France, whose fleets were strong enough to keep Germany and Austria quiet and have something to spare. A blow at Constantinople was the right strategy, and the fall of the historic city would have exercised a magical influence upon events. Not the least of the advantages would have been the opening up of a line of communication with Southern Russia by the Black Sea. All that was needed was that the attempt should be made after such sound and careful preparation, and with such strength, that failure would be, humanly speaking, impossible, and that the launching of this attack should not imperil success in the

principal theatre, where we were engaged with what were still the main German forces.

These limiting conditions were not fulfilled. The story of the conception and preparation of our expedition to Gallipoli is to be found in the first report of our Dardanelles Commission, the text of which should be read by every American. I do not propose to narrate all the faults, which were rather in design and preparation than in execution, or to gibbet the individuals principally concerned. They belong to history now. A sad history, if a glorious one. All that matters as a lesson for us all is, that we sent inadequate forces and could not even maintain those which we sent, for the excellent and sufficient reason that we did not then possess the forces necessary to secure victory. Sooner or later, in this as in other military operations, the respective armies had to meet and fight. We were never in a position to meet the massed Turkish forces within short call of Constantinople in open battle, and to accomplish our design; while in the meantime we remained too weak in France to accomplish anything serious. We had begun the fatal course of dividing our forces, with the result that in neither West nor East did we promote the success of the common cause.

Americans who read the diatribes of people like M. Chéradame against those who advocated concentration on the West must bear in mind certain facts which the Eastern school of strategy studiously neglects to mention. The first division of our new armies landed in France, as I have said, in May, 1915, and a few divisions were seriously engaged in September of that year. But the new armies as a whole were not fit to fight on a large scale until July, 1916; and all the reproaches of the Easterners, that we failed to do this, that, or the other,

whether it be a march to the Danube or upon Vienna or Budapest, is seen in all its naked but unabashed folly when any reasonable being compares the plan with the forces available to execute it.

It was not only the men who were wanting for secondary operations in the spring and summer of 1915, but also the guns, munitions, and air-craft. We were still terribly short of guns in France in May, 1915, when we endeavored to attack in Artois in coöperation with the French. We were particularly short of high explosive shell, and some comments of mine, cabled from France, upon our failures and losses from this cause, led to the creation of our first Coalition Government and the establishment of a Ministry of Munitions. But it was not until a year later that a good flow of heavy guns and munitions began, as the result of these changes; and when the Easterners cover us with their maledictions for not recommending or approving eccentric expeditions during 1914, 1915, and 1916, the withers of us Westerners are unwrung; for we all know that never at that time did we possess the forces of all kinds necessary for the conduct of such expeditions, without risking the safety of our position in France.

#### IV. THE SALONIKI EXPEDITION

In spite of the failure at the Dardanelles, the Allied governments, at the instance of France, sent a fresh expedition to Saloniki in October, 1915, with the ostensible object of succoring Serbia. It was too late, when this expedition arrived, to save Serbia, as every strategist knew beforehand; and all the prognostications which we Westerners made before a man was landed at Saloniki were fulfilled to the letter. An Allied army, of perhaps half a million men in the aggregate at one time, has remained immured at Saloniki ever

since, wasted by fever, and contained by a few Bulgarian divisions strongly posted in the mountains. Our Saloniki expedition encouraged Roumania to come in, to her ruin, led to grave difficulties with Greece, accomplished nothing in a military sense, and deprived our Allied armies in France in 1915, 1916, 1917, and even to this day, of a reinforcement which, had it been present in France, might in any one of these years have turned victory to our side and have converted, in Napoleonic terms, a *bataille ordinaire* into a *bonne bataille*. The principle of concentration of effort at the decisive point had been neglected, and we paid the penalty.

#### V. OUR CAMPAIGNS OF 1916 AND 1917

Though the Allied plan of campaign for 1916 suffered grievously, owing to the Gallipoli failure and the absence from the decisive theatre of the Saloniki army, it was well and truly made. All the Allies were to attack together, or as nearly as might be, and Verdun held out gloriously for four months, until the other Allied armies were ready to intervene. The British, Russian, and Italian armies all fought well, and by the united efforts of all the Allies the Central powers were reduced, by the end of 1916, to such a serious condition that the Kaiser in December of that year offered to negotiate. We were then at the top of the market, and it was a good moment to sell out. Our reasons for not adopting this course belong to the political and diplomatic history of the time, with which I am not now dealing. The war went on.

The year 1917 was one of light and shade, but the sombre shades predominated. In March the Russian Revolution broke out, and there gradually ensued that crumbling of all authority and discipline which mortally wounded the Russian armies and ended by de-

stroying them. But in April America stepped into the ring, and it became a primary interest to the Allies to hold on with all their strength until the American armies were in a situation to bring effective aid. From our own experience we could not reckon on such aid on a grand scale before the autumn of 1918 at the earliest, and our proper course was, after the full and disastrous consequences of the Russian collapse were realized in June, 1917, and still more after the Italian defeats in October of the same year, to hold on grimly and to sacrifice all secondary considerations in order to maintain our ground in the principal theatre, where America proposed to unite her forces with ours.

The story of our 1917 campaign in France and Flanders is told in Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig's dispatch of December 23 last. When this campaign began, we still hoped for Russian support, which was promised at a given date. Russian leaders were as good as their word, but their armies, honey-combed by indiscipline, broke in their hands, and by June or July, 1917, it should have been obvious to everyone that the Russian collapse had altered the conditions of the contest to our serious disadvantage. Germany, less by the weight of her arms than thanks to the internal convulsions of Russia, had gained her object in the East.

The peace treaties with Bolshevik Russia, the Ukraine, and Roumania followed. But to confirm this success and exploit it, Germany needed the acceptance of the *fait accompli* by the Allies, and, as they were not prepared to tender it, a great German victory in the West became indispensable. We were liable to be attacked in 1918 by some 220 German divisions, and Italy to be assailed by the bulk of the Austrian forces. We were on the defensive in the West until America appeared in force, and it was obviously Germany's



game to crush us before she arrived.

In June, 1917, the duty of England, France, and Italy was, therefore, to place in the field in the West every man that they could raise and train to meet the threatening storm. France did all she could, but had suffered immense losses and could not do very much. Italy worked hard and reorganized her damaged armies. We failed to increase our armies in France, because of the belief which prevailed in certain exalted quarters in England that no decision could be reached in the West and that we were over-insured against the success of a German attack in France. Turning with natural aversion from the bitter and superficially unproductive fighting on the Western Front, our governors looked to the East and conceived the unfortunate project of prosecuting our campaign against the Turks, in the hope that we could win the war by a march upon Aleppo.

The successful campaign of Allenby in Palestine followed, in the winter of 1917-1918, while our expedition to Mesopotamia acted in concert with it, although separated from it by several hundred miles, mostly of desert. We won Jerusalem as we had won Bagdad, and our prestige in the East rose proportionately; but all this time we were sacrificing the substance for the shadow. By March, 1918, we had 1,300,000 men drawing rations in our three Eastern theatres of war, including white and Indian troops and labor units. The maintenance of such numbers, at the cost of the permanent diversion of some three tons gross of shipping a man, threw a tremendous strain on our tonnage; and as every ship passing along the Mediterranean was liable to submarine attack, we suffered heavy losses there. Most of our difficulties respecting food at home, and the transport of American troops to France,

arose from our political infatuation for these Eastern triumphs. About one quarter of our total maritime losses is said to have been incurred on the Mediterranean route.

I did not think, and do not think, that we ever possessed the surplus of troops to justify our Eastern adventures. Our business was to make sure of victory in the West first of all, and only to roam in other fields when victory in the West was made absolutely safe. This result we had not, in my opinion, secured. The view of our most experienced soldiers was that we should stand on the defensive in Egypt and Mesopotamia, and concentrate all available men in France, which was regarded by all competent strategists, including those of Germany, as the principal theatre, where the main masses would meet and where victory would be decided. We thought, and think still, that victory in the principal theatre would give us all that we wanted elsewhere and decide the terms of peace in our favor, and that no victories in the secondary theatres, no matter how mirific and soul-stirring, could decide anything. All our best soldiers were unanimous on this subject, but our political chiefs were not converted to our view, and policy ruled and dictated operations.

Bad policy makes bad war, and so it has ever been. So convinced was I that we were pursuing a highly dangerous course, that I left the *London Times*, with which I had been associated for fifteen years, because I could not obtain the indispensable editorial support for my views; and in January, 1918, I took service with the *Morning Post*, which was an independent organ, with Mr. H. A. Gwynne for editor, whose views accorded with mine. Here I straightway began to inform the public of the dangers which we were running by our dispersion of force in the East

and by our failure to increase, or even maintain, our strength in the West; and I pointed out plainly the coming menace of attack by the united forces of the enemy. Our War Cabinet would not listen to me; but two months later the Germans fell upon us in overwhelming strength, and the crudity of our strategy stood revealed to the world. The German claim that they had disposed of 600,000 of our men by April, and had captured 1500 of our guns, was an absurd exaggeration, which Americans can safely divide by two; but our losses were heavier than we had ever experienced within the same limits of time, and the theory of our over-insurance in the West had been proved to be a complete fallacy.

#### VI. OUR POLICY REVERSED

The campaign which I made in favor of the war organization and the strategy which our soldiers advocated brought upon me the bitterest personal attacks; but anyone who concerns himself with public affairs is open to such attacks, and must be content to accept them with equanimity. All that mattered was that our War Cabinet, convinced, not by my pen but by the weight of the enemy's sword, immediately took steps to change their policy, and not only passed a new Military Service Act extending the service age to fifty, and to fifty-five in certain cases, but included Ireland within the act, called up by administrative order scores of thousands of youths previously in civil occupations, and filled our dépôts with recruits. They also totally revised their bankrupt policy of Eastern adventure, so dear to the heart of M. Chéradame and the dangerously influential body of amateur strategists who worked with him.

Whether these wholesome and necessary changes of policy will or will not

have come in time will probably be known to America before these lines appear in print; and I shall say only that, since our War Cabinet changed their policy, they have done their level best to make amends for the past, and that no differences now divide us. We stand greatly beholden to America for allowing her troops, as a temporary measure, to fill up our depleted ranks in France. But whether success or failure may ensue, it remains true, terribly and disastrously true, that the change of policy came at least six months after the time when it should have been adopted; and the moral is that Americans should profit by our experience, look well ahead, and base their policy on sound strategic reasoning.

#### VII. EASTERN SCHOOL FALLACIES

All the schemes of our Easterners, so far as I have been privileged to study them, have been devoid of a military basis. They have been purely political in scope; and when policy neglects to take military conditions into account, history usually describes such policy as bad and is damning in its judgments.

Let Americans of intelligence study, for example, the proposed march to the Danube from Saloniki, and the march by Laibach on Vienna. In the first case, they will find few carriageable roads, one miserable railway of a mountain type and easily destroyed, a sea of mountains, few supplies, and every conceivable difficulty in the way of the march of a large army which, had it reached the Danube, would surely have found an Austro-German army of superior strength across its path.

The march by Laibach on Vienna would have had only two railways at its disposal in Northeastern Italy, and again, difficult country beyond, and inadequate railway facilities to support a large army, which would have been

met on the road to Vienna by superior forces of the Central powers. These latter had and have such good means of concentrating on the Danube or round Vienna, that we could not wisely have undertaken either adventure with less than a million men, and no administrative officer has yet been able to guarantee that such an army, in such country, could be either lodged, fed, or supplied on the lines of communication proposed.

All these schemes, which were inherently inept, fell to the ground in June, 1917, when the Russian armies refused any longer to fight. But the underlying idea of our Easterners, of surrounding the Central Empires, with their 115,000,000 inhabitants, was always preposterous. We can put hurdles round sheep, but to pen in wolves with hurdles is labor lost. The Easterners talked each other into folly after folly. They took our higher political councils of defense by storm. But military support for their dreamings there was none. The touch of the enemy's sword at St. Quentin caused the crazy façade of the Eastern school to collapse like a house of cards. It is now discredited, and as discredited people always rate others for their faults, I am not surprised that they should rate me, whose unpleasant but necessary duty it has been to expose their errors throughout the war.

#### VIII. THE CASE FOR THE WEST

The strategy which regarded the West as the principal front could not in my opinion be gainsaid. Germany was our chief enemy, and her fall would bring down her allies; while the converse was not true, and no disasters to Turkey would produce a decision. In the West the main armies of our chief enemy stand, and have always stood, even in 1915. If we won in the West, we won everywhere, and if we failed in

the West, we lost everywhere, so far as the Continental phase of the war was concerned.

Concentration in the West, indispensable by reason of the fact that the chief German forces were, and still are, massed there, was also convenient, since France was close to us. We could protect the Channel crossing, and in France we found everything necessary for the prosecution of the war in the most vigorous manner. We were in a friendly and a civilized country, with the roads, railways, billets, and all other facilities for carrying on war on a formidable scale. We had the grand French army beside us, and the Belgians too. We could reach out a hand to Italy if she needed our help, and she could help us, transfers of troops taking place by rail and overland. All our losses of men and material could rapidly be made good from home, and our sick and wounded could quickly be evacuated. So long as we remained capable of offensive strategy in the West, the Germans were held there, and final victory was beyond their grasp. Our true object was, or should have been, continually to pile up force until the main armies of our chief enemy were broken down. We were spared in the West the tremendous drain on our tonnage inevitable in campaigns in Eastern theatres, particularly when the U-boat became dangerous; and so long as we dominated in the West, we dominated the whole war, and none of the German conquests in Russia could fructify.

Subject to the changes which may take place before these lines appear in print, this general statement of the supremacy of the Western Front remains true for America to-day. The British Isles and the British and American navies stand between the incoming American transports and the enemy, who is able to harm only a fraction of

the American forces by the sporadic raids of submarines, which are countered by the Allied naval offensive and by the convoy system.

France is the theatre of war nearest to America. With France America has indissoluble links of sentiment, and in France she finds only friends. All our British ports and resources are open to America, and in France, more profitably than anywhere else, can the new American armies be best deployed. I am surprised only that, at this late period of the war, it should be necessary to proclaim the supremacy of the Western Front, for the proposition has been demonstrated by every act of the war, and in a wholly unanswerable manner.

#### IX. AMERICA AND WAR DIRECTION

So much for the past, and now for the future. I do not doubt that America will vote for the war in the West being fought to a finish, and will realize that Italy is part of the Western Front and inseparable from it. In what precise situation a continued German and Austrian offensive, still delayed as I write, will find us Western Allies a few months hence, is not a subject upon which I propose to speculate. The essential matter is that we and America propose to go on, no matter what happens; and when all the English-speaking world is united in a great and glorious purpose, I reckon it invincible. If we can hold our own for the next few months, especially if the Allied armies hold together and are not separated by a German break-through at Amiens or elsewhere, I make no doubt that the arrival of the American armies, and the reinforcements which we now have in training at our dépôts, will redress the lost balance of advantage.

But even were the worst to befall, and the Continental phase of the war to close temporarily to our disadvan-

tage, we should be no worse off against the German tyranny than we were in 1810 against the tyranny of Napoleon; and though the war would then change its aspect, we should still pursue our aims with implacable perseverance until they were achieved. It is in the manner of the English-speaking race never to make peace until after victory.

I wish to ask Americans, when they are here in great force, and necessarily are called upon to take a more prominent part in the strategic direction of the campaign, to examine every question that arises with open minds, and not to be misled by phrases and catchwords which are traps for the unwary. I beg them to ask why and how, in the case of every project put before them, and to accept nothing unless good and convincing reasons for it are furnished them. We think that we have a right to count upon the fresh minds, fresh ideas, and fresh vigor that a country like America can bring to the common stock; and the more prominent the place that American leaders take in our councils, the better shall we be pleased.

Such a phrase, for example, as that of 'the single army' is liable to be misconstrued. The single army can never exist. There will always be a French, American, Italian, and British army. Differences of language, customs, character, training, and armament will always exist between them. To have created a single army, we should have begun a quarter of a century ago. An international army is not a national army, and nothing will make it one. There is an Inter-Allied army, and that is all. Over this Inter-Allied army we have accepted, fully and unreservedly, the command of a great French general, and we are all determined to support him in a whole-hearted manner. The question of unity of command has been settled once and for all. But because this is so, we need not abandon

our sense of realities, or suppose that we can safely sink our individualities and become an amalgam. To descend lower than the divisional unit in breaking up our national forces would, in my opinion, be a serious danger, and I hope that we may never come to it. The national division at least must remain the tactical unit of execution, except for such temporary purpose as reinforcing the depleted ranks of an Ally; and we must see how things go on with armies formed of divisions of different nationalities, before we finally accept such form of armies as the best solution.

There are two great dangers which present themselves to our minds in France: one, that the hitherto excellent relations of staffs and troops of different nationalities may not survive defeats or misfortunes suffered when the various nationalities are mixed up on the battle-front; and secondly, that the administrative services may break down when national armies are scattered in divisions all over the Western Front. Both questions are independent of the question of the single command, which is now irrevocable.

I regard good relations between the several nations of the Allies to be the most priceless of all treasures. The loss of them I should regard as worse than the loss of a battle. I think that there is danger to good relations in the creation of armies, each of a dozen or more divisions, out of heterogeneous material; and if our national armies had all been held together, I should have preferred it. The new system only came into force in France early in April, after the initial German attack, which began on March 21, had been at least temporarily checked; and this new system has not yet, as I write, stood the test of serious battle. On the administrative side, England and America draw most of their supplies, stores, munitions, and equipments from their own

territories. With their armies held together, and with good and regular communications, the functioning of supply is a comparatively simple matter; but when divisions are scattered far and wide, and mixed up with other nationalities, the business of the rearward services becomes gravely complicated, and subject to excessive difficulties which I would gratefully have seen our national armies spared. With every display of tact, goodwill, and ability, and, above all, with success in the field, these dangers may be averted; but to those acquainted with the practical handling of large forces in the field, the administrative complications appear serious; and for the two reasons which I have given, I think that it remains to be proved whether the breaking up of national armies is an advantage, or the reverse. I do not like it, and cannot dishonestly abandon my professional convictions and pretend that I like it, just to drift easily along with the prevailing current.

#### X. THE RECOVERY OF RUSSIA

The second great matter with which American leaders will have to deal, is the whole vast question of the conduct of the war outside the Western theatre. American leaders must study this gigantic problem and help in the solution of it. I am not now thinking about the Eastern campaigns, to which I have referred in the earlier part of this article, but to much larger aspects of the world-war, and above all to Russia and the questions which revolve around Russia. Russia, as we all know, went out of the war because she collapsed internally. Two parts of Russia signed treaties of peace on compulsion of events. These treaties were not the expression of Russia's will, but were exacted from her weakness. Torn with internal dissensions, Russia accepted a



truce with the external enemy, in order to make peace in the interior; but no Russian has yet said that this truce in itself was good, or that the dismemberment of Russia was acceptable. It was in fact wholly bad and unacceptable, and most of the better elements in Russia reject it with contumely and only wait for the hour when they can denounce it. The brutal and overbearing conduct of the Germans in the Ukraine and elsewhere has completed the disillusion, and though many towns and territories have called the Germans in, so that order may prevail, it is not from love of Germany but because it was necessary on any terms to find space to breathe in a mad Russian world.

The Germans are exploiting Russia and treating her as a vulture treats a carcass. They have cut off from her vast territories which they have openly annexed, and their columns are already far in the interior, and even on the Don. Every day their appetites grow as resistance diminishes, and there is almost no ambition in the wide realms of Asia that they do not now entertain. With time, and given the continued passivity of the Allies, there are no limits which can be set to these plans. The Germans are at the foot of the Caucasus. Soon they will be across it, and they already are intriguing with the republics, kingdoms, and khanates of Central Asia. They form their Austro-German prisoners in Russia into bands, and send them forward armed, often under Russian officers, to seize centres of communication farther East. There are no obstacles in their path, and no moderating word from home restrains them. Germany has set out upon the conquest of Asia as a preliminary to the domination of the world, and allows her unslaked thirst for aggression no limitations at all.

Our object must be to recover touch with Russia and to help her in her de-

livery from her invaders. I do not think that the absorption of Russia is a practicable policy, because it is against all measure and all reason. Poland, an incidental victim of the happening, will resist the final destruction of her nationality to the death. The Bolsheviks hate the Germans and all that they stand for. Ukraina now knows what German protection means. The Cossacks are, above all things, jealous of their ancient customs and their land. Though Russia is chaotic for the moment, there is a common bond in the hatred which Germany inspires among all, and it needs but the appearance of Allied forces to change the aspect of affairs.

There was danger at one time that we Allies, disgusted by our apparent desertion by Russia and by the horrors of the Revolution, might accept a peace at Russia's expense. The lassitude caused by a long and wearing war increased the danger. From making that great political error we were saved by the clarion note of President Wilson's warning that he meant to stand by Russia as by France; and as he is the protagonist in this new phase of the contest, I venture to suggest that Americans should take the lead in advocating ways and means for carrying their President's policy into effect. I do not think that the President's policy is only sentimental and idealistic. I believe that it can be translated into military action and carried into effect; but to enter deeply into this subject would involve a discussion on strategy which would be highly inexpedient.

There are certain principles on which all action must be based. First, all action implies Russian consent, and, if practicable, Russian invitation. Secondly, it can be undertaken only with the surplus of troops remaining over, after security in the West is assured. Thirdly, we should use all avenues of

approach to Russia in order to galvanize into life as many Russians as possible, and present Germany with as many centres of resistance as possible. Lastly, we can use now, and at once, all the Allied forces of Japan, China, and India, and the forces of our present expeditions in the East, for the accomplishment of our ends, without derogating from the cardinal principle of concentration, because the bulk of these forces, by their nature and present geographical distribution, are utilizable in the Middle and Far East and are not now utilizable on our Western Front, except after intolerable delays.

I doubt whether the political and military regeneration of Russia can be accomplished during the war, except with external military help. But if that help can be given, the war of partisans now being carried on by Russians will assume a different character. It was the presence of Wellington's army in Spain that rendered both possible and efficacious the Spanish rising against Napoleon, because the dispositions of armies to wage a guerilla war, and those needed to meet organized armies are wholly different and irreconcilable. When columns are broken up to fight partisans they become an easy prey to hostile armies; and when they are collected to fight these armies, the partisans become masters of all the country around, cut off stragglers and supplies, and render the life of the invader intolerable.

To the subject of ways and means for carrying into effect President Wilson's declared policy American soldiers and sailors will no doubt give their most earnest attention, and I can only say that time presses, seasons are fleeting, and that all we Allies in Europe desire nothing better than to see Russia restored to her rightful position among the nations.

#### XI. THE GREAT THINGS

I hope that Americans, looking across the ocean that unites rather than divides us, will see only the great things and take no notice of the little ones. The British Empire, after nearly four years of war, remains absolutely united and determined to prosecute the struggle till victory is achieved. We, looking across the water at you, see the same great things, a people united and resolute in effort to accomplish a great and unselfish purpose. We care nothing for the criticism which must fall on all administrations during the progress of such a war as this. We knew that you had to pass through all the difficulties that beset us. We welcome your sons and brothers as our own, trusting that they will learn, in the great comradeship of arms, to like us more as they know us better, and that mighty consequences, pregnant with good for the world, will come out of this terrible evil which has fallen upon humanity.

We appreciate with the deepest feelings of respect the high moral standard which your President has set up, his firm guidance in great affairs, and the grandeur of his conceptions. Far removed from the heat and dust of the conflict, he sees clearly the magnitude of the issues at stake, and with penetrating and unfailing clearness of vision points out to us all the path of honor and of safety. These things, the leadership of your President and the energy and patriotism of your people, are exceedingly helpful to us, and enable us to regard the future with confidence, in the firm belief that America, having set her hand to this giant's task of overthrowing the most dangerous despotism that has ever threatened the world's peace, will never turn back or faint by the way until her mission is accomplished.

# THE DUTCH QUANDARY

BY MATTHUYS P. ROOSEBOOM

## I

### ECONOMIC CONDITIONS

UNDER an outward appearance of prosperity and plenty, conditions are steadily growing worse in Holland, and great anxiety is beginning to be felt about the future. But it is not actual conditions alone that make certain people suffer: there is also — among practically all the small neutrals, dependent as they now are on the good-will or ill-will of the mighty belligerents — a tendency in some circles to suffer in anticipation. There are even some good Hollanders, who imagine that they have been suffering all along; whereas, after two years of fair prosperity, or, at least, of plenty, it is only a year since things took a decided turn for the worse; but they are now fast approaching a crisis.

Distress began with a shortage of fuel, which assumed alarming proportions last autumn. Besides its peat, Holland produces only a small quantity of soft coal, and in peace-times was amply supplied by England, Germany, and Belgium. Houses with central heating are still an exception here, stoves being used in all the different rooms; and the majority of houses still have gaslight, while in the country oil-lamps are generally used. Owing to the sudden lack of fuel, trains were greatly reduced, and heated only partly or not at all; factories had to work on half-time or stop altogether; streets were practically not lighted, and households were rationed to a minimum of both fuel and light. People grew

ingenious accordingly: resorting to fireless cookers, thermos bottles, and similar devices, and having but one hot meal per day.

No country can possibly exist without coal; but for a country below the sea-level, where windmills to a large extent are replaced by steam-pumps, it is also a matter of 'pump or be swamped!' As has been the case all along the line, the government had to interfere, and try to meet the most urgent needs, which it succeeded fairly well in doing — but at terrific sacrifices when foreign arrangements were made. All Dutch, British, and German coal is now being sold at an average price. A certain minute minimum was allotted, much below cost, to all private householders, who later on could get a limited surplus at higher prices according to the number of chimneys for which they paid taxes. Railroad companies, steamship companies, factories, gas-plants, and the like, pay more.

Although in this way we managed to scramble through the past winter, it certainly has been a severe trial. The very poor people fared best, for the general minimum in some cases was more than they consumed in times of peace; the wealthy people could supply their needs to some extent by burning enormous quantities of expensive wood; but the average Holland household, forming the majority of the nation, throughout the winter was huddled together in a single poorly heated room, about a single lamp, in an otherwise dark and icy-cold house. Some of the

more simple households parted with their single servant, or even let her sit in their room of an evening.

Allotments of gas being much smaller than of electricity, owing to the difference in quality of the fuel used, a great many people had electricity put into their houses; but this is coming to a stop as the necessary material is fast running out. Using light above the allowed quantity not only is punished by a considerable extra charge, but the culprit is inexorably cut off from all light for a few days, thus preventing the rich from abusing their wealth. At first, candles were used, but these are now distributed only in the 'lightless' country-side at the rate of two per month. For some time the rural population was practically without light, owing to the complete lack of oil.

Before the war, firewood was used mostly as a fancy fuel in the comparatively few open grates of libraries, boudoirs, etc., in Dutch houses. The shortage of coal not only caused a considerable speculation in wood, but also brought about a cutting-down at random of trees, to such an extent that a law was passed to prevent, or regulate, this lawless deforestation of the country, while at the same time maximum prices were fixed for firewood. This again caused considerable discontent among some owners of timber, who felt injured in their particular interests, as they had hoped to profit hugely in this their 'golden' time.

Small quantities of coal were obtained in England, but the shortage of labor there, and the repeated torpedoing by the Germans of our vessels going to fetch it, made us practically dependent on Germany. Needless to say that the demands of that country were more than equal to the urgency of our serious want and our dependence on them. Though a good fight was put up, considerable concessions had to be made,

both in supplies and in credits. For coal, iron, and steel Germany had to be given a credit of 11,250,000 guilders *per month*, of which 5,250,000 is carried by the big industrials, 2,000,000 by iron- and steel-works, and 4,000,000 by the Netherland Export Company.

Besides this so-called 'free' iron and steel, Germany allows us a little more, to which special conditions are attached. On March 31 the contract with Germany expired, and the alternative of 'freeze or pay up' had to be faced once more by those who watch over the country's needs and interests. The coal question certainly is a very 'threatening fist,' as it involves light, power, and heat in all their varied applications.

Gasolene is no more to be had, so that practically all automobiles have stopped running, causing widespread unemployment and distress among chauffeurs. The lack of gasolene and oil also hampers the motor-barge traffic on our numerous canals and rivers.

All this shortage of transport makes unusually heavy demands on the horses, whose condition, on account of the ever-decreasing supply of fodder, is really pitiful. Occasionally horses drop dead in the street from mere exhaustion. Moved by pity for the suffering of these dumb animals, someone wrote to the President of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the United States, asking whether that society could not help in this matter. The answer, while expressing sympathy, was to the effect that it was not considered desirable to use any influence whatever with the United States government as to its policy concerning exportation of fodder to neutrals. Our poultry stock had to be mostly killed off, for the same reason; while the larger dogs, even of good breeds, can be had for a song, as many owners find it impossible any longer to feed them properly.

Wherever one turns nowadays in Holland, it is the government, and again the government — in fact State Socialism all round, which may hereafter have very serious and unwished-for consequences! By the *Distributie-Wet* of September, 1916, all foodstuffs, and practically everything, has been taken up gradually by State commissions. The all-important question just now is the bread-supply. What with foreign-grown and home-grown crops there is just enough grain to last until early July (after deducting eleven per cent for wheat reserved for sowing) at the present rate of distribution.<sup>1</sup>

Now, the ordinary man in the street knows — and if he does not know, you may rest assured that the German propaganda will draw his attention to it, as it does to all war-measures of the Entente — that his government chartered ships, which left for America, where grain was bought and paid for, and loaded; and also, that these ships now, for months and months, have been kept by force, while the grain either was unloaded again, or is spoiling in the ships. As his diplomatic insight is located somewhere in or near his digestive organs, which clamor for more bread and better food, is it to be wondered at that he begins to speak about 'nasty Americans'; to believe that the United States 'hates' Holland; to look with increasing hope toward the East, whence help has been promised? His unsophisticated mind cannot perceive that the blows Holland gets are not meant for him, but for the man behind him, and therefore should be borne cheerfully!

Of course all blame, always and for everything, is put on the government. And sometimes it does seem as if the

nation existed for the sake of the government, instead of the government for the nation. Of criticisms, no end! Perhaps there has been a lack of insight as regards the duration of the war, and accordingly too much was allowed to be exported, both to England and to Germany, during the first years. But trade had to go on somehow, imports had to be secured, and also huge profits could be made. Through mines, submarines, and ever-varying regulations, our former extensive exports to Great Britain became increasingly difficult, while trade with Germany could go on unhampered.

## II

### FINANCE AND COMMERCE

The prevailing idea in America, so far as we can gather from what we read or hear, is that Holland is waxing 'fat and rich' through the war. With the waxing fat the preceding section has dealt; as to waxing rich — we certainly are doing so; but rich, alas, in debts! No doubt enormous war-profits have been made by the major part of the commercial class, which in Holland is proportionately much smaller and more strictly limited than is the case, for instance, in the United States, where engaging in business is much more general. Also, people in the vast official and leisure classes holding the right shares have benefited hugely by war-profits. The war-losses of the nation as a whole, however, have far exceeded the profits; but the figures can be appreciated only when the smallness of the country and its population (nearly six and a half millions) are taken into consideration.

Until lately, Hollanders by preference invested their money in foreign securities; but this war has brought it home to them that national capital preferably must be used for national

<sup>1</sup> In June, 1918, the bread ration was cut from 250 to 200 grammes per head a day, and all meats together are distributed at 200 grammes per head *per week*. — THE AUTHOR.



and colonial purposes, and as a result, great emissions for Dutch concerns are being placed with unusual alacrity. The normal income tax of two per cent on the interest of most American securities, instituted already before the war, and the fear of more taxes that may have to be paid in the future, have not increased the popularity of American securities in our market; while anxiety is now being felt about the future of such American railway bonds and shares as Missouri Pacific, Rock Island, and others.

On the other hand, Germany tries with all her might and with all sorts of devices to introduce her securities, and she succeeds to a greater extent than is desirable for our future economic independence. Business with Germany can be transacted without difficulty or loss of time. Letters, although severely censored, pass quickly, and letters between Holland and Switzerland *via* Germany are not censored at all, while telegraphic replies from that country can be had in one day.

With the Entente, correspondence is much more difficult. Instead of the two night-services and the one day-service, between Holland and Great Britain, of peace-time, and the direct communications with the United States and with our colonies, one single mail-steamer, heavily convoyed, reaches us once a fortnight. Letters to England and to France take about a month, to America about two months, and to our colonies often three months or more, owing to transportation difficulties, and often also to unnecessary delays by the censor. Cabling, too, is considerably hampered.

In more purely business circles perhaps nothing has impaired pro-Allied sympathy more, and caused more bitter feeling, than the sudden and unexpected cutting off of all cable communication for several months with

the United States, and with our colonies, by Great Britain, owing to the vexed 'sand and gravel' question. Though it was terrible and humiliating to be unable to communicate with our own colonies, and though it hurt trade with America to an unheard-of extent, our bankers and business people approved entirely of the attitude of the Netherlands Foreign Office. The farce of it is, that American quotations of the bond and share markets in America always reached us one or two days later, — via Wolff, Germany! — but no banker here could do any business with America, because there was no cable communication. The result was something extraordinary! When Atchison and Topeka shares were quoted at 92 at Amsterdam, Union Pacifics at 124, and Norfolk and Western Common at 115, the quotations at New York were, on the same day, respectively 82, 114, and 103. In fact, the difference between the two markets was even greater, as exchange on New York was quoted at a discount of about eight per cent.

Needless to say that the holding up of our ships in America, together with the censorship between Holland and her colonies, has greatly injured our colonial trade in sugar, tobacco, tea, coffee, rubber, etc., although a small part of the products is now being sold to the United States. Apart from the financial losses, it is hard for the home country to be forced to do without all that of right belongs to her; but possibly Providence is using the Entente to cure Holland of some of its *faiblesses*; for besides much drinking of strong tea, the excessive use of tobacco was one of the national characteristics. Hampered on every side, and ignored as regards their unquestionable rights, both, the Netherlands government and private business men, are trying to make the best of a bad job, and devise means to keep things going that will satisfy

all the belligerents, which certainly is not always an easy or a pleasant job.

The 'Netherlands Overseas Trust,' instituted since the war, is not exactly a financial institution, but rather a body of prominent merchants and bankers, who safeguard the destination of imported goods, and see to it that no goods are exported to Germany unless such exportation is permitted by the Allies. The true Holland merchant or banker does not look with kindly eyes on the N. O. T., and considers it as an infringement of his neutral rights, with which he simply has to put up for the time being. He has to put up with a lot nowadays, not only with regard to his own foreign and colonial relations, but also because the home government is forced to take over the distribution of almost everything imported or produced here, which in the long run is apt to kill private initiative. Heavy losses are now sustained by commissionnaires and middle-men, for whom there is no place in the present system of State-Socialism, and who accordingly have lost their source of income.

Another war creation is the 'Netherlands Export Company,' or 'Export Centrale,' with a capital of five million guilders furnished by corporations and official bodies. Its aim is to concentrate both exports and imports in such a way that goods exported from Holland shall, in the first place, be exchanged for goods most urgently needed here, so as to prevent the accumulation of gold and the giving of foreign credits to a considerable extent. That it does not succeed altogether was shown in the coal question. Contracts with Great Britain, Germany, and Austria have been made, and others, with America, are being made. Neither the N. O. T. nor the N. E. C. allows a higher profit than five per cent, the remaining profit going to the government in aid of the distribution. Thus

in various ways Holland tries to get its necessary supplies without losing altogether its economic independence.

The very acute question of smuggling can suitably be mentioned here. There undoubtedly is a considerable amount of smuggling still going on, into Belgium, and especially into Germany; but to reassure those in the United States whose only interest in and knowledge of Holland are apparently comprised in the five words, 'Holland is feeding the Germans,' let it be told, that the Netherlands government is fighting this evil with unabated rigor.

Whole romances could be written about the endlessly varying devices used, and about the categories and nationalities going in for smuggling. Only a short time ago two well-known German countesses, homeward bound with a special recommendation from our Foreign Office, were caught at the frontier smuggling valuable quantities of rubber and various articles. They pretended to be highly indignant, said it was all a mistake, insisted that their luggage should be sent on at once to the Foreign Office at Berlin, where one of them actually did belong; yet — all was confiscated, and each of these 'noble' women was sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

From such as these the practice descends, in marvelous variety, to the little boy who had hidden many tablets of chocolate in his drawers! Then there were Dutch day-laborers going across the border to work in Germany, returning at night practically stripped, till now all new underwear is being officially stamped by the customs officials. And last, but not least, there are the sordid, mean people, who run smugglers, but remain safely at home, pocketing the enormous profits and paying a pension to the family, if the smuggler gets into prison, or even if he is shot.

All these laws, all this fight against

smuggling, are enforced and carried on by our regular customs staff, aided by mounted police, and reinforced by four to five thousand military as extra customs officials. These men often risk their lives in catching or chasing smugglers in the darkness of night; several have been killed while doing their duty loyally. All goods seized are sold later on, the proceeds coming to the State. The officials get no percentage or premium; only, in cases of special daring or ingenuity, they get a small gratification. Yet the temptation put before these men is almost beyond human endurance. Several hundreds of guilders are offered to a soldier for just looking in a certain direction for a quarter of an hour. Only recently, a customs official, whose yearly salary is 1500 guilders, was offered not less than 12,000 per week, if he would connive; but the man withstood! Of course, not all men stand firm against temptation in this way. The small salaries, the high cost of living, the desire for money, and all that this means for them and their families; the argument of the smuggler that it is not a guilty but a charitable act to allow foodstuffs to pass, combine to make men give in. Cases of corruption do occur. It cannot be wondered at, but it is a curse; for before the war the Netherlands corps of customs officers used to be absolutely incorruptible, which cannot be said of those of all countries. The ethical loss caused by this evil of smuggling in all its varieties is in a way perhaps more serious than the financial losses the nation is now suffering.

### III

#### THINGS ETHICAL AND INTERNATIONAL

Perhaps no nation can see more clearly the moral evils wrought by war than can a small neutral in the midst of it all, by looking objectively

at what is happening both around it and within it. The loss in ethical value in both instances is so tremendous, that one can hardly fully realize it as yet. Moral standards have been lowered everywhere. It certainly is not the least of Germany's crimes that by her methods she almost *forces* her opponents to lower their standards so as not to be at too great a disadvantage. But apart from this, war seems to awaken in all countries both the noblest and the lowest sentiments.

Glorious, wonderful patriotism, side by side with the most narrow, selfish nationalism! Deeds of chivalry and of human compassion alongside of deeds born of intense international hatred and desire of vengeance. Wilful lying and blindness on all sides, causing a spiritual estrangement which it will take decades to heal. 'Necessity of war' as an all-round excuse for measures a government would not have dreamed of taking in peace-time. Yet, what acts of utmost devotion and self-sacrifice in all countries around us; what loyalty, what energy, what heroism, what renunciation of self in the common pursuit of an ideal, which each side honestly believes to be the right one! Should any people cease so to believe, that side would collapse, for moral factors ultimately count more than material ones. To be strong in war, each side must of necessity confine itself to implicit faith in its own ideal and policy, and to wholesale execration of the other side. Men will not sacrifice their lives, women cannot give up their husbands, sons, or lovers, unless they have a clear ideal before them, and a burning indignation, if not a hatred, in their hearts. To strengthen this ideal, to nourish this indignation beside the best and purest impulses, most degrading methods are used — to the moral detriment of all nations.

This tragic struggle between two dif-

ferent ideals, with varied motives and aspirations at the back of each, and this mutual hatred, Holland with sad and anxious eyes has been observing for nearly four years now. Of course, in Holland we see only the horrible side of it. War, though demanding the supreme sacrifice from a nation, both in precious human lives and in goods, undoubtedly has also its compensations in its very activity, its enthusiasm, in the going forth to battle for a national cause and ideal. It draws out both the highest and lowest qualities in men, and, even though exhausting a nation, may unify and steel it; whereas prolonged neutrality makes for deterioration. Here, enforced inactivity, constant humiliations on all sides, moral isolation, are apt to blunt one's feelings in the long run and make one selfish. The unity, the manliness, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the wonderful spirit of compassion and charity, so beautiful at first in Holland, are slowly giving place to a kind of despondency and pettiness of outlook, which those who love their country cannot but regret. But can it be wondered at? It is much harder to bear enforced privations, than to make willing sacrifices for a cause that thrills one; to toil for a living ideal is more elevating than the having to protest against being trampled upon, or simply to acquiesce. Neutrality is a negative ideal, against which part of the nation chafes, though all recognize its wisdom.

Another serious matter is the gradual change in the standard of morality. Holland no doubt had its many faults and shortcomings, but it certainly never was a corrupt country, either in administration, in politics, or in business. This war has fostered temptations and vices totally new to the country. As conditions grow worse, profiteering, hoarding, trying to circumvent regulations, lack of responsibility and of public feeling, selfishness, lust of un-

due profits — all these do increase. Then there are the spies of all nationalities having centres in our country, trying to bribe our folk into rendering them services for high rewards. Then there is the gradually growing unemployment, with its curse of idleness, making men prone to succumb to the temptations of profitable smuggling. Then there are the many undesirable foreign elements, the alarming growth of prostitution and its inherent evils, the increasing number of thefts, burglaries, and even murders. All this makes for ethical loss to the nation. Alas, for the nice, clean Holland of pre-war days!

Though strictly neutral in policy, sympathies are apt to diverge in Holland, and it is difficult to give a proper estimate of them. There is also a remarkable difference. The average Hollander with pro-Ally sympathies feels his attitude more or less as self-evident, and accordingly he is fairly quiet, quite frank, and most liberal-minded about it. He sees the manifold blunders made by the Entente countries; he often resents the way they treat Holland; but the cause they are fighting for has his warm sympathy, respect, and profound admiration. The average pro-German, on the contrary, perhaps from an unconscious feeling that his cause wants much defense, is ever at it, with a violence and a wholesale admiration for Germany, which makes one wonder whether his pro-German feelings do not sometimes outrun his loyalty to his own country — and yet he works to an amusing degree anonymously! The common people are decidedly anti-German. Is it a class instinct, which unconsciously feels where the danger lies? or have they heard too many tales of woe from Belgian refugees? In the upper classes, and more particularly among the aristocracy, there is more sympathy for the German

cause. Is it because in Germany they find their ideal materialized?

It is curious that the more orthodox Roman Catholics and Protestants alike are apt to be pro-German. The aged leader of the Calvinists, having a numerous following in the lower classes, openly avows that sentiment. On the whole, the church, not knowing how to combine religion and war, preaches a kind of effete and superior pacifism, which would make our ancestors, who for eighty long years in olden days fought for our freedom and independence, turn in their graves, if they could hear it. These good ministers, with their almost pharisaical pride in their neutrality, utterly fail to see that — as was so well pointed out in the *Outlook* of December 26 — ‘what is commonly called peace is not peace at all; mere absence of fighting is not peace; on the contrary, if you want peace, you will have to fight for it.’

This is an experience which every high-minded man has in his daily life. A greater psychological problem confronts the old-fashioned pacifists, who in almost all countries are inclined to pro-Germanism. Without exaggeration, it surely can be said that, except for a few purely savage tribes, Prussia is the only civilized country where war as an institution was not only preached and glorified, but desired! The Central powers at present are Prussianized to an alarming and even surprising extent, for Prussia used not to be loved in Southern Germany, Austria, and Turkey. It certainly is curious that pacifists should feel in the least drawn to a group of nations, which now is the embodiment of the direct opposite of their sincere wishes. Besides, in their horror of war, and with their great longing for peace, — and what thinking human being does not long for an equitable peace? — these deluded persons fail to see that an untimely peace, or ‘German peace,’

such as Russia and Roumania were forced to sign, means, not only a victory for Germany, but at the same time the victory of the very principles they are fighting against. Then, too, a great many people cannot look at the war detachedly, and former influences and relations come into play. The musical world, for instance, taken as a whole, is out-and-out pro-German, whereas artists, architects, and people with a sense of color and proportion are, as a rule, pro-Ally. Quite an interesting study could thus be written about sentiments in Holland.

Yet foreigners make a tremendous mistake when they imagine, even for a moment, that either the Dutch government or the Dutch people are influenced by these sentiments instead of being guided by the deep-rooted, centuries-old *love* that we Hollanders have for our country. Above all sympathies or antipathies, we are good, loyal, patriotic Hollanders first and foremost. When sheer might forces us to make concessions to either of the belligerents abusing their power, our sympathies do not play any part in our action; and though having sometimes to give in, we scorn at all events the sophisticated explanations offered to us as pretexts for such oppression.

War, with its ‘necessities,’ seems to have a morality of its own. To us neutrals it certainly is most cheering to witness the affectionate compassion that the Allies show us when Germany ill-treats us, or the kindly sympathy we get from the Central powers — not to speak of their ‘moral indignation’ — when the Allies pinch us hard — so much kindness and democracy all round when it regards the other side! What a relief it will be when, once more, people in all countries shall be able to see things in their true light and proportions!

Just as war has its moral compen-



sations of increased efficiency, manliness, the spirit of sacrifice, even so neutrality has hers: besides the greater objectivity with which we can judge events, we *need* not hate, or make for what divides. In fact, we must try to keep together whatever there is left of internationalism.

## IV

## CONCLUSIONS

Little did we know, when these last words were written, what was in store for Holland. It undoubtedly is America's sovereign right to refuse to sell to us any of her coal or products for solid Dutch gold; but why a nation with such high aspirations prevented neutral Holland from getting the much-needed grain that she bought in a neutral South American country, or the products of her own colonies, on her own neutral ships, is a riddle to many. Trusting in America's strong sense of fair play, we did not doubt for a moment that things would soon be cleared up. In the meantime we paid terrific sums of money in demurrage for the ships which, in full trust and confidence, had sailed to America, and were kept there by sheer force, and certainly *not* out of fear of German submarines.

Then suddenly came what may be called the 'ultimatum'! The Netherlands government met it as far as was consistent with its principles of strict neutrality, though sacrificing, perhaps, much to the nation's disgust, part of the national honor, from fear of famine. But — it was not to be! Our neutral ships were wanted to strengthen the Allied fleet. Few people in the United States can have any idea of the burning indignation that the seizing of the Dutch ships caused in Holland, or of the bitter disappointment and utter surprise that of all nations the United

States should be the first to wrest from us part of our so far strictly preserved neutrality — for that is what it practically comes to.

Much we have suffered in this war from all sides; but, apart from the intense humiliation, America's action has made Holland's international position infinitely worse. There is no saying what may next be extorted from us. Reading the American interpretation, the action looks almost plausible, and perhaps American citizens even imagine that it was lawful and humane — for are we not to receive most generous compensation, and are we not to be allowed to *buy* some food in return, or to get what of right belongs to us? Alas, for the infatuation of war! Even German citizens honestly believe their government's measures to be lawful and humane. It is all very bewildering, and how hard it becomes for the average Hollander to believe any longer in America's idealism! Then, how galling to witness Germany's joy and evident satisfaction, even her pity for us! She feels that she need not do much more, for the Entente is gradually pushing unwilling Holland into her arms; she can now also base her next action on American precedent. All along in this war she has tried thus to justify her cause and actions! And to think that it should be the great Republic across the ocean which inflicts this injustice upon us! Is the past to be altogether forgotten in the needs of the present?

When Germany was still a chaos of small principalities fighting each other; when the United States of America were not even dreamed of, the Netherlands fought themselves free, formed their Union of Provinces, and, in 1581, issued *their* Declaration of Independence. Here is not the place to recall the leading rôle the Netherlands played after that in European history, or the

ideals and principles which through centuries they have stood for, and still stand for. Yet it was these very ideals and principles which prompted the United Netherlands, two centuries later, to side with the American colonists, struggling for freedom and independence. Though allied at the time with England, the Dutch espoused the American cause by word and by deed. They refused to allow the 'Scotch Brigade,' then stationed in Holland, to be used against the American colonies; neither would they advance one single man or a single cent to help England in this cause; on the contrary, fourteen million dollars were furnished by the bankers of Amsterdam to help the colonists in their struggle. And when Baltimore was hard pressed through the British blockade, it was Claas Taan who broke that blockade, and relieved the town with Dutch grain-ships. The first foreign salute to the American flag was fired by Dutch guns from the Dutch vessel *Andrea Doria*.

Again, the United Netherlands were the first to welcome the new Republic as their equal, and, by concluding a treaty with it, established the value of the United States in the eyes of the world of that time. In 1782 the States-General recognized John Adams as 'Minister of the Congress of North America' to the Netherlands. It is only five years ago that a prominent American historical society placed a memorial tablet in his old home at The Hague, 'In token of more than three centuries of enduring friendship and of the manifold debt of the people of the United States of America to the Netherlands.'

Different tablets, commemorating other friendly relations with America, can be seen in Holland. How they make us smile, in these times of 'Might is Right,' when that same Republic,

now grown mighty, imposes on a small friendly nation conditions the mere consideration of which it would count as incompatible with its own honor. We also remember the thrilling accounts of the Hudson Fulton festivals, and many others. Was it all words, words, mere words?

Though no longer a republic in the real sense of the word, Holland, like Great Britain, with her constitutional monarchy and ministerial responsibility, can still be considered a republic — only with a permanent president; and yet the ruling monarchs in these countries have less absolute power than the President of the United States has. Was it mere accident that history repeated itself, — though the rôles were now reversed, — and that it was with Holland, of all European nations, that the United States first concluded a general arbitration treaty in 1913? How the whole world was then filled with great hopes for a better future, and how these hopes have been dashed to the ground on all sides by this ghastly war! We did not ask for charity, but we had expected fair play on America's part. Great is the disappointment, deep the humiliation. In the first rage, even the odious word 'reprisals' was whispered by some; but far be it from us! Holland is an old country, with honorable traditions to keep up, and she still stands for the same old principles. We shall go on harboring the Belgian refugees and all the numerous foreigners within our tiny country, and we shall continue, as far as we can, to send help to poor starving Allied prisoners, because such is our privilege. When, later on, the history of this war comes to be written, will the Dutch histories teach future generations that the United States, having risen in arms to avenge a crime against civilization, were friends or oppressors of small neutral nations?

## WINGED WORDS

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

### I

ON New Year's morning, as it was snowing hard and there was no flying, I sat by a cozy fire, in the house of some English people. Curious thing, running into them here. They are of the tribe of English who wander over the face of the earth, and make England what she is. The man of the house is an expert on —, and has pursued his unusual vocation in Cuba, Jamaica, Honduras, Guiana, 'Portuguese East' and other parts of Africa, as well as in Ceylon and a few other places I forget. Here he is now, as expert for the French. His wife and seven children, who speak French, Portugese, Spanish, and Zulu, I think, follow him everywhere, and are everywhere equally at home. I have tea with them after work, and, needless to say, they are a Godsend in this desolate place. Let us all pray that next New Year's day we shall be thanking God for a victorious peace and returning to civilian life, never to put on uniforms again. The finest uniform of all is the old civilian suit — brass buttons and gold braid to the contrary.

For this winter air-work, which is the coldest known occupation, I think, this is the way we dress. First, heavy flannels and woolen socks. Over that, a flannel shirt with sleeveless sweater on top, and uniform breeches and tunic. Boots and spiral puttees (very warm things, if not put on too tightly) go on next, and over all we pull on a great combination, or fur-lined, 'teddy-bear'

suit — waterproof canvas outside. Over our boots we pull fur-lined leather flying boots, reaching half-way up to our knees. For head-gear, a fur-lined leather cap, and around my neck, several turns of gray muffler. A variety of mask and a pair of 'triplex' goggles to protect one's face from the icy breeze. With all this, and heavy fur gloves, one can keep reasonably warm.

As the 16th of January was the first good flying day for some time, there was much activity. After lunch I went to the aerodrome just in time to see the combat patrol come swooping down. An excited crowd was gathered about the first machine in, and I learned that one of our best pilots had just been brought down by a German two-seater, and that H——, a nineteen-year-old American in our sister escadrille here, had promptly brought the Hun down. I was proud to think that an American had revenged our comrade. This makes H——'s second German within a week — a phenomenal record for a beginner. He is an unusual youngster, and handles a machine beautifully. He seems to have the mixture of dash, cold nerve, and caution which makes an 'ace.'

The German fell 10,000 feet directly over the trenches, but at the last moment managed to straighten out a bit and crashed 200 yards inside his lines. H—— followed him down, and gliding over the trenches at 100 feet, saw one German limp out of the wreck and wave a hand up at the victor.

Another American boy had quite an

exciting time lately when his motor went dead far inside the enemy lines. Luckily he was high at the time; so he flattened his glide to the danger-point, praying to be able to cross into friendly country. Down he came, his 'stick' dead, the wind whistling through the cables, until close ahead he saw a broad belt of shell-marked desolation, criss-crossed by a maze of meaningless trenches. The ground was close; automatically he straightened out, avoiding a pair of huge craters, touched, bumped, crashed into a thicket of wire, and turned over. A jab at the catch of his belt set him free; but the really important thing was whether or not he had succeeded in crossing the German lines. Wisely enough, he crawled to a shell-hole, and from its shelter began to reconnoitre warily. Muddy figures began to appear from various holes and ditches, and at length a soldier who, so far as appearances went, might have belonged to any army, leaned over the edge of the hole and said something in *French*. Young S—— at that began to breathe for the first time in at least a quarter of an hour. His discoverer led him to a spacious dug-out where two generals were at lunch — a wonderful lunch, washed down with beverages forbidden to any but generals. The great ones made the corporal welcome, laughed themselves ill over his voluble but wonderful French, plied him with food and good Scotch whiskey, and sent him home in one of their superb closed cars.

## II

Now that so many young Americans are beginning to fly in France, I fancy that the people at home must wonder what sort of a time their sons or brothers are having — how they live, what their work is, and their play. Most people who have an immediate interest in the war must by now possess a very

fair idea of the military aviation training; but of the pilot's life at the front I have seen little in print.

I can speak, of course, only of conditions in the French aviation service; but when our American squadrons take their places at the front, the life is bound to be very similar, because experience has taught all the armies that, to get the best results, pilots should be given a maximum of liberty and a minimum of routine, outside of their duty, which consists in but one thing—flying.

Let us suppose, for example, that an American boy — we will call him Wilkins, because I never heard of a man named Wilkins flying — has passed through the schools, done his acrobatics and combat-work, and is waiting at the great dépôt near Paris for his call to the front. Every day he scans the list as it is posted and at last, hurrah! his name is there, followed by mysterious letters and numbers — G.C. 17, or S.P.A. 501, or N. 358. He knows, of course, that he will have a single-seater scout, but the symbols above tell him whether it will be a Spad or a Nieuport and whether he is to be in a *groupe de combat* ('traveling circus,' the British call them) or in a permanent fighting unit.

Wilkins is overjoyed to find he has been given a Spad, and hastens to pack up, in readiness for his train, which leaves at six P.M. When his order of transport is given him, he finds that his escadrille is stationed at Robinet d'Essence, in a fairly quiet, though imaginary, sector. Before leaving the dépôt he has issued to him a fur-lined teddy-bear suit, fur boots, sweater, fur gloves, and a huge cork safety helmet, which Wisdom tells him to wear and Common Sense pronounces impossible. Common Sense wins; so Wilkins gives the thing to the keeper of the '*effets chauds pour pilotes*,' and retires.

His flying things stuffed into a duffle-bag, which he has checked directly

through to far-off Robinet, our hero boards the train with nothing but a light suitcase. He is delirious with joy, for it is long since he has been to Paris, and at the *dépôt* discipline has been severe and luxury scant. Every journey to the front is *via* Paris, and the authorities wink a wise and kindly eye at a few hours' stopover. Outside the station, an hour later, Wilkins is conscious of a sudden odd feeling of calm, almost of content, which puzzles him until he thinks a bit. Finally he has it — *this* is what he is going to fight for, what all the Allies are fighting for: this pleasant, crowded civilian life; the dainty Frenchwomen going by on the arms of their *permissionnaires*, the fine old buildings, the hum of peaceful pursuits. In the schools and at the waiting *dépôt* he had nearly lost sight of real issues; but now it all comes back.

At his hotel he calls up Captain X — of the American Aviation, — an old friend, who is in Paris on duty, — and is lucky enough to catch him at his apartment. They dine at the Cercle des Alliés — the old Rothschild palace, now made into a great military club, where one can see many interesting men of all the Allied armies lunching and dining together. Dinner over, they drop in at the Olympia, watch the show a bit, and greet a multitude of friends who stroll about among the tables. A great deal of air-gossip goes on: A — has just bagged another Boche; B —, poor chap, was shot down two days ago; C — is a prisoner, badly wounded. At a table near-by, Wilkins, for the first time, sets eyes on Lufbery, the famous American 'ace,' his breast a mass of ribbons, his rather worn face lit up by a pleasant smile as he talks to a French officer beside him.

At eleven our young pilot says good-bye to his friend and walks through the darkened streets to his hotel. What a joy, to sleep in a real bed again! The

train leaves at noon, which will give him time for a late breakfast and a little shopping in the morning. After the first real night's sleep in a month, and a light war-time breakfast of omelet, bacon, broiled kidneys, and coffee, he is on the boulevards again, searching for a really good pair of goggles, a fur-lined flying cap to replace the hopeless helmet, and a pair of heavy mittens. Old friends, in the uniforms of American subalterns, are everywhere; many wear the stiff-looking wings of the American Flying Corps on their breasts. All are filled with envy to hear that he is leaving for the front; their turn will come before long, but meanwhile the wait grows tiresome.

At length it is train time, and so, hailing a taxi and picking up his bag on the way, Wilkins heads (let us say) for the Gare de l'Est, getting there just in time to reserve a place and squeeze into the dining-car, which is crowded with officers on their way to the front. These are not the '*embusqué*' type of officers which he has been accustomed to in the schools, — clerkish disciplinarians, insistent on all the small points of military observance, — but real fighting men and leaders; grizzled veterans of the Champagne and the Somme, hawk-nosed, keen-eyed, covered with decorations.

Back in his compartment, our pilot dozes through the afternoon, until, just as it has become thoroughly dark, the train halts at Robinet. On the platform, half a dozen pilots of the *escadrille*, smart in their laced boots and black uniforms, are waiting to welcome the newcomer, and escort him promptly to the mess, where dinner is ready. Dinner over, he is shown to his room — an officer's billet, with a stove, bathtub, and other unheard-of luxuries.

Next morning, one of his new comrades calls for Wilkins, presents him to the captain, who proves very *chic*



and shows him his machine, which has just been brought out from the dépôt. The armorer is engaged in fitting a Vickers gun on it, so Wilkins spends the rest of the day at the hangar, sighting the gun, adjusting his belt, installing altimeter, tachometer, and clock.

An hour before sundown all is ready; so the American climbs into his seat for a spin, fully aware that many appraising eyes will watch his maiden performance. Off she goes with a roar, skimming low, over the field, until her full speed is attained, when the pilot pulls her up in a beautiful 'zoom,' banking at the same time to make her climb in a spiral. Up and up and up, her motor snarling almost musically — and suddenly she stops, quivers, and plunges downward, spinning. A hundred yards off the ground she straightens out magically, banks stiffly to the left, skims the hangars, and disappears. The mechanics watching, hands on hips, below, nod to one another in the French way. '*Il marche pas mal, celui-là,*' they say — high praise from them.

Wilkins, meanwhile, has flown down the river, to where a target is anchored in a broad shallow. Over it he tilts up and dives until the cross hairs in his telescopic sight centre on the mark. 'Tut-tut-tut,' says the Vickers, and white dashes of foam spring out close to the canvas. He nods to himself as he turns back toward the aerodrome.

At dinner there is much talk, as the weather has been good. A — and L — had a stiff fight with a two-place Hun, who escaped miraculously, leaving their machines riddled with holes. M — had a landing cable cut by a bullet; J — had a *panne*, and was forced to land uncomfortably close to the lines. At eight o'clock an orderly comes in with the next day's schedule: 'Wilkins: protection patrol at 8 A.M.'

The French have not the English objection to 'talking shop,' and over

the coffee the conversation turns to the difficulties of bringing down Huns and getting them officially counted — '*homologue*' the French call it. The great airmen, of course, — men like Bishop, Ball, Nungesser, and Guynemer, — get their thirty, forty, or fifty Boches; but nevertheless it is a very considerable feat to get even one, and growing harder every day. Nearly all the German hack-work — photography, *reglage* of artillery, observation, and so forth — is now done by their new two-seaters, very fast and handy machines and formidable to attack, as they carry four machine-guns and can shoot in almost any direction. Most of the fighting must be done in their lines; and far above, their squadrons of Albatross single-seaters watch ceaselessly for a chance to pounce unseen.

Add to this the fact that, to get an official count, the falling Hun must be checked by two independent observers, such as observation-balloon men, and you can see that it is no easy trick.

Just before bedtime, the leader of the morning's patrol explains the matter to Wilkins. The rendezvous is over a near-by village at 3,000 feet. Wilkins is to be last in line on the right wing of the V, a hundred yards behind the machine ahead of him. Signals are: a wriggle of the leader's tail means, 'Open throttles, we're off'; a sideways waving of his wings means, 'I'm going to attack; stand by'; or, 'Easy, I see a Boche.'

After a not entirely dreamless sleep and a cup of coffee, our hero is at the hangars at 7.30, helping his mechanic give the 'taxi' a final looking over. At 8 he takes the air and circles over the meeting-place till the V is formed. Just as he falls into his allotted station the leader, who has been flying in great circles, throttled down, wriggles his tail, opens the throttle wide, and heads for the lines, climbing at a hundred miles an hour.

Wilkins is so busy keeping his position that he has scarcely time to feel a thrill or to look about him. Suddenly, from below comes a vicious growling thud, another, and another: *Hrrrump, hrrrump, hrrrump*. He strains his head over the side of the *fuselage*. There below him, and horribly close, he thinks, dense black balls are springing out — little spurts of crimson at their hearts. The patrol leader begins to weave about to avoid the 'Archies,' banking almost vertically this way and that in hairpin turns, and poor Wilkins, at the tail end, is working frantically to keep his place. He has never seen such turns, and makes the common mistake of not pulling back hard enough when past 45 degrees. The result is that he loses height in a side-slip each time, and gets farther and farther behind his man.

Meanwhile, far up in the blue, their shark-like bodies and broad short wings glimmering faintly in the upper sunlight, a patrol of Albatross monoplanes is watching. Thousands of feet below, close to the trenches, they see the clumsy photographic biplanes puffing back and forth about their business. Above these, they see the V of Spads turning and twisting as they strive to stay above the photographers they are protecting. But wait, what is wrong with the Spad on the right end of the V — a beginner surely, for at this rate he will soon lose his patrol? As if a silent signal had been given, five Albatrosses detach themselves from the flock, and reducing their motors still more, point their sharp noses downward, and begin to drift insensibly nearer.

Wilkins has been having a tough time of it, and at last, in a 300-foot wing-slip, has lost his comrades altogether, and is flying erratically here and there, too intent and too new at the game to watch behind him. Suddenly, two sparks of fire like tiny shooting stars whizz by him, a long rip appears in the fabric of his

lower wing, and next moment, clear and unmistakable, he hears, 'Tut, tut, tut, tut.' He nearly twists his head off, and perceives with horror that five sinister forms, gray, sharp-snouted, and iron-crossed, are hemming him in, above, below, behind. His thoughts, which occupy possibly a second and a half, may be set down roughly as follows: 'Five Boche single-seaters — too many — must beat it — how? Oh, yes — climb in zig-zags and circles, heading for our lines.'

Leaving Wilkins for a moment, I must tell you a curious thing which shows that men have much in common with dogs. You know how, in his own yard, a fox-terrier will often put a mastiff to flight — and a fox-terrier, at that, who fears for his life when he ventures on the street? The same thing applies to flying — over the German lines you have a sort of a small, insignificant feeling, look at things pessimistically, and are apt to let your imagination run too freely. The minute you are over friendly country, that changes: your chest immediately expands several inches, you become self-assertive, rude, and over-confident. Thus Wilkins.

In a wild series of zooms and half-spirals, to throw off his pursuers' aim, he reaches his own lines safely, and finds that all but one Albatross have given up the chase. One of them, possibly a beginner anxious for laurels, is not to be thrown off; so the American resolves to have a go at him.

They are at 12,000 feet. The German is behind and slightly below, manoeuvring to come up under the Spad's tail. A second's thought, and Wilkins banks sharply to the left, circles, and dives before the Boche has realized that it is an air-attack. With the wind screaming through his struts, he sees the enemy's black-leather helmet fair on the cross-hairs of the telescope, and presses the catch of the gun. A burst of half a

dozen shots, a pull and a heave to avoid collision. As he rushes past the Albatross, he sees the pilot sink forward in his seat; the machine veers wildly, begins to dive, to spin. Good God — he's done it — what luck — poor devil!

And that night at mess, Wilkins stands champagne for the crowd.

Young H — has had another wild time. He ran across a very fast German two-seater ten miles behind our lines, fought him till they were twenty miles inside the Boche lines, followed him down to his own aerodrome, circled at fifty feet in a perfect hail of bullets, killed the Hun pilot as he walked (or ran) from machine to hangars, riddled the hangars, rose up, and flew home.

He shot away over 500 rounds — a remarkable amount from a single-seater bus, as the average burst is only five or six shots before one is forced to manoeuvre for another aim.

### III

On a raw foggy day, in the cozy living-room of our apartment, with a delicious fire glowing in the stove, and four of the fellows having a lively game of bridge, one is certainly comfortable — absurdly so. Talk about the hardships of life on the front!

The mess is the best I have seen, and very reasonable for these times — a dollar and a half per day each, including half a bottle of wine, beer, or mineral water at each meal. A typical dinner might be: excellent soup, entrée, beefsteak, mashed potatoes, dessert, nuts, figs, salad. While no man would appreciate an old-fashioned home-type American meal more than I, one is forced to admit that the French have made a deep study of cookery and rations designed to keep people in the best shape. There is a certain balance to their meals — never too much concentrated, starchy, or bulky food. The

variety, considering the times, is really wonderful. Breakfasts my pal and I cook ourselves, occasionally breaking out some delicacy such as kidneys *en brochette*.

We have an amusing system of fines for various offenses: half a franc if late for a meal; a franc if over fifteen minutes late; half a franc for throwing bread at the table; half a franc for breaking a tail-skid (on a 'cuckoo'); a franc for a complete smash; a franc and a half if you hurt yourself to boot; and so on. A fellow hit a tree a while ago, had a frightful crash, and broke both his legs. When he leaves the hospital, the court will decide this precedent and probably impose on him a ruinous fine.

Of course no one ever pays a fine without passionate protests; so our meals are enlivened by much debate. As we have a very clever lawyer and a law student almost his equal, accuser and accused immediately engage counsel, and it is intensely entertaining to hear their impassioned arraignments and appeals to justice and humanity: deathless Gallic oratory, enriched with quotations, classical allusions, noble gestures; such stuff as brings the chamber to its feet, roaring itself hoarse; and all for a ten-penny fine!

A good bit of excitement lately, over uniforms. In aviation, one knows, there is no regulation uniform: each man is supposed to wear the color and cut of his previous arm. The result is that each airman designs for himself a creation which he fondly believes is suited to his style of soldierly beauty — and many of these confections have n't the slightest connection with any known French or Allied uniform. One may see dark-blue, light-blue, horizon-blue, black, and khaki; trousers turned up at the bottom; open-front tunics (like a British officer), and every variety of hat, footwear, and overcoat.

I, for instance (being in the Foreign

Legion), wear khaki, open-fronted tunic, a very unmilitary khaki stock necktie, Fox's puttees, and U. S. Army boots. Naturally, I have to duck for cover whenever I see the general loom up in the offing; for he is a rather particular, testy old gentleman, very military, and can't abide the 'fantasies' of the aviator tribe. Lately he has caught and severely reprimanded several of the boys; so I guess that I shall have to have the tailor make certain unfortunate changes in my garments.

The weather of late has been wretched for flying. A low, frosty mist hangs over the countryside; the trees, especially the pines, are exquisite in their lacy finery of frost. The few days we have of decent weather are usually interesting, as the Hun ventures over *chez nous* to take a few photographs, and with a little luck the boys are able to surprise him into a running fight. At night, when the tired war-birds buzz home to roost, a crowd of pilots and mechanics gathers before the hangars. All gaze anxiously into the northeastern sky. The captain paces up and down — though he has flown four hours, he will not eat or drink till he has news of his pilots. Jean is missing, and Charlot, and Marcel. Night is drawing on — the sky flushes and fades, and faces are growing just a trifle grave.

Suddenly a man shouts and points, — Jean's mechanician, — and high up in the darkening east we see three specks — the missing combat patrol. Next moment the hoarse drone of their motors reaches our ears; the sound ceases; in great curving glides they descend on the aerodrome. We hear the hollow whistling of their planes, see them, one after another, clear the trees at ninety miles an hour, dip, straighten, and rush toward us, a yard above the grass. A slight bumping jar, a half-stop, and each motor gives tongue again in short bursts, as the pilots taxi

across to the hangars, snapping the spark on and off.

Then a grand scamper to crowd around our half-frozen comrades, who descend stiffly from their 'zincs,' and tell of their adventures, while mechanics pull off their fur boots and combinations. Other 'mecanos' are examining the machines for bullet- and shrapnel-holes — often a new wing is needed, or a new propeller; sometimes a cable is cut half through. Snatches of talk (unintelligible outside the 'fancy') reach one; we, of course, know only the French, but the R.F.C. stuff is equally cryptic.

'Spotted him at four thousand eight, "piqued" on him, got under his tail, did a *chaudelle*, got in a good *rafale*, did a *glissade*, went into a *vrille*, and lost so much height I could not catch him again.'

An R.F.C. man would say, 'Spotted him at forty-eight hundred, dove on him, got under his tail, did a zoom, got in a good burst, did a side-slip, went into a spin,' etc. I may say that 'chaudelle' or 'zoom' means a sudden, very steep leap upward (limited in length and steepness by the power and speed of the machine). Some of our latest machines will do the most extraordinary feats in this line — things that an old experienced pilot in America would have to see to believe. A 'glissade' is a wing-slip to the side, and down; a 'vrille' is a spinning nose-dive.

Among the younger pilots are several who entertain spectators with all sorts of acrobatic feats over the aerodrome. A fine exhibition of skill and courage, but foolish at times — especially after a fight, when vital parts may be dangerously weakened by bullet-holes. Too much acrobacy strains and weakens the strongest aeroplane. I believe in doing just enough to keep your hand in, as in fights you are forced to put enough unusual stresses on your bus.

I hope to know very soon whether or not we are to be transferred to the American army. The long delay has worked hardships on a good many of us, as of course no pilot could begin to live on the pay we get. The Franco-American Flying-Corps fund (for which, I believe, we must thank the splendid generosity of Mr. Vanderbilt) has helped immensely in the past, but some of the boys are in hard straits now. I hope we shall be transferred, because the pay will make us self-supporting, and any American would rather be in U. S. uniform nowadays, in spite of the bully way the French treat us, and our liking for our French comrades, with whom it will be a wrench to part.

The point regarding our present pay is this: all French aviators are volunteers, knowing conditions in the air-service beforehand. Before volunteering, therefore, they arrange for the necessary private funds; if not available, they keep out of flying. We get two and a half francs a day (as against five sous in the infantry), but on the other hand, we are lodged, and forced by tradition to live, like officers. It is fine for the chap who has a little something coming in privately, but tough for the one who is temporarily or permanently 'broke.'

Our boys are going to do splendid things over here. Everywhere one sees discipline, efficiency, and organization that make an American's chest go out. The first slackness (unavoidable at the start of a huge and unfamiliar job) has completely disappeared. People at home should know of all this as quickly and as much in detail as expedient: they are giving their money and their flesh and blood, and prompt and racy news helps wonderfully to hearten and stimulate those whose duty is at home.

For myself, there is nowhere and nobody I would rather be at present than here and a pilot. No man in his senses

could say he enjoyed the war; but as it must be fought out, I would rather be in aviation than any other branch. A pleasant life, good food, good sleep, and two to four hours a day in the air. After four hours (in two spells) over the lines, constantly alert and craning to dodge scandalously accurate shells and suddenly appearing Boches, panting in the thin air at 20,000 feet, the boys are, I think, justified in calling it a day. I have noticed that the coolest men are a good bit let down after a dogged machine-gun fight far up in the rarefied air. It may seem soft to an infantryman — twenty hours of sleep, eating, and loafing; but in reality the airman should be given an easy time outside of flying.

I was unfortunate enough to smash a beautiful new machine yesterday. Not my fault; but it makes one feel rotten to see a bright splendid thing one has begun to love strewn about the landscape. Some wretched little wire, or bit of dirt where it was not wanted, made my engine stop dead, and a forced landing in rough country full of woods and ditches is no joke. I came whizzing down to the only available field, turned into the wind, only to see dead ahead a series of hopeless ditches which would have made a frightful end-over-end crash. Nothing to do but pull her up a few feet and sail over, risking a loss of speed. I did this, and 'pancaked' fairly gently, but had to hit ploughed ground across the furrow. The poor 'coucou' — my joy and pride — was wrecked, and I climbed, or rather dropped, out, with nothing worse than a sore head, where the old bean hit the *carlingue*. Now all the world looks gray, though our captain behaved like the splendid chap he is about it: not a word of the annoyance he must have felt.

The very finest motors, of course, do stop on occasions. Better luck, I hope, from now on.



# CHEMISTRY AT THE FRONT

BY HENRY P. TALBOT

## I

Soon after the opening of hostilities, this world-war was referred to by certain writers as 'a chemists' war.' While this phrase, like many of its kind, implies too much, it gives appropriate emphasis to the part which the chemists are playing in the great struggle.

Ever since the tension of the bow-string as a means of propelling projectiles was displaced by the expansive force of the highly heated gases generated by explosives, the chemist has had to assume a large responsibility for the successful supply of fighting materials and the outwitting of the enemy. With the progress of the centuries, this responsibility has grown in intensity and has become so ramified as to include the development, not only of explosives, but also of projectors and projectiles, the production of an endless variety of materials for use at the front, and the equally important task of providing for the maintenance of adequate food-supplies, and of necessary industrial activity at home.

And to all this has now been added a task which, in view of our general belief in an honorable regard for international conventions, had been looked upon as outside all bounds of probability, namely, that of pitting our best brains against those of the enemy, for the discovery of more and more insidious and cruelly poisonous gases, and of methods to protect our own brave fighters from each new and more vicious device of our opponents. How-

ever much we may condemn gas-warfare as unsportsmanlike, and deplore the expenditure of intellectual effort which it is demanding, we must play the game, and in this phase the war is preëminently 'a chemists' war.'

The importance of the chemist in our own military organization has been definitely recognized by the creation of a Chemical Service Section of the National Army, with a lieutenant-colonel as its ranking officer, and provision for a personnel of about 1300 officers and men. The important functions of this section are the correlation of information accumulated at home and at the front, and the induction into chemical service of drafted men with chemical training. The establishment of this section not only is a distinct step forward in the interests of military service, but affords a too-long delayed recognition of the parity in importance of chemical engineering with that of the other and older engineering professions.

Among our allies it is known to be true, and among our enemies it must be true, that chemists are almost to a man throwing their whole and best energies into the solution of war-problems. Plans are already maturing for the recruiting of the forces of our allies by sending men to their chemical laboratories, as well as to fight in the field.

If the chemist is concerned with the problem of feeding the guns of the expeditionary forces, he is no less concerned with a problem which has become equally serious, that of feeding the bodies of the fighting men, and of

those of the entire population of the allied nations. Conservation and the regulations of our food-administrators are topics of daily thought and conversation. With these affairs the chemist has much to do, through the improvement of the preparation of food-stuffs and by providing safeguards against frauds and against the general introduction of insufficient dietaries.

But, besides conservation, there must be stimulation in production of food-stuffs, notably through intensive agriculture. It has been stated that a reduction of the cost of soluble nitrogen compounds to a price comparable with that prevailing in Germany before the war, would add a billion dollars to the annual value of our crops. The significance of this statement to-day does not, of course, lie in the increase in monetary worth, but in what it would represent as a war-resource. This phase of the chemists' problem is, moreover, closely linked with that of the ammunition-supply. Nitric acid and ammonia are necessary for both ammunition and fertilizers, and the failure to maintain an adequate supply of both would be fatal to the success of any of the warring nations.

## II

An explosion is the result of the rapid generation of gases which are at the same time highly heated, causing them to expand with great force, in accordance with well-recognized principles of physics. If, for example, a flame is applied to a mixture of illuminating gas and air, the temperature of the gas-mixture at a point near the flame is raised to the so-called ignition point, chemical combination ensues, and new and highly heated gaseous products result. If the gas-mixture is confined, the confining walls are often disrupted.

The explosives in common use differ

from the mixture just described, in that they are not gaseous at the start. They are sometimes liquids, but are generally solids, and are made up of bodies which, when they are subjected to heat, or to certain sorts of shock, promptly go to pieces, yielding mostly gaseous products and liberating large quantities of heat. Almost without exception these explosives are made by the action of nitric acid upon such materials as glycerine, cellulose (absorbent cotton is nearly pure cellulose), or certain materials, like toluene, derived from the heating of soft coals out of contact with the air, as in the production of illuminating gas. They are among the so-called 'intermediates' from coal tars.

While to the casual observer the breaking down of the various explosives would appear to proceed practically instantaneously in all cases, accurate measurements show that there are appreciable differences in the rates of decomposition, and these differences determine the type of usefulness of a particular explosive. For example, a mixture of gasolene vapor and air is an efficient mixture for the development of power as applied to the piston of the engine of an automobile; whereas a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, while developing greater explosive force, does so with such rapidity that this energy cannot be effectively taken up by the mechanism of such an engine, and is wasted as a dangerous disruptive force on the walls of the cylinder. An explosive which is designed to produce a maximum of disruptive effect, as in shells, mines, or torpedoes, or in sapping or mining operations, must be of the rapid type known as a 'high explosive.' A propellant, on the other hand, must be of such a character that the decomposition goes on with progressively increasing rapidity, thus steadily increasing the pressure developed behind the projectile, until it acquires

its maximum velocity at the moment when it leaves the barrel of the gun.

To the chemist belongs the responsibility for the scientific development and improvement of these explosives. The problems are many-sided. It is not enough to produce materials which, in a qualitative sense, exhibit properties which would class them with one or the other of the types of explosives just outlined: their effects must be quantitatively measured, and must be capable of exact reproduction at will. This is rigidly true of the propellants, upon the performance of which the accurate placing of shells, when the range has been determined, absolutely depends. The limitations laid down in the specifications for such explosives permit but a very small percentage of variation in the pressure produced in the chamber of the gun. This uniformity, in turn, can be attained only by the most rigid scientific control of the manufacturing operations by the chemist, and the utmost care in guarding against subsequent deterioration during the interval between manufacture and use. Indeed, the latter phase of the problem is one of great significance. Explosives are, almost or quite without exception, composed of substances which are endothermic in character: that is, heat energy is absorbed when they are formed, and this heat is liberated when they decompose. Heat, moreover, accelerates all chemical changes. Hence, if any (even a very small) part of an explosive mass begins to break down from any cause, the heat liberated promotes the rapidity of the change, and this, in turn, is communicated to neighboring portions, until the entire mass may be involved and destroyed.

So far as it is humanly possible to do so, all exciting causes must be foreseen and forestalled; and the lack of stability during storage has necessitated the discarding of many materials otherwise of

great promise. Moreover, apparently slight variations in conditions of manufacture, due to ignorance or carelessness, may result in an imperfect product, which will begin to undergo spontaneous decomposition in storage, with a final result like that outlined above. Conditions such as these have been the cause of many mysterious explosions.

As an instance of extreme instability, the behavior of a substance known as nitrogen iodide may be cited. This compound explodes with great violence if touched with a feather, — a literal instance of being 'tickled to death,' — and often it is exploded by the mere friction of the air when moved from one spot to another. Such sensitiveness as this obviously places a substance outside the bounds of practical usefulness; but all explosives are, in the very nature of the case, unstable, and their preservation involves the study of factors which differ from this case in degree rather than in kind.

To attain the extreme velocities and the enormous ranges concerning which we almost daily find our credulity taxed to its limit, it is obvious that the temperatures and pressures developed within the chambers and barrels of the heavy guns must be very high. As has already been pointed out, both must be known within small limits, and be producible at will. Stimulated by these great temperatures, the products of decomposition of the explosives exert an erosive action upon the interior of the chamber and barrel of the gun, and soon injure and ultimately destroy the rifling. It is this, with the effect of temperature on the steel itself, which limits the life of the guns; and it is, again, the chemist's task so to choose his materials, for both the fabric of the gun and the explosive charge, that there shall be a minimum of erosion with a maximum of ballistic efficiency.

Nitroglycerine is doubtless the most

generally known, by name at least, among the high explosives. It was first manufactured on a large scale by Alfred Nobel, of peace-prize fame. It soon proved to be a treacherous substance to transport in liquid form; but Nobel found that the risk could be greatly reduced if the liquid is absorbed in a silicious earth. Nowadays wood-pulp and other absorbent materials are employed, and constitute what is known as dynamite. But nitroglycerine, if used alone as a bursting-charge for shells, has not proved itself to be satisfactory, and has been displaced by such materials as picric acid, and, notably, trinitrotoluene, which is frequently designated as T.N.T. This substance is distinctly less unstable. It can be melted and poured into shells without danger. Picric acid also may be handled without great risk, when pure. It tends, however, to react upon metals, with the formation of derivatives of picric acid (picrates), which are treacherous, and this circumstance has led to serious explosions. While trinitrotoluene is somewhat less powerful than picric acid, its use is more general at present.

Recently it has been found possible to secure excellent results from an explosive called 'amatol,' which is made by mixing with T.N.T. a considerable amount (even as high as eighty-five per cent) of ammonium nitrate. This common and apparently innocent laboratory reagent becomes an effective disruptive agent when its decomposition is once started by the explosion of the admixed trinitrotoluene. Aluminum powder, which in burning generates an exceptionally large amount of heat, is also sometimes added, and this mixture is called 'ammonal.'

The raw materials from which picric acid and trinitrotoluene are made are phenol, or carboic acid, and toluene. Both are constituents of the tar resulting from the heating of soft coals in re-

torts, to produce illuminating gas and coke. Great quantities of coke are used in the production of iron and steel; but, in the past, much of this has been made in what are known as 'bee-hive' ovens, from which the volatile products from the heating of the coal, including phenol and toluene, escaped into the air. At the present time, much progress has been made in the construction of closed retorts for the coking of these coals, thus making it possible to collect the volatile products. By this means the available supply of toluene is much increased. Under the best of conditions, however, some toluene, on account of its volatility, passes on with the illuminating gas, and auxiliary plants are now being installed in some of the larger cities to strip this toluene from the gas before it passes to the mains.

Picric acid is chemically known as trinitrophenol. Phenol is more commonly called carboic acid. While phenol is found in coal tar, the amount is not sufficient to provide an adequate supply to meet the demand for picric acid; and to meet the deficiency, it is necessary to resort to the synthetic preparation of carboic acid from benzene (benzol), which is a somewhat more abundant constituent of coal tar. The synthetic processes employed are akin to those which the chemist uses to transform the ill-smelling and unsightly coal tar into the varied dye-stuffs which add so much to the cheerfulness of life, or into the synthetic drugs upon which physicians rely for the alleviation of pain and for the maintenance of antiseptic conditions in home and hospital.

The handling of both picric acid and trinitrotoluene, while reasonably safe if intelligently done, so far as danger from explosion goes, has other disagreeable features. The operatives gradually absorb the material into the circulatory system, and in time it acts as a poison. The trinitrotoluene eventually affects

the liver, and jaundice ensues, with such intensity that the operators often turn a bright yellow. These cases are not infrequently fatal, and all are serious and of long duration, with doubtful final issue. In England thousands of women are engaged in the shell-filling plants, and they have shown great courage and loyalty in taking their share in this work, in the face of inevitable disfigurement, or permanent disablement.

### III

But the problem of the explosive shell does not end with the mere selection of a material to fill it. If its mission is to shower the enemy with shrapnel, the chemist must so choose his exploding charge as to give efficiency in force and distribution; if the shell is to destroy barbed-wire entanglements, its fragments upon bursting must be relatively large and heavy, which means a different shell-design and bursting-charge. The gas-shells, referred to later, also present many peculiar problems, and there are doubtless many more, peculiar to torpedoes and mines.

Among the modern explosives, gunpowder has lost its former prestige. In its development of explosive force it lies between the high explosives, like nitroglycerine, on the one hand, and smokeless powders on the other. Gunpowder fell from its former high estate largely because it gives aid and comfort to the enemy by enabling him to locate the guns of his opponent by the smoke which it produces.

In the search for a smokeless powder, that is, for an explosive which on decomposition would yield only gaseous products, attention was first turned to gun-cotton, or nitrocellulose. Raw cotton may be chemically treated for the removal of nearly all materials except what is chemically known as cellulose. It is similar to starch and sugar in its

chemical character, and explosives can be made also from these latter materials, although none are of much importance. The cotton, after such chemical treatment, is like the familiar absorbent cotton. If this is treated with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, it is converted into nitrocellulose, a material which is, incidentally, used in the manufacture of celluloid, in the dressing of patent leather, and in collodion.

Indeed, it has been made a reproach to the chemist, that he has allowed his art, which first brought carbolic acid to the surgeon's aid, and collodion (liquid court-plaster) to protect our wounds, to be turned to the production, from these same materials, of death-dealing explosives. But, as Dr. Baekeland has pointed out, it would be equally logical to condemn the art of printing, because it has been, and may be, used for the dissemination of lies and calumnies.

After washing and drying, which require great care, nitrocellulose is capable of use as an explosive. Curiously, the microscopic structure of the cotton is hardly altered by this treatment. It has the same open texture, and, if ignited, or detonated, the decomposition proceeds through the mass with such rapidity that nitrocellulose, thus prepared, proves to be a high explosive rather than a propellant, and is so used to-day in considerable quantities. But it has been found that, if nitrocellulose is dissolved in some solvent, or mixed with enough solvent to cause gelatinization, the resulting product, on drying, has the desired properties of a propellant: that is, it decomposes relatively slowly. Still later, it was found that admixtures of nitroglycerine with nitrocellulose gave desirable results, and the smokeless powders of to-day, known by various trade names, such as cordite, poudre B, etc., are blended mixtures, the composition of which is determined only after the most careful



laboratory and ballistic tests. Each type of gun, from the small arm to the largest cannon, requires exact and extensive study. In these investigations, again, the chemist is indispensable.

A smokeless powder, if ignited in the open air, burns relatively slowly. A stick of it may safely be held in the fingers until nearly consumed; but at the high pressure and temperatures within the guns, this combustion proceeds with relatively great velocity. The smokeless powders are usually ignited by a primer, which is frequently a small charge of black gunpowder. Most other explosives are fired by means of fulminates, the most common being mercury fulminate, which is made from mercury, nitric acid, and alcohol. These fulminates explode by friction, or a blow, and produce sufficient heat locally to detonate the explosive charge. The fulminates are sensitive rather than powerful. They demand the greatest caution in both manufacture and subsequent handling. They must explode with unerring accuracy when struck by the exploding mechanism, as is evident in the case of the machine-guns used on aeroplanes, the firing mechanism of which is so synchronized with the revolutions of the driving shaft, that the bullets pass between the blades of the propellers when the latter are revolving rapidly, and the slightest retardation in firing would be attended by fatal results.

#### IV

It is within the bounds of truth to assert that the changes in both munitions and ammunition which have taken place since the beginning of the war have equaled or exceeded those of preceding centuries. The rapidity of development, and the adaptation to these constantly changing conditions and demands, have been equally marvelous among all the warring nations; and

these changes are still going on to an extent which makes assertions of to-day almost obsolete to-morrow. But in no particular has this been so true as in the gas-warfare which has assumed an importance scarcely secondary to the use of explosives and missiles.

The first gas-attack was of the so-called 'drift-gas' type. Chlorine gas was discharged in quantity from the enemy trenches, and was carried by a favoring wind over the allied trenches, with disastrous results. Chlorine is a heavy gas, green in color and exceedingly irritating to the membranes of the air-passages, even at great dilution. This gas may be liquefied under high pressure in steel cylinders; and great numbers of these cylinders were placed at intervals of a few feet along the front of the enemy trenches, and pipes laid outside, opening toward the trenches of the Allies. The gas was simultaneously discharged from these openings, and with a light wind it held close to the ground. The effect was nothing less than appalling. It is said that, had the enemy realized the full effect of this gas-attack and followed it up, they could have pushed completely through the Allied lines. It is probable that they were not themselves adequately protected against the gas, and were uncertain as to what they would find in the gassed area.

This attack, marking, as it did, a new and evil epoch in military affairs, produced first a feeling of incredulity, which, however, soon gave place to the utmost exertions to devise means of protection, and later to devise varied and more vicious materials for offensive use in this relentless form of warfare. Drift-gas attacks, while still employed, have largely given place to gas shells, which are fired from guns or mortars, or used as hand-grenades. The shells which have been used contain as much as six pounds of materials which

are themselves easily volatile, or are atomized by the bursting of the shell, and thus impregnate the atmosphere around the spots at which they explode. They can, of course, be placed with the same accuracy as a shrapnel or other explosive shell, and such gas-shells are now used in great numbers before an attack in force, and are also intermingled with the explosive shells during an attack. Because of the penetration of the gases into dug-outs and gun-shelters which are practically proof against missiles, positions may be captured and gun-crews put out of action after withstanding long periods of bombardment.

Nearly all the materials employed in gas-warfare will produce fatal results if inhaled in sufficient concentration, and the aim of the warring chemists is to devise new gases which will pass through the masks in use by the enemy before they can be detected and the troops safeguarded, when such safeguarding is possible. Certain gases have, however, for their more immediate object, the irritation of the eyes (the lachrymatory gases, one part in a million of air being effective), temporarily blinding the victim; others are designed for the irritation of the nose (the 'sneeze-gases'), making it almost impossible for the fighter to overcome the tendency to throw off his mask; and others again, for the production of burns when in contact with the flesh, which are of a most distressing character, and, even if they do not cause death, incapacitate the victim for service for a period of months. The last-named gases are likewise toxic and lachrymatory to a high degree. The so-called 'mustard-gas,' a compound somewhat similar in character to mustard-oil, but far more of an irritant, has proved particularly destructive, and doubtless accounts for many of the casualties in recent attacks. The mustard-gas is discharged in liquid form and penetrates

ordinary clothing, even if the masks prevent its inhalation. It also saturates the ground, and troops taking shelter in shell-holes are often burned by contact with this ground.

It is often true that the harmful effect of the poison gases when inhaled is not immediate, but is the result of a slow interaction between the moisture of the lungs and the chemical employed. One, methyl sulphate, for example, yields wood-alcohol, a violent poison, and sulphuric acid. The men are frequently incapacitated hours after a gas-attack which at the time appeared to have been without serious result. The physiological effects are usually insidious and cruel. Smoke-shells containing 'sneeze-gas' are sometimes first used, and these are immediately followed by shells containing violently toxic gases. If the men are affected by the 'sneeze-gas' before the masks are put on, it is very difficult for them to keep them on, because of the continued paroxysms of sneezing.

Chlorine itself is now comparatively seldom used alone, but nearly all the poison gases are compounds containing chlorine, and the ability to supply adequate quantities of this gas, which is obtained by the electrolysis of a solution of table salt, is an important factor in the prosecution of the war. The processes for its production have been well worked out by the electrochemist. It is a question of installation of adequate large-scale apparatus.

The task of the chemist naturally resolves itself into the development of protective and preventive devices (the defensive side), and the devising of new toxic gases (the offensive side). At the time of the first gas-attack the Allied forces were without any means of protection, since, although some inkling of a possible use of poison gases had been obtained, it was not believed that those provisions of international agreements

which were intended to eliminate such practices would be violated.

Only the simplest expedients could be immediately employed. After a number of gas-attacks in April and May, 1915, there were few attacks until December, 1915, and in that interval, with incredible rapidity, comparatively efficient masks were devised and manufactured, and these are being constantly perfected. But even at best, they are a serious handicap to the activities of the men, and much of the efficiency of gas-warfare comes from the depressing effect of wearing the masks for long periods. This is known as 'neutralization' of the opposing infantry force; and even if it constituted only an annoyance, it would be remarkably effective. When, for example, ammunition and supplies have to be brought to the front, there are almost inevitably exposed points, or cross-roads, where great confusion of traffic occurs. These spots are frequently discovered by the enemy, and by planting a few gas-shells in the vicinity, the workers are obliged to don their masks, which, in these night operations makes confusion worse confounded, and may even cause serious embarrassment in the delivery of needed supplies.

The masks now used are nearly all of the canister type: that is, the inhaled air is drawn in through a canister containing certain materials which will react with, or absorb, the gases before they enter the mask itself. This mask consists of a close-fitting fabric, containing usually more or less rubber in its structure, and held in place by elastic straps over the head. The exhaled breath escapes from the mask through a rubber valve which opens only from pressure from the inside. The time allowed to put on the mask, when slung by a strap from the neck, is under ten seconds. It is carried in a canvas case, and when the forces are within two

miles of the front, they are required to wear the outfit in the 'alert' position, ready for instant use, night and day.

An important feature which has been the occasion of much scientific study is the eye-piece of the masks, to avoid dimming from the moisture accumulating within. Anti-dimming preparations have been found, and lately, as the result of many experiments, materials devised which reduce this difficulty to a minimum, under ordinary conditions of use.

Great improvements have been made in the effectiveness of the absorbent material used in the canisters, and this, in turn, has increased several fold the general efficiency which it was possible to attain at the time when the manufacture of the masks was first undertaken, and hence to diminish the amount of material to be placed in the canisters. The significance of this will be understood when it is realized that there is a considerable friction to overcome when the inhaled air is drawn through the canister. This was so great in the earlier masks, that it made necessary a suction on the part of the wearer of the mask equal to that required to raise a column of water in a tube to a height of six inches; an effort not incomparable with that made by many asthmatic sufferers to draw air into the lungs. This frictional resistance has been materially lessened by the improvement in the protective materials, and every reduction, however slight, is a great boon to the troops.

The materials used in the canisters are selected to react with gases of an acid character, and with those capable of destruction by oxidation, a process like that generally known as combustion. Much reliance is, however, placed upon the absorptive power toward gases exhibited by many porous substances, notably, high grades of charcoal. The principle is the same as that utilized in

the 'charcoal filters' sometimes attached to our faucets to clarify water-supplies.

Of late a new problem has been presented, because of the use of gases in the form of 'smoke-clouds,' which easily pass through the protective materials contained in the canisters. This has necessitated the addition of another filtering medium, and has necessarily added somewhat to the resistance to be overcome.

How serious this 'neutralization' of troops through the continuous wearing of masks may be, is illustrated by the conditions which obtained before one of the recent violent attacks on the Western Front. It has been stated that the enemy fired gas-shells (mainly mustard-gas) at the rate of two hundred thousand shells per day for four days, each shell probably averaging about five pounds of material. While the gas-masks will protect the wearer from the inhalation of this gas, they must have required one or more renewals during this period. This attack was followed by a smoke-cloud attack which necessitated the use of the extension filters, thus subjecting the troops to added labor in breathing, after days of constant use of the mask. The physical strain under such conditions cannot fail to have been severe. It is not, however, to be supposed that the enemy was allowed to spend his time in full comfort.

As a means of detecting the approach of a toxic gas, canaries and white mice are placed in the trenches, as they are peculiarly sensitive to these chemicals and show signs of distress from dilutions which are unnoticed by man, especially when the gases are nearly odorless.

Of the offensive side of this gas-war it is obvious that little can properly be made public. There is reason to believe that our American chemists are making valuable contributions in this field.

## V

Another type of gas-problem is that presented by the necessity for protection against the gases resulting from the explosion of shells aboard our war-vessels, and from those gases which issue from the guns when the chambers are opened for recharging. To this must also be added the risk from poison-gas shells which may be so designed as to penetrate armor-plate before explosion. Carbon monoxide is a notable constituent of these gases. So long as the ventilating systems are intact, the men in the turrets (where the guns are situated) are protected; but in the event of damage to such systems, other protection, in the form of masks, is needed.

Again, the submarines present a series of problems. For example, the presence of hydrogen, which may escape from the storage-batteries and will easily form explosive mixtures with air, must be promptly detected. These are but two of many similar problems coming from the navy with which the chemist is busy and for which solutions have been found.

Much has been done in the production of efficient smoke-screens for use in the trenches, and notably as a protection against submarine attack. The chemists have perfected devices by which combinations of chemicals are used to produce clouds of remarkable density, some white, some black, which hang for a considerable period above land or water, and effectually obscure what is going on behind them.

To determine the accuracy of artillery fire, it is necessary for the aerial watchers to be able to trace the path of a portion of the shells by day or by night. This may be accomplished by attaching to some of the shells inflammable materials — phosphorus for example, which is ignited when the shell leaves the gun and leaves a trail of fire

at night, or of white smoke by day; or the point at which they land may be indicated by a similar phenomenon, taking place at the moment of impact. Aircraft of the type of the Zeppelins, or the observation balloons, are filled with hydrogen, and it is to this that their great vulnerability is largely due. Incendiary bullets, carrying inflammable materials, on piercing the envelopes of these craft, ignite the hydrogen, and destruction follows. Bullets and shells used in anti-aircraft guns must also be traced to determine the effectiveness of an attack, and this is accomplished in a similar way.

If the advent of a 'safe and sane Fourth' has served to restrict the activity of the pyrotechnic industries in this country, the war has called into service the knowledge and skill of their chemists and operators. Signals for night use, and those that develop colored smokes for day use, incendiary bombs for the ignition of buildings and of grain-fields, and stars for the illumination of battlefields, are among the many devices that must be produced in enormous quantities, and with the highest attainable degree of uniformity and reliability. Pyrotechnic research is today an important division of the work which is going on in various laboratories throughout the country. The educational institutions and many individuals and business organizations have placed their facilities at the command of the government, and in these laboratories, as well as in those of the government itself, a large corps of chemical investigators is busy with the study of the methods of safeguarding our forces against gas-attacks, and in perfecting procedures which will lead to the production of those toxic gases which have already proved effective, as well as of such new ones as may give promise of even more deadly effects.

It is a matter of common knowledge

that we in the United States were confronted with a most serious situation with respect to dye-stuffs at the beginning of this war, on account of our dependence upon imported colors. This situation has been splendidly met by the chemists of the country. But the situation was serious in other countries also, for the demand for dyes for uniforms was made on an unprecedented scale. The chemists in the Allied countries rose to the occasion, and produced synthetic indigo for navy blue, using in part new processes, and also produced the necessary dyes for the khaki and olive-drab uniforms. This, although simple in the telling, involved extensive and intensive modifications of manufacturing processes and plants, and is fairly representative of many of the industrial crises which the chemist has been called upon to meet since the opening of the war.

Whether the rôle of the chemist in this war transcends in importance that of the members of other professions, to such an extent as to warrant the designation 'a chemists' war,' may reasonably be questioned; but, there can be no doubt that the contributions of the chemist to the prosecution of the war, of which a few typical instances only have been outlined, fairly substantiate a claim to a position of great responsibility for its successful conduct, at home and in the field. Much has been done, and much must still be done. Mind must be pitted against mind while the struggle lasts; and when it ends, and our country realizes, as it must if it expects to hold a dominating place in civilization and industry, that scientific methods alone afford a sound basis for federal and industrial development, the achievements of the chemist in the war should entitle him to increasing respect and to a highly responsible share in national life and in the councils of those who will direct our national policies.



# PACIFISM AS AN AUXILIARY OF PANGERMANISM

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

I HAVE already shown in these pages that Pangermanism, and the concrete plan resulting from it, constitute the fundamental, deep-rooted, and remote cause of the war. I propose now to explain why Pacifism has powerfully served the most vital German ambitions, and why it is to-day an effective cause of the prolongation of the war.

Such a demonstration is most essential. From the Russian Revolution of March, 1917, down to the beginning of the German offensive against the Western Front in March, 1918, a current of pacifism, feeble and uncertain at the outset, has rushed with constantly increasing violence through the Entente countries. The pacifists who are conducting this movement are not really very numerous; but they make a great noise. They have considerable resources at their disposal, and are incontestably hard at work in influential circles among all the Allied nations.

They have already shown themselves to be so audacious, despite the many events which enjoin silence upon them, that we are justified in thinking that they will become active again if the slackening of the German offensive supplies them with an excuse. It is indispensable, therefore, at so critical and decisive a juncture, to take precautions against the tremendous danger that may result from their action, by making a more complete acquaintance with it.

While I now attack pacifism, it is impossible, I hope, for any one to attribute to me any hidden motive. For twenty years I did all that lay in my

power to give warning of the danger, and thus to avoid war. If I take the pacifists to task now, it is because I am firmly convinced that, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, they are in reality, as I hope to prove, extremely dangerous enemies of Peace.

## I. PACIFISM BEFORE THE WAR

The chief result secured by the pacifists before the original German aggression was to bring about in the countries now in alliance, a critical scrutiny of the foreign policy, characterized by unending concessions to the threatening demands of the governing powers at Berlin and Vienna, which had followed one another in quick succession, especially since 1890. Unquestionably, in the minds of those responsible for them, these concessions were made with the object of maintaining peace; but for the reasons set forth below, which are even now but little known, these concessions, despite the laudable intentions of those who urged them, were so unreasonable that they resulted in encouraging Austria and Germany to pursue the most immeasurably ambitious projects imaginable.

Let us observe first of all that, in the twenty-five years before the war, two apparently opposed currents of thought were rife in Europe. On the one hand, the government of Berlin, carrying to its extreme limit the application of the Prussian militaristic theory, completed all material preparations for the creation of Pan-Germany, and by means of

an energetic propaganda, made the whole German people morally ready to accept the various eventualities which should assure Prussianized Germany of universal domination. On the other hand, during precisely the same period, a powerful current of pacifism pressed the policy of disarmament in Great Britain, Russia, and France, with the result that the task of the Pangermanists was facilitated to an extraordinary degree.

We must note that pacifism broke loose irrespective of the political character of the states concerned; no less in constitutional monarchies like Great Britain, than in a republic like France and an autocratic empire like that of the Tsars. And we must note further, that in each of the present Allied countries in Europe, pacifism was not a monopoly of the party in opposition, for it infected in greater or less degree sections of all parties. Pacifists were numerous even among members of the governments of the Entente countries: Lord Lansdowne, for instance, and Sir Edward Grey, who through so many years were in control of the foreign affairs of Great Britain, were notorious pacifists. Tsar Nicholas II, also, was a very active pacifist. Indeed, it was he who was the persistent organizer of the Hague Conferences, the results of which have been far different from those anticipated by their founder.

Under the influence of pacifist ideas, the various acts which, in the view of the now Allied European governments, were concessions made to Germany with the object of assuring peace, but which in Berlin were regarded as moral surrenders inviting a progressive amplification of Pangermanist demands, became so numerous, that I can mention only the more important instances.

1. The facility with which the Russia of 1890 to 1904 allowed herself to be diverted by German diplomacy from her

traditional policy in the Balkans, and to become involved, at the suggestion of Berlin, in the Far East and finally to be drawn into a disastrous war with Japan, so that in Eastern Europe the field was left open to Germany.

2. The Franco-German treaty of November 4, 1911, by virtue of which France ceded 275,000 square kilometres of the French Congo to Germany, whereas, for all practical purposes, this treaty confirmed so irrevocably the German economic mortgage upon Morocco, that on November 9, 1911, *the treaty being signed*, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was able to announce, with perfect truth, in the Reichstag:—

‘We have given up nothing in Morocco that we had not already given up, and we have secured an enlargement of our colonial domain.’

The fact is that France was so fast bound by this treaty, that it needed nothing less than the world-war to enable her to construct in Morocco the telegraph lines and railways which the treaty forbade her to undertake, without the assent of Berlin, both to the actual construction of these works and even to the order of their construction.

3. The lack of comprehension, truly extraordinary in its persistence, manifested alike by France, Great Britain, and Russia, of the matter of the Bagdad Railway. And yet, as early as 1900, it was obvious that that railway was destined to become the keystone of the whole German scheme of universal domination.

Now, at the Potsdam interview in November, 1910, Nicholas II definitively assented to the construction of German railways in Turkey and their connection with those that Russia might build in Persia.

On the other hand, in his sensational memoirs Prince Lichnowsky has disclosed the fact that in 1912 and 1913 Sir E. Grey made the immense conces-

sion of consenting benevolently to allow the construction of German railway lines in the Ottoman Empire. By virtue of this Anglo-German agreement, the British economic zone of influence was defined on the shore of the Persian Gulf and in the district of the Smyrna-Aidin railway. The French zone of influence comprised Syria and Russian Armenia. But the whole of Mesopotamia as far as Bassorah, — that is, the choice morsel the possession of which assured the domination of the rest of the Ottoman Empire, — was recognized by Great Britain as the zone of German influence. Thus Sir E. Grey gratified to the full the Pangermanist ambition by consenting to the building of the Hamburg-Bagdad line.

It is plain, that, in acting thus, Sir E. Grey was guided by his insistent pacifism, and by the belief that, if the East were abandoned to Germany, she would leave the rest of the world at peace. Moreover, this conviction was widespread among the pacifist Socialists of the East, with whom, as Prince Lichnowsky says, Sir E. Grey was sympathetic. Now, these pacifist Socialists were generally of the opinion, with Sir E. Grey, that the best way to avoid war was to bow unresistingly to the will of Berlin. That is why many of them assented in advance, and quite explicitly, to the German scheme of laying violent hands upon Central Europe and to the Hamburg-Persian Gulf line.

Nothing could prove more conclusively the existence of this opinion than the following extract from a book published in 1913 by a prominent French Socialist, M. Marcel Sembat. This work, which has the curious title, *Make a King; if not, Make Peace*, deserves very special attention for two reasons. In the first place, M. Sembat discusses the gravest questions with a knowledge and perspicacity whose mediocre extent is sufficiently indicated by this epigram:

'A twentieth-century war is decided in a week!' Secondly, this book was in such entire accord with the wishes of the French pacifists, that, by August of the year of publication, it had reached its eighteenth edition — an unprecedented success for a work of this sort.

M. Sembat's wonderful scheme for avoiding war may be summarized as an anticipatory, complete, and graceful surrender to the demands of Germany on all essential points. He therefore advised the French to abandon definitively all claim to Alsace-Lorraine. Moreover, he declares, on page 145, —

Bismarck left to Austria the famous watchword: 'Drang nach Osten! On to the East!' As a matter of elementary foresight, we should have congratulated ourselves on it. To the East? That will divert the German current from us. Would you prefer that it should flow toward the West? Bismarck points us to Tunis and Africa; he points the German people to the East; we are lucky not to come into collision with them. Are we satisfied? We are exasperated, mad with rage! For my part, I can imagine nothing more foolish than the frenzy that seizes us when Germany forms plans about Anatolia, or the road to Bagdad, or all Asia Minor. I would say to her with all my heart, 'Bon voyage!'

In his state of virgin ignorance, geographical, ethnographical, economic, and psychological, M. Sembat, did not suspect, any more than Sir E. Grey, that to give the East to Germany was to furnish her with the means of enslaving the West as well. Nor did the idea that the German seizure of Central Europe and the Balkans might very well reduce to slavery democratic peoples entitled to be free, give M. Sembat pause. Speaking of Russian interests in the Balkans, he assured the Tsar's government beforehand that France 'refuses to draw the sword for Bosnia and Herzegovina, for the Serbian pig.'

Now, as we shall see, M. Sembat, in

1913, expressed opinions leading to practically the same results as those urged by M. Caillaux in 1916. In the speech for the prosecution made by the Military Governor of Paris on December 10, 1917, against the former President of the Council, the following language is attributed to M. Caillaux when he was in Italy, in December, 1916, striving to induce France and Italy to make peace.

All the costs of the war [he said] should be paid by Russia and the Balkans. Serbia will disappear and will have only what she deserves. Roumania, too, will disappear; that is unfortunate, but it is better that she should pay for the crash, than we.

Thus, in 1916, in the midst of the war, M. Caillaux, to the intense indignation of France, recommended the same solution, to which the outgivings of M. Sembat, in 1913, in the midst of peace, actually pointed. Now at that precise time, in 1913, Sir E. Grey was working to gratify M. Sembat's aspirations, since he graciously abandoned to Germany Mesopotamia as an exclusive sphere of influence. Thus Socialists like M. Sembat, who represented truly the dominant opinions of their party, and governing statesmen like Sir E. Grey, were absolutely agreed as to the general line of conduct to be followed.

In view of the incontestable facts established by the Lichnowsky memoirs, we can form our conclusions without fear of going astray. Before the war, thinking thus to avoid it, and as a result of their profound ignorance of actualities and of the consequences of their concessions, the Allied Socialists and pacifists drew Pan-Germany's chestnuts out of the fire — unknowingly, no doubt, but most persistently.

## II. PACIFISM DURING THE WAR

The German aggression broke forth in 1914, under conditions so manifestly

execrable that one was justified in thinking that any offensive renewal of pacifism in the Allied countries would be impossible. Unhappily it has turned out otherwise.

The Kienthalians and the Zimmerwaldians — I use these names to designate a large number of pacifists who were present at the meetings at Kienthal and Zimmerwald in Switzerland — were, after August, 1914, the depositories of the theory of an immediate peace. During the first two years of the war they exerted only a very feeble influence among the Western Allies; but their action was abruptly encouraged by the Russian Revolution, in exploiting the various possibilities of which the German agents showed remarkable cleverness. These agents set to work first of all upon the Russians, who were overdone with the war. Next, the representatives of Boche propaganda cynically 'bought,' in order to enlist them on their side, a part of that intellectual crew which, in all countries, claims to have advanced ideas, but whose so-called social ideal is a readily purchasable subject of speculation. Lastly, the sincere pacifists, who had held their peace during the first two years of the war, were relieved to find themselves set free from a silence which was a heavy burden to them, when the Russian revolutionists declared before the world that pacifism of the Bolshevik brand, thanks to the effect it must have on the German workingman, would ensure peace very shortly, under conditions involving the downfall of Prussian militarism.

Under the concomitant influence of these various causes, after March, 1917, the pacifist current made such progress in Russia, Italy, France, and Great Britain, that, until the German offensive against the Western Front in March, 1918, there was actually far more discussion in the Allied newspa-

pers as to how peace could be brought about, than as to the surest methods of winning the war. The project of a conference at Stockholm, suggested by the Boches, was an especial subject of endless discussions, whereas that German trap was so clumsily constructed, that it should have been thrust aside with contempt and without explanations.

In 1917 and 1918 the pacifist aberration reached such a point that, while Germany had substantially fastened her grip upon all Central and Eastern Europe and was extending her hegemony over the vast spaces of European Russia, the pacifists declared freely that the war-map was of no importance. In a number of Allied newspapers they went so far as to ask, as did *Le Pays*, a paper of Socialist-pacifist tendencies, in an editorial in February, 1918, 'Does this mean that victory is to be sought by military action alone? That would be an extraordinary misconception.'

Now, by other than military action, *Le Pays* and the pacifists mean the negotiation of a compromise peace. Thus, at the very moment when the Austro-Germans were cynically violating the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, of which they themselves imposed the terms upon the Russian pseudo-negotiators; when the Turks were proceeding methodically to destroy the Armenians; when the Bulgarians were destroying the Serbians; when the Austro-Hungarian government was systematically causing famine in the Czech and Jugo-Slav districts, the pacifists of the Entente were guilty of the unpardonable aberration of recommending a peace by conciliation, the execution and observance of which would be dependent solely on the good faith of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey!

The pacifist infection has been propagated in the Entente countries during the war by men belonging to the most diverse classes. Early in 1916, when he

was a member of the Asquith Cabinet, then declining to its fall, Lord Lansdowne, a peer of the United Kingdom, formerly Governor General of Canada and of India, and former Secretary for Foreign Affairs, put forth a memorandum in which he advised immediate peace. On November 19, 1917, just when the Austro-Germans were proceeding to parcel out Russia, he published a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* in which he publicly urged a peace by conciliation. Finally, on March 5, 1918, he returned to the charge, still in the *Daily Telegraph*, at a time when the General Staff at Berlin was concentrating on the Western Front all the forces at the disposal of Pan-Germany.

But there is no question that the pacifists were most numerous from March, 1917, to March, 1918, among the Socialist politicians of Russia, Italy, France, and Great Britain. These politicians have manifested an incomprehensible failure to grasp the situation. In proportion as the Germans enlarged their enormous war-map, which at the end of 1917 already extended considerably beyond the boundaries of Pan-Germany as conceived in the project of 1895-1911, the Allied pacifist-Socialist politicians considered that the reasons for 'conversing' with the German Socialists increased in force. The argument to which they have constantly resorted is that their influence over the Social Democrats of Germany would bring about an uprising on their part, from which there would result, at one and the same time, peace and the end of Prussian militarism.

As a matter of fact, this conviction was never justified in even the slightest degree. It has never been possible to harbor any illusion as to the real sentiments of the Social Democrats. It is not fair to say, as is so often done, that before the war the German Socialists tried to make the French and English



Socialists believe that they would revolt in case of war. The exact contrary is true. On various occasions, in fact, authorized representatives of the German Socialists have issued pronouncements entirely free from ambiguity. On July 29, 1911, Molkenbuhr, a Socialist member of the Reichstag, said to the newspaper *Le Matin*, 'I do not believe that the German Labor party can prevent war. . . . It must not be forgotten that the Socialist party in Germany has never yet succeeded in winning more than a third of the electoral seats in the Empire.' *L'Humanité* having published, late in January, 1912, an interview with Karl Liebknecht in which he was made to say that war would be ward off by the German Socialist party, Liebknecht formally disavowed this interview in the Prussian Chamber on February 1; and to make the disavowal as explicit as possible, another Socialist Deputy, Stroehl, said, 'We are patriots, and we do not propose to disarm the Fatherland when confronting the foreigner.'

In reality, then, if the Socialist politicians among the Western Allies were led astray, before the war and during the first three years of its continuance, as to the attitude of the Kaiser's Socialists, it was because they themselves had created the state of mind which predisposed them to go astray. As to the rôle of the German Socialists during the war, and the hopes which it has been possible to base on their pacifistic tendencies, there is a document of exceptional interest which summarizes their attitude with equal vigor and truth.

It is very interesting to follow the course of the leading French Socialist newspaper, *L'Humanité*. Side by side with articles crammed with wrong-headed theories, in which French pacifists declare that the war-map is of no importance, and that the only guaranty of peace that we need is Germany's

promise not to begin again, *L'Humanité* occasionally prints articles, or documents, which, while conforming absolutely to Socialist principles and interests, are certainly sincere and of unquestionable value. These articles and documents are generally contributed by a Swiss correspondent who uses the pen-name Homo, — his real name is Grumbach, — and who has constantly proved himself to be exceedingly well informed concerning Germany.

Now, Homo caused to be reprinted, in *L'Humanité* of March 13, 1918, an article which appeared at Petrograd in the *Novaia Jizm*, Gorky's International organ, on January 11 (24), 1918. This article, from the pen of one of the rare Minority German Socialists who have eluded the grasp of Prussian militarism, was printed without signature, in order to safeguard its author against reprisals; but it is clear that it is the work of a man perfectly familiar with actual conditions. It contains observations which seem to come as near as possible to the truth concerning the procedure of the German Social Democrats, the state of mind of the German workingmen, and the projects of the most audacious of all pacifists, the Bolsheviks. I propose to quote certain passages from this article, which I regard as a very important document.

In German military circles, the success of the negotiations with Russia is frankly explained by the fact that all those persons who were needed have been 'fixed.' No one in Germany can refuse to admit that the Bolsheviks are sincerely *convinced* of the logical revolutionary trend of their policy. . . . There is no hope that the German proletariat will follow the example of the Russian Revolution; and the one thing of which we are least of all justified in dreaming is that they will organize a revolution of the Bolshevik type. For three and a half years the German proletariat has been in a state of the most absolute intellectual atrophy and political degradation. The work-

ingmen babble of war-profits, of the shortage of food-crops, but this does not prevent their frittering their time away, passive in their exhaustion, stripped of every shred of idealism. If certain individuals think otherwise, aspire to something different, their number is always less than that of those proletarians who sympathize with nationalities and of the annexationists. . . .

The Bolsheviks are not so ignorant that they do not see quite clearly that, whatever masks the German diplomats assume, the military party, which is on top in Germany, can in no case seriously desire a democratic peace, or even resign themselves to the possibility of such a peace. They would sacrifice the last soldier rather, than abandon the conquests with which the war began.

The writer proceeds to explain how the Brest-Litovsk negotiations were so handled as to pave the way for the great German offensive on the Western Front.

The article from which I quote was published at Petrograd in January, 1918. In view of the slowness of communication with Germany, it is practically certain that it was written, at the latest, in December, 1917, and probably in November. Now, inasmuch as the facts fully justify the following suggestions and forecasts, the value of the Minority Socialist author's sources of information and of his judgment is demonstrated. He continues thus: —

The German delegation gave to their pourparlers with our Bolshevik friends [at Brest-Litovsk] a tone of mocking cynicism which they scarcely took pains to disguise. It was not enough for them to be able, during the suspension of hostilities, to transfer troops, at their pleasure, to the Western Front: they also forced the inclusion in the terms of the armistice of a sentence which permitted them to carry through any transfer of troops that had already begun.

Thus the *first* object of the pourparlers on the Eastern Front was attained — the transfer *en masse* of troops to the Western Front; for these manoeuvres aimed, not only at the conclusion of peace, but at reaching a military decision of the conflict.

In January, a great offensive will be begun on the West, by which they expect to forestall the aid which may be looked for from the United States, and to effect at the last moment of the war what was prevented in 1914 by the situation on the Marne — namely, the subjugation of France by a whirlwind assault.

No less serious is the fact that the Bolsheviks have agreed also to concur in Germany's *second* object. By the phrase relating to the immediate resumption of economic relations, Germany secures the means of renewing, thanks to the resources of Russia, her reserves of food-supplies and of raw materials, which are in danger of exhaustion. The food-supplies are not sufficient to outlast the spring. The danger was great. At this critical moment the Bolsheviks came to the rescue.

Lastly, the Bolsheviks have assisted in the *third* step of the German policy. These most uncompromising of all revolutionaries of history, who would fain realize the whole Socialist scheme at a single stroke, have the face to declare, — presuming with unheard-of audacity upon the stupidity of the people, — that the principles of their peace-programme and of the programme of the military authorities of the Central Empires so far coincide as to serve as a common basis for the conclusion of a general democratic peace. By this declaration alone they have lent their aid to the German intrigues which, through the instrumentality of the pacifist dodge and the skillful exploitation of the formula of a peace 'without annexations or indemnities,' aim not unsuccessfully at weakening the military morale of the Entente nations, who thirst for peace. On the other hand, the Bolsheviks have fostered the intrigues which seek to maintain and strengthen among the German peoples the determination to continue the war with the Entente, which is accused of spurning the so-called peace.

From the moment that the Bolsheviks not only sacrifice their principles, but also, point by point, — like their friend of late date, Scheidemann, — aggravate this sudden shift of position by pretending that, in obedience to their pressure, Prussian militarism has gone over to the side of revolutionary Social-Democratic doctrines; from

the moment that they act thus, — whether consciously or from stupidity makes no difference, — their role is identical with that of the German agents in foreign countries, upon whom millions are lavished without accounting, so that they may spread broadcast among the nations of the Entente and neutral peoples the theories of pacifism, of anti-militarism, of anti-capitalism, and of revolution.

By this policy the Bolsheviks are preparing the way, not for peace for Russia and for all mankind now crushed to earth by the war, but solely for the most savage triumph of Prussian militarism, which, alas! has no thought of being converted to the Bolshevik faith.

The opposition in Germany is doomed to be silent. The German masses are wearing themselves out at the front, or are being worked to death at home by excessive toil and insufficient nourishment. The venal press follows docilely the orders of the Military Press Bureau or of the managers of the metal industry. The Reichstag was prologued before the pourparlers with Russia began. German militarism is omnipotent and marches onward unimpeded.

In reality, as everyone who really knew anything of the German spirit could have been certain beforehand, the Kaiser's Social Democrats are thoroughly content with the German victories. The *Vorwaerts* of March 3, 1918, did not shrink from saying, —

To-day Germany has won a victory in the East which no one can deny, and in the West the condition of affairs is such that our previous belief in a successful defensive has come to seem downright modesty. These are wishes and hopes which extend very far: Germany absolutely triumphant over a world irreparably conquered, dictating terms of peace in the West as she has dictated them in the East. The German working class has not only desired for its fatherland its present military triumph, but has assisted materially in securing it.

Now, the overwhelming evidence of malign snares, like that of Stockholm, the Bolshevik treachery, and the for-

midable actualities of the war-map, have not put an end to the fantastic delusions of the Allied pacifistic Socialists. This is shown by the fact that, in the middle of March last, only a few days before the opening of the great German offensive, M. Camille Huysmans, who lives in England, a very important personage in Socialist circles by virtue of his office of Secretary of the International Socialist Bureau, had so mistaken a conception of the situation that he was actually making arrangements for the approaching international conference. In order to remove so far as possible every obstacle to this conference, M. Huysmans made it known publicly that he regarded as simple suggestions the terms of the Inter-Allied Socialist memorandum of February, 1918, which might possibly embarrass the German Socialists. According to *Le Pays* of March 20, he went so far as to say, 'The Inter-Allied memorandum does not suggest as a condition of peace the creation of an Austrian confederation.'

Thus we find ourselves confronted by this extraordinary situation: Huysmans regards it as admissible to leave the Slavs and Latins of Central Europe under the German-Magyar yoke; which, moreover, amounts practically to consenting to the definitive consolidation of Mittel-Europa, and hence of Pan-Germany.

What makes this willingness of the Allied pacifist Socialists to 'treat' with the Social Democrats even more incomprehensible is that certain German Socialists, of undeniable competence to speak for their fellows, have warned the pacifist Socialists of the absolute fruitlessness of their efforts. For example, the German Socialist Emile Bruck, the former friend of Bebel and Bernste, asserted, in an interview printed in the *Daily Chronicle* of London early in March, 1918: —

The British Labor Party desires to meet the organized German democracy in an international congress. What is the meaning of that term? Does it mean Majority Socialists? The leaders of the British Labor Party would have as little success in inducing Herren Scheidemann, David, and Ebert to accept the sort of peace proposed by Mr. Lloyd George as they would have in inducing the German Emperor to leave his throne. . . . As an old German Socialist, let me tell my English comrades that our democratic ideal cannot be realized until after the defeat of Germany on the battlefield. It is not through civilization that we shall set ourselves free from the domination of those who brought on this war.

But there is worse to come. The *Vorwaerts* itself did not hesitate to say, — also in the early days of March, and therefore previous to M. Huysmans's declarations quoted above, —

The German workingmen will not enter upon a general strike, nor will they rise in revolt — in the first place, because they are not ready, and secondly, because they know that by so doing they would make themselves accomplices of the imperialists of the Entente. Moreover, the latest events prove conclusively how deplorable the Maximalist methods are, from every point of view.

When we find that the warnings of the authoritative, pure-blooded German Socialists, that even the declarations of the Kaiser's German Socialists themselves that they will not revolt, and that three years of overwhelming evidence have not sufficed to convince the pacifist Socialists of the Entente of their error (that error consisting in their determination to set about peace-making with the Social Democrats), it is altogether useless to attempt to convince them.

But, after the incredible sacrifice made by the Allied nations, it is not possible for them to allow themselves to be inveigled into a conference with the Boches, which could result only in a Western treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which

would reduce them to servitude. The Allied pacifists, therefore, as they are impervious to all the evidence, must be regarded as extremely dangerous lunatics, against whom we have the right, as well as the bounden duty, to protect ourselves.

#### CONCLUSIONS

The deep-seated cause of pacifism, generally speaking, is the very incomplete knowledge of external affairs, — and, hence, of Germany, — which unfortunately we are obliged to recognize in the countries now allied. The result of this ignorance is that those persons who are temperamentally inclined to idealism discuss war and peace through the medium of abstract principles and *a priori* theories, having no knowledge of definite facts, carefully scrutinized, to save them from errors. Thus they see foreign countries as they would fain have them and not as they are.

Now, it is from this category of minds, predisposed to theory, that the pacifists are recruited. Again, it is readily understood that, while they have very little familiarity with external *material* facts, they are even more ignorant of external *immaterial* facts — notably, the psychology of the German people. And each and every pacifist error has its definite basis in this ignorance. The acts of pacifist foreign policy from 1890 to 1914 — the endless concessions made to Germany or Austria — were generally regarded in Great Britain, Russia, and France as wise and prudent and calculated to ensure peace; this estimate could proceed from nothing else than utter failure to comprehend German psychology.

Those persons in the Allied countries who believed and still believe that to make a concession to the Germans is the surest means of inducing them to respond with reciprocal concessions are absolutely mistaken. Prussianized Ger-

many sees evidence of weakness in every voluntary concession, and is tempted thereby to demand more ere long. It is of vital importance that people in the Allied countries should become imbued with this fact, which is known to all those, who have watched Germany closely. The Germans, by reason of an ages-old atavism which cannot be suddenly changed, respect nothing save material force guided by an intellectual force which knows them through and through.

Thus the only way to persuade Germany to preserve the peace is to constrain her to do so by forcible methods more powerful than her own and always ready to be set in motion.

The facts prove clearly enough the danger of concessions to the Germans. Before the signing of the Franco-German treaty of November 4, 1911, relating to Morocco, — which at the present moment many good people in France, who know little about it, still regard as a step which contributed to the maintenance of peace, — M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu predicted, in the *Économiste Français* of September, 1911, that that treaty would encourage the Germans to make further claims.

To offer [said the distinguished economist] vast tracts of territory to a nation which has risked neither a single soldier nor a single cent, and which is content to subject us to constant blackmail, is to encourage the indefinite repetition of the same thing

Now, the Germans were by no means satisfied with the enormous concessions which M. Caillaux made to Germany; but they considered that, inasmuch as the threat of war had already had an important effect, the thing to do was to repeat it at the next opportunity.

Proof that any agreement with the Germans, as it is susceptible of being attributed to the fear that they will resort to force, is always interpreted by

them as a surrender inviting renewed demands on their part, is supplied by the important revelation made to the *Temps* newspaper, in mid-September, 1917, by Mr. Iswolsky, former minister of the Tsar Nicholas II. Wilhelm II having stated in a conversation with Mr. Iswolsky that he wished to draw France into an alliance with Germany against England, the Russian statesman called the Emperor's attention to the fact that the question of Alsace-Lorraine stood between France and Germany. 'But that is settled,' replied Wilhelm. 'In the Morocco business I threw down the glove to France, and she declined to pick it up, that is, to fight, and consequently the Alsace-Lorraine question has ceased to exist.'

Thus, according to testimony, which cannot be questioned, it is the German Emperor himself who informs us that, whenever anyone does not choose to fight with Germany about a matter in dispute, this attitude is interpreted at Berlin as a surrender; and this manner of interpreting concessions is characteristic of practically all Germans, because of their peculiar psychological make-up, which clearly cannot be modified for a long time to come.

The actual truth is that, when one has the right on one's side and the power to enforce respect for it, every concession made to Germany is a grave error, psychologically speaking, which will have to be dearly paid for, as it inevitably leads to a conflict much more serious, than that which one has avoided. Certain known facts enable us to verify the accuracy of this point of view.

Common sense tells us that vigorous and effective opposition could have been made, about 1900, by Russia, France, and Great Britain, to the German project of a railway to Bagdad. It should have been possible for those three powers to act together at that



time, for it was perfectly evident to judicious minds that the three were threatened in equal degree in their vital interests by the Bagdad scheme. And, at that time, those powers had at their disposal forces before which Berlin would have had to withdraw, for German public opinion had not then been aroused by the Pangermanist plan.

With a comparatively feeble effort, therefore, a vastly important result might have been attained, if they had acted with steadfastness and determination. As the Pangermanist conceptions are all based on the carrying through of the Hamburg to Bagdad project, they would have been killed at the root by effective opposition to the German Bagdad Railway. The Pangermanist virus, which was then just beginning to spread, would have been destroyed before it had infected, as it has, substantially the whole German mass. The new German claims, which have been incessant since 1900, could not have been put forward in the face of such vigorous opposition to the first step in the creation of Pan-Germany, and the present catastrophe could not have occurred.

In reality, then, the endless concessions made to Germany by France, Russia, and Great Britain, with the best intentions, have simply tempted them to claim more and more. That is why it is just and reasonable to conclude that the concessions hitherto made by the present Allies, under the influence of the pacifists, have acted as a constant aggravation of German ambitions, from which the war has resulted. In the last analysis, pacifism created the peculiar atmosphere, indispensable to the growth and development of the poisonous plant, Pangermanism.

Lastly, the downfall of Russia is a convincing proof that the pacifists —

of whom the Bolsheviks are the most perfect type — have done exactly the opposite of what should have been done to bring the war speedily to an end, and to ensure the triumph of democracy. At the beginning of 1917, Central Pan-Germany being already a fact, its destruction was the essential preliminary to ensuring for Russia an honorable and lasting peace, which alone would have made it possible for her to effect her great democratic reforms — elections, federal organization, and agrarian reform. On the other hand, in March, 1917, Russia was well supplied with munitions furnished by the Allies, and the Russian dépôts were full of trained troops. So that, if the Russians had chosen to continue the war with energy, Prussian militarism would have been destroyed ere this, and the triumph of democracy assured. It was manifestly the determination of the Bolsheviks to have peace at any price which brought about the downfall of Russia, her present state of servitude, and the great German offensive on the Western Front.

It can fairly be said that pacifism, in view of its manifestations taken as a whole, has brought about results diametrically opposed to those anticipated by its propagandists. Before the war, pacifism went far to encourage the development of the Pangermanist idea. Since the war began, the pacifist aberrations have unquestionably prolonged the struggle and largely increased the sacrifices that the Allies are called upon to make.

The undisputed facts prove, then, that, in order to win the war, pacifism — the propagandists of which are comparatively few in number, but as noisy as they are ill-informed — must be combatted in the Allied countries as vigorously as Pangermanism, of which it is the most potent auxiliary.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### LONG, LONG THOUGHTS

#### *Metamorphosis*

Somewhere on the Ocean is  
The boy who brought our groceries  
Before the War began.  
His name is Willie, and he took  
The orders daily from the cook,  
And wrote them in his little book,  
And carried off the can  
In which we keep our kerosene.  
He was n't very neat and clean.  
But now so neat and clean he is,  
The boy who brought our groceries,  
And stands so straight,  
You'd never know him for the same  
Stoop-shouldered, careless boy who  
came,  
And often got a lot of blame  
For bringing things so late.  
He was so shiftless, goodness knows  
If he had ever brushed his clothes!  
But now a soldier man he is,  
The boy who brought our groceries,  
And gone to shoot a Hun.  
Sunday he called on Cook, to say  
Good-bye before he went away;  
And Popshook hands with him that day  
As proud as anyone.  
He is so soldierly and trim,  
We all are proud of knowing him.

#### *The Transport*

Upon the Bath-Tub Ocean,  
With gunboats in advance,  
I set my ships in motion  
To bear my troops to France.  
The largest was my Noah's Ark;  
My soldiers made of wood  
On that good ship I saw embark,  
With cannon, guns, and food.

Aboard my sturdy sloop boat  
I play with at the shore,  
I let my oldest troop float,  
Some twenty men or more.  
In breeches blue and jackets red,  
With knapsack and with gun,  
My little veterans of lead  
Took gangway on the run.

My paper soldiers boarded  
My schooner boat. The day  
Was misty. I out-sworded.  
'Up anchor — and away!'  
We headed out beside a cliff  
Of snowy porcelain:  
And every hero wondered if  
He would come home again.

That night the wicked U-boats  
That in the Bath-Tub lurk,  
They tried to sink a few boats,  
And made our gunner work.  
Down went the Ark, while roundabout  
Played searchlights white and slim.  
But every soldier-man got out;  
And all of them could swim.

The Ark and all the good things  
To eat was quite a loss.  
The soldiers, being wood things,  
Kept on and swam across.  
But from the sloop boat, sad to tell,  
When shells were bursting round,  
Two of my little veterans fell  
And both — were — drowned!

#### *The Worm*

When the earth is turned in spring,  
The worms are fat as anything.  
And birds come flying all around  
To eat the worms right off the ground.

They like worms just as much as I  
Like bread and milk and apple-pie.

And once, when I was very young,  
I put a worm right on my tongue.

I did n't like the taste a bit,  
And so I did n't swallow it.

But oh, it makes my mother squirm,  
Because she *thinks* I ate that worm!

#### RETRIEVING THE AIREDALE

'We are sending George a half-grown Airedale pup,' wrote my uncle. 'His registered name is Jasper III. Don't let him run by himself until you have shown him the country.'

If Jasper was a puppy, he was old for his age. He was approximately the size of a sheep, though more gaunt and rangy in build; and he had the easy gait of a zebra. His expression was worn and sapient. This aspect of advanced age was heightened by the brown wisps of beard that floated around his chin. He had an elderly mannerism of cocking one eyebrow and glancing about, side-long, out of the corner of one cynical eye. He looked like an ancient wizard or dervish — shrewd and inscrutable.

But, however aged Jasper looked, his stride was agile. 'Don't let the dog out!' shouted the family in one breath if one of us went to the door. We developed an elaborate technique of stage-exit to get out of the house at all: first backing discreetly toward the door, squeezing hastily through, and finally stuffing back such portions of Jasper's leaping frame as had managed to emerge.

Twice daily, our pet walked out on a leash. Brother George had decided to show him the country. I was offered the privilege of acting occasionally as Burton Holmes myself, if I liked, but I always objected to going on a leash.

Our dog had therefore seen only such

parts of the country as George had had time to show him, when, on New Year's Sunday, he escaped. I was to blame. Two friends had promised to call for me to go with them to four o'clock Vespers. As they came in, Jasper rushed out, prancing deliriously off across the snow.

'Catch him!' gasped my friends, as I plunged down the steps. I whistled busily as I ran. Surely he would come! He was still in sight against the skyline, dancing on his hind legs like some fairy-tale goblin in the snow. If only I could reach the top of the hill before he finished his barn-dance! Just at this point, the minister's bull-dog Mike came trotting happily down the west road, and with him Patrick, the belligerent Irish terrier owned by the High-School principal. Into this impeccable company sailed Jasper, a yelping lunatic, wild with joy. They greeted him with shouts, and all three rolled with laughter in the drifts.

My friends, breathless with remorse, came scrambling over the hill, and we charged three abreast toward the heap of dogs. Jasper saw us. With a kangaroo leap he cleared the fence, and, followed by Mike and the terrier, went skimming in great sweeping circles toward the square. Here, Admiral Sims, the grocer's young spaniel, joined the flying squadron. The dogs stopped to explain matters to the Admiral.

'Oh,' gasped one of my running-mates, 'if we only could creep up on 'em now!' Creeping up, one finds, is not the right method of pursuit for such as Jasper. We had barely gained the green when Judge Granger's white setter, Lady Montague, appeared around the corner by the church. Head over heels went Admiral Sims. Swifter than eagles flew Mike and the terrier. But more fleet than they all, went Jasper. Lady Montague met them serenely in the wide enclosure by the church. Once

more the circle of dogs stood motionless, noses together, tails all wagging amiably — plumed tail, bob-tail, willow tail, screw-tail, and the rag-tag tail of Jasper. People were still going into church. As my friends and I came pounding along, I thought feverishly of those quiet old days, when I used to go to Vespers myself.

I turned a heated countenance to my friends. 'Go into church,' said I solemnly. 'All I have to do is take Jasper home.'

They obeyed, protesting.

'Come, Jasper,' said I in disciplinary monotone, persuasive hand upon his collar. I stood aside politely to let Judge and Mrs. Granger pass in to divine worship, and then I set off across the lawn, dragging my lion couchant beside me over the frozen crust. At the gate he arose with a jerk, rampant — and his collar slid off in my hand.

Oh, dogs can laugh — wild mirth, an ecstasy of humor. Down the long hill they flew, hysterical with glee, Mike and the Admiral and Patrick in the rear, Lady Montague and Jasper far ahead.

I set my teeth. I was accountable to George for Jasper's safe convoy. I had vague, ascetic visions of following, following until I died. With the warm collar still in hand, I toiled on gloomily, now at a foot-pace, now at a moderate trot. The term 'dog-trot' took on a richness of significance new to me. In a sketchy, canine way, we mapped the township and all its rural routes, returning at last by early star-rise down the west road to the home neighborhood.

Here I had an inspiration. Going to

the door of the High-School principal, I rang the bell.

'Would you be willing,' said I, 'to see if you can call Patrick? If all the rest of these dogs would go home, I might be able to call Jasper.'

A house-to-house canvass of all the dog-owners I made, with conscientious thoroughness. I roused them all, even Judge Granger's distinguished son. He greeted me with a peal of frivolous gayety, but he called Lady Montague.

'Shall I call Mike, too?' he inquired. 'The minister and my father are staying for a committee meeting after Vespers.'

*Vespers!* thought I.

'Yes, call him,' I said. 'Do.'

This left only Jasper. He flitted briskly up the embankment near our neighbor's house and dared me to come near. I glanced over at my own home. There was a light in George's room. With parched lips I whistled the family whistle. Up went the window.

'George,' said I mildly, 'Jasper got out. He won't come in.'

'Why don't you whistle to him?' suggested George placidly.

I walked stonily into the house, and met my brother in the hall.

'Here,' said I bitterly, 'here is Jasper's collar. *You* whistle.'

A moment later, George and Jasper came in, hand in hand, and sat down before the fire.

'George,' said I gently, after a thoughtful pause, 'when did Uncle Tyler say we could let Jasper run?'

'As soon as he's seen the country.'

I looked at Jasper, and Jasper, cocking one eyebrow, looked at me.

'Well,' said I, 'he has.'